

Simpkin, the Second pseud. <sup>k</sup>

11657. ff. 56.

+ THE  
L E T T E R S  
OF  
SIMKIN THE SECOND,  
POETIC RECORDER OF ALL THE  
P R O C E E D I N G S,  
UPON THE TRIAL OF  
WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.  
IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

---

*I— curve per Alpes,*  
*Ut Pueris placeas et DECLAMATIO fias!* JUVENAL.

*Enlighten'd Statesman!* go through Toil and Strife,  
And for thy Country's Good, embroil thy Life.  
*Go—mighty Warrior!*—wide and wider roam,  
To come at length, and be abus'd at home. ANON.

---

L O N D O N:

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A circular library stamp from the British Museum. The outer ring contains the text "BRITISH MUSEUM" at the top and "14 SEP 1948" at the bottom. The center features a heraldic crest.



SEP 14 1964



P R E C E D E N T S  
O N  
I M P E A C H M E N T S.

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*This Day is Published.*

IN ONE VOLUME OCTAVO,

Price Five Shillings in Boards,

A N

E L U C I D A T I O N

OF THE ARTICLES OF

I M P E A C H M E N T,

Preferred by the last PARLIAMENT against  
W A R R E N H A S T I N G S, Esq.

B Y

R A L P H B R O O M E, Esq.

Captain in the Service of the EAST INDIA COMPANY  
on the Bengal Establishment, and Persian Translator  
to the Army on the Frontier station, during Part of  
the late War in India.

N. B. At the latter End of this WORK is Contained a View of all the Precedents relative to the Continuance and Abatement of Impeachments on the Dissolution of Parliament, with an Examination of the Arguments pro and con.

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L O N D O N

Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, Piccadilly.

# PRECEDENTS ON IMPEACHMENTS.

IN ONE VOLUME OCTAVO.

ELUCIDATION



WARRREN HASTINGS, Esq.

Captain in the Service of the East India Company  
on the Bengal Establishment, and British Resident  
to the Nizam of the Deccan, during Part of  
the late War in India.

M. B. At the House of Commons, a Com-  
missioner of the Peace, and Member of the Com-  
missioners and a Member of the Commission on the Dis-  
solution of Parliament, with an Examination of the Ar-  
guments pro and con.

LONDON

Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, Monthly.

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# DEDICATION.

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TO THE  
HONORABLE, AND RIGHT HONORABLE,  
MANAGERS OF THE IMPEACHMENT  
OF  
WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

YE far-fam'd Heroes ! greatest, best of Men,  
Accept this Tribute, from your Poet's pen,  
For gratitude alone inspires his lays,  
And bids him sing each hardy Leader's praise.  
Never did Warriors, *such a battle wage*,  
In strife *so desperate*, ne'er did Chiefs engage.

B

What

What godlike qualities have all display'd !!

The Knights of MALTA in a new crusade !!!

But thou, great EDMUND! *whose enlighten'd breast,*  
Glow with Philanthropy, above the rest,  
Whose endless labour, in an Empire's cause,  
Claims *what it ne'er receiv'd*, the World's applause, \*  
In future ages thy illustrious Name,  
Shall rival Cato's, in the field of fame.

But say, shall he, who does each day devote,  
To serve whole Nations, polish'd, † tho' remote,  
From senseless Britons, find no present meed ?  
What's *future* praise, for such a glorious deed ?  
If Virtue ~~then must~~ *be its own reward*,  
The times we live in, *are extremely hard*.  
The suffering millions, they whose cause you try,  
Disown their Patrons,—give them all the Lye, ‡

\* In the first stage of the present Impeachment, Mr. Montague with great feeling, lamented the situation of his poor friend Mr. Burke, and while he mourned the weakness of these latter times, said, that Simkin's Hero must look to posterity, as other great men had done before him, for the reward of his labours.

† Mr. Burke describing the natives of Indostan in the House of Commons, said, that they were " fam'd for all the arts of polish'd life, while we were yet in the woods."

‡ Though a very sincere admirer of Simkin, I should think it necessary to advise him to change this line, or to expunge it totally, if a noble Lord, one of the Managers, had not repeatedly used the same expression in the House of Commons, during the debates upon the Regency Bill,

The

The crowded Audience, whom you entertain,  
 Oppress'd by Taxes, of the Cost complain,  
 The watchful Senate murmurs at Expence,  
 And thinks the Charges of each year, immense—  
 EDMUND proceed,—'tis thine to persevere;  
 Shall *clamour* stop thee,\* in thy bold career?  
 Still may thy Breast o'erflow *with patriot zeal*,  
 Whilst vulgar souls, *attend the public weal*.

Fox, tho' thy Speeches are but four Days long, †  
 Thy zeal, like BURKE's, is stedfast, bold, and strong,

\* Alluding to certain silly aspersions out of doors—First, as to the enormous expence of the Impeachment—Secondly, as to the present state of India—And thirdly, a bold assertion hazarded by one Major Scott in the House and out of it—that India is at this moment governed upon the system laid down by Hastings, and condemned by the Managers.

† A great deal of most astonishing eloquence, as Mr. Burke said, was heard in the House of Commons before Lord North could be driven from office; but thanks to the Impeachment, we have gone greatly beyond our forefathers.—In the time of Mr. Pulteney, a Speech of half an hour, would set Country Gentlemen to sleep.—Mr. Sheridan on the Begum Charge in the Commons, spoke five hours and a quarter—Sir James Erskine, who determined to go beyond him, with his eye upon the clock, and chin upon the table, continued upon his legs, *five minutes longer than Mr. Sheridan*.—Mr. Burke who scorns to be outdone, made last year a Speech of four days in Westminster Hall—Sir Gilbert Elliot followed this example in the Commons—Mr. Sheridan concluded last year by a Speech of four days, and Mr. Burke began this year in the same manner.

Impassion'd,—eager,—vengeance in thy view,  
The man who caus'd thy fall, to death pursue. \*

Encomiums suited to the worth of GREY,  
SIMKIN, alas ! wants language to convey ; |  
Whatever form, or character he please,  
GREY can assume, and act each part with ease.  
One minute see him shine, an able Pleader,  
The next a Clerk like, monotonic reader,  
The third, a Bottle-holder to his leader. }

Advance, illustrious Chiefs, renew the fight,  
SIMKIN shall each heroic act recite,  
GREY, FOX, and SURFACE, with their General BURKE,  
Shall ornament, and grace, a future work,  
In the next year, should *stars inferior shine*,  
*Their rays* shall add, new splendor to my line.

\* Simkin here seems to allude to a prevailing opinion, that the partizans of Mr. Hastings at the India House, first raised the alarm, upon the celebrated Bill of Mr. Fox, and he now justifies the violence of that Gentleman, as perfectly consonant to the *lex talionis*—forgetting how ill this agrees with the character which Mr. Fox has given of himself,

*Inimicitiae placabiles, amicitiae sempiternae.*—



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T H E  
P R E F A C E,  
To the P U B L I C.

*IF I should not be reckoned a POET, I may at least be held as an Adventurer—for no Writer ever stepped forward on ground less amusing, and where even the fictions of Poetry could not go beyond the fictions of ORATORY; perhaps I may boast the Triumph of having kept some people awake: and am therefore as meritorious as—the Gout.*

*If farther vanity I might indulge—it would be, that if my Heroes have not been HECTORS or NESTORS—nor I, a HOMER,*

*Still there have been contentions about My Works. One pleasant Bookfeller Has maintained, I do not know my Own writing so well as he does—that his——*

*“ Is the true Mag-pie,”——*



*And that He, and not myself am entitled to my Works. But as I have no right to make any obliging Gentleman of this sort, answer for my sins—so will I fairly say—that having committed my writing to the WORLD, when they are taken out of the World—as all Children must die—my Undertaker is*

Mr. JOHN STOCKDALE, BOOKSELLER,  
in PICCADILLY.

THE AUTHOR.

A DE-

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A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE TRIAL OF

WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

---

LETTER I.

YOU have ask'd me, *dear* SIMON, a number of times,  
To send you some more of my ludicrous rhimes ;  
Want of matter has hitherto check'd my endeavour,  
But a subject occurs which may last me for ever.

You must know, *Mr.* BURKE, who was quondam a  
teacher,

An *usher*, I think, is become an IMPEACHER ;  
In the House he had rail'd against HASTINGS so long,  
That the Commons believ'd, he had done *something*  
*wrong* ;

So they articles voted, *not less than a score*,  
Tho' EDMUND says, he *cou'd have fram'd many more*.

As my hero asserted, and HASTINGS deny'd,  
 A day was appointed for him to be try'd.  
 But now for a time I must make a digression,  
 To give an account of the court in procession.

### THE PROCESSION.

The LORD CHANCELLOR's family first came in view,  
 And the order observ'd, was to walk two and two ;  
 Then the CLERKS and the MASTERS *in* CHANCERY  
 came,

Then the Judges of England in duo's the same,  
 With ADAIR the King's Serjeant, and then the Black  
 Rod ;

Then Heralds, and Barons, and Fathers in God.  
 After them were the Viscounts, Earls, Marquisses seen,  
 Then the *Dukes*, the *Archbishops*, and *Cryer* come in,  
 Next follows the *Chancellor*, and last of all  
*Dukes—Cumberland, Gloster, and York, and Cornwall.*  
 All after the *Heralds* walk singly, alone,

And each as he passes, bows low to the *Throne* ;  
 So much for the *Nobles*, and now I'll describe  
 The procession of BURKE and his *eloquent tribe*.  
 First EDMUND walks in at the head of the groupe,  
 The powerful *chief* of a powerful *troop* ;  
 What awful *solemnity's* seen in his gait !  
 While the nod of his *head*, beats the time to his *feet*.

CHARLES

CHARLES FOX is the second, and close to his right,  
 Whose waddle declares he will never go straight.  
 The ruby fac'd SHERIDAN follows the third,  
 The opposer of PITT and the Treasury Board;  
 His attention, 'tis said, *has so long been directed*  
 To the National *Debts*, that his *own* are neglected,  
 And on public affairs, *where such management's shewn*,  
 No wonder a man *cannot think of his own*.  
 Next ADAM comes in with a spit by his side,  
 And struts like a turkey-cock swelling with pride;  
 Then follows ANSTRUTHER that weathercock elf,  
 As a proof how a man may dissent from *himself*;  
 To the Governor HASTINGS his praise was profuse,  
 On HASTINGS the *pris'ner*, he pours forth abuse:  
 Then follows young GREY, an exact imitator  
 Of the scurrilous BURKE,—a most promising prater;  
 Tho' all must lament that he's under such banners,  
 As evil community injures good manners.  
 Then PELHAM, FITZPATRICK, and WINDHAM came  
     forth,  
 With MONTAGUE, MAITLAND, with BURGOYNE and  
     NORTH.  
 Chick TAYLOR and ERSKINE are join'd in the vote,  
 And as *Managers* known by a *bag* and *dress coat*.  
 Then FRANCIS comes sneaking with grief in his heart,  
 At not being indulg'd with a *Manager's* part;

Tho' he now and then steals to the *Managers'* box,  
 To suggest a shrewd question to EDMUND or FOX.  
 The Commons, all those who from riding have leisure,  
 Without order come in, and go out at their pleasure.  
 When the *Lords* and the *Judges* had taken their stations,  
 The *Serjeant* at *Arms* utter'd three *proclamations* ;  
 Then the charges and answers were read by the clerk,  
 And *some* were got through by the time it was dark.  
 The *second* day also was wasted in reading,  
 But the *third* produc'd something of EDMUND's proceeding :

He rose and began—" You will find in the sequel,  
 " My Lords, to this task *I am very unequal* :  
 " But, the *Commons*, who hold me in high estimation,  
 " Believe I am qualify'd *well* for the station.  
 " My *Colleagues*, whose talents *refulgently shine*,  
 " Will amply make up for the failure of mine ;  
 " Who sharing the trouble of framing the story,  
 " Have a right to partake with myself in the glory.  
 " My Lords, I foresee in the course of this trial,  
 " There will be much assertion, and also denial,  
 " And before I go farther, 'tis proper and fit,  
 " I should tell you what proof to reject and admit."  
 Here EDMUND attempted distinction to draw,  
 Between this high court, and the low courts of law ;



He laid down a doctrine of *evidence* sound,  
 Which in no other treatise *could ever be found*;  
 The lawyer appear'd in whatever he spoke,  
 Than Blackstone more learn'd, more ingenious than  
 Coke.

Rules of evidence *they* had the merit of stating,  
 But EDMUND lays claim *to the praise of creating* :  
 Yet even this deed *by himself was excell'd*;  
 In describing the countries *he never beheld*;  
 To be sure, his descriptions were *vastly admir'd*,  
*The whole was his own*, for his tongue was inspir'd.  
 With knowledge divine he expos'd to our view,  
 The religion of Hindoos, and Mussulman's too.  
 And he said Junghez Khan only seiz'd their dominions,  
 But that HASTINGS wag'd war with the people's opinions.  
 Here the orator bluster'd, at least for an hour,  
 About WARREN HASTINGS, and absolute power,  
 Who according to BURKE, has been forming a plan,  
 To map geographical morals for man.  
 Who to shew us his great geometrical art,  
 Fit climates for virtues has drawn on a chart;  
 That virtues and vices, that duties and crimes,  
 May change with the latitudes, countries, and climes.  
 Here EDMUND committed his honor and word,  
 To prove *moral geography* vastly absurd ;

And

And by way of a secret, *their Lordships* were told,  
 That truth's not affected, *by heat or by cold*;  
 "Far better," says he, "when the English went thither,  
 "Had they call'd the inhabitant natives together;  
 "And instead of subduing, or them over-reaching,  
 "Had busy'd themselves with evangelic preaching.  
 "No converts made they to the Christian religion,  
 "But pluck'd the rich blacks like the wing of a pigeon.  
 "For there was the Company's government built,  
 "Upon plunder, and rapine, and all kinds of guilt;  
 "In a system like this, 'tis no matter of wonder,  
 "If all were inspired by the spirit of plunder.  
 "There was not a captain, nor scarce a seapoy,  
 "But a *Prince* would depose, or a *Bramin* destroy;"  
 Here the *Hero* digress'd, and related some tales  
 Of a prince to be slain, as he thought, *by three seaks*.  
 How *Nabobs*, and *Ministers* had been oppress'd,  
 And the innocent natives with famine distress'd.  
 Now EDMUND returns to his well-belov'd theme,  
 To prove HASTINGS' power should not be supreme;  
 That Government rule 'twas his duty to draw,  
 From *Coke* upon *Littleton*, writers on law:  
 And whenever their *Lordships* shall come to decide,  
 BURKE hoped they would take *British laws* for their guide.  
 'Tis contended, says he, by the party accus'd,  
 We should govern by laws to which subjects are us'd.

But,



But, my Lords, I maintain, 'tis expedient and fitting,  
 To govern the world by the laws of *Great Britain*;  
 Nor do I conceive that it matters a jot,  
 With respect to the laws, if they knew them or not.  
 And the pris'ner, I trust, will be try'd and attainted  
 By those laws alone, with which I am acquainted.  
 When EDMUND grew faint, his auxiliar ADAM  
 Read letters, as oft as his principal bade him;  
 BURKE ended at length, with apprising the *Lords*,  
 That he an œconomist was of his words,  
 That he should just mention *the heads of each Charge*,  
 And leave it to others thereon *to enlarge*,—  
 Who would trace out corruption and base peculations,  
 Thro' all their meanders, and ramifications.  
 Here this letter ends, but expect, my dear Brother,  
 When EDMUND resumes, I will send you another.

17th February, 1788.

LETTER

## LETTER II.

AND now, my dear Brother, I take up the pen,  
 To tell you that BURKE has been speaking again;  
 When the *Court* was assembled, thus EDMUND began,  
 “ My *Lords*, I assert, WARREN HASTINGS’s plan  
 “ Has constantly been to get all that he can. }  
 “ For when NUNDCOMAR gave the Board information  
 “ Concerning his bribery, and peculation,  
 “ Instead of confronting the charge and denying,  
 “ He caus’d his accuser to suffer for lying;  
 “ That is, NUNDCOMAR was for forgery hung,  
 “ Which silenc’d for ever his garrulous tongue.  
 “ Twenty thousand pounds sterling the criminal took  
 “ From the Begum, I find, by the *Company’s* book;  
 “ To the truth of this action, her *ladyship* swore,  
 “ And a *Rajah* too gave twenty thousand pounds more;  
 “ And this by the *Rajah* was certainly done,  
 “ For the favour which HASTINGS conferr’d on his son:  
 “ But, my *Lords*, he was guilty of further abuse,  
 “ For he took many bribes for the *Company’s* use;  
 “ The *Company*, tho’ they receiv’d them, and kept them,  
 “ Were desirous to ask, why did HASTINGS accept them.  
 “ To

- “ To this question the criminal made no reply,  
 “ So to this very moment, *we cannot tell why.*”  
 Here EDMUND minutely described to the Lords,  
 The modes of collection, and *Revenue Boards.*  
 On farms and on districts, the changes he rings  
 Till he happens at length to get hold of the *Sings*;  
 He talk’d about Contoo, and Deby, and others,  
 All Hindoos in cast—in iniquity, brothers.  
 Here EDMUND launch’d out, and presented to view  
 Such a picture, as none but himself ever drew.  
 “ Of culprits whom DEBY SING sentenc’d to ride  
 “ On a pillory ox, with a drum on each side,  
 “ And whilst he and his party were busy’d with pillage,  
 “ This terrible bullock paraded the village.  
 “ The natives alarmed at this horrible sight,  
 “ From their villages made a precipitate flight.  
 “ This has I admit an incredible look,  
 “ And would not be believ’d, *were it not in the book.*  
 “ From the Company’s records, the story I drew,  
 “ From records, which are incontestably true ;  
 “ And he, who collected this strange information,  
 “ For humanity’s sake, would suppress the relation.  
 “ But however his wishes might go to conceal it,  
 “ In discharge of his trust, he was forc’d to reveal it :  
 “ To him in a body *the Ryots* complain’d,  
 “ That their houses were burnt, and their cattle distrain’d.  
 “ That

“ That when Deby, the plunderer settled their rent,  
 “ In taking the balance, he was not content  
 “ With any thing less than six hundred per cent,  
 “ And those who the cash were unable to raise,  
 “ Were cruelly tortur’d in different ways.”

The cruelties here, which the *Orator* stated,  
 Are more than in verse can be justly related :  
 He describ’d to the audience *in language obscene*,  
 New *sockets* for *candles*, and *glasses unclean* ;  
 From these *filthy cups*, some were drinking the waters,  
 Whilst others were ravishing mothers and daughters ;  
 For tearing off nipples, a *Bamboo* was cleft,  
 And the suffering female was stripp’d of her shift ;  
 Whilst EDMUND these cruelties horribly painted,  
 Some ladies took salts, others wept, and ONE fainted.  
 And indeed, my dear Brother, I’m free to confess,  
 As EDMUND described it, they could not do less.  
 Some people, however, who perfectly knew  
 The true state of the case, said ’twas mostly untrue ;\*  
 On this subject farther, I’ve only to add,  
 The surprising effect which his eloquence had,

Not

\* The story of Deby Sing having attracted the attention of this country, and indeed of all Europe ; we think it right to add Major Scott’s *prose* account of that celebrated story.—He has published two letters to Mr. Fox, in which he details it at length, refers to the documents

Not only on those, *who ne'er heard it before,*  
 But on BURKE, who had read *it a hundred times o'er.*  
 In the annals of painting, *'tis certainly new,*  
 For the *artist* to faint, *at the picture he drew;*  
 But BURKE was so touch'd, that he fainted away,  
 Like Siddons, the Tragedy Queen, in a play.  
 Some think *'twas his conscience that gave him a stroke,*  
 But those *who best know him, treat that as a joke:*  
*'Tis a trick that stage orators have at their need,*  
*The passions to rouse, and the judgment mislead;*  
 And Dick, who is skill'd in *theatrical painting,*  
 Had given his leader *some lessons on fainting.*

cuments necessary to prove all his assertions; and we can with confidence affirm, that he has proved the following facts;

1st. That at the time Mr. Burke told the story, *he knew* from direct and positive evidence, that it would be impossible to implicate Mr. Hastings directly or indirectly, in any criminality that might attach upon Deby Sing.

2d. That Mr. Burke *knew* he was stating what *was not true*, when he affirmed that Deby Sing was appointed farmer of Rungpore and Dinagepore, by Mr. Hastings.

3d. That he stated certain acts of great cruelty as facts proved, though *he knew* they were mere assertions, *then in the course of inquiry.*

4th. That many of them, upon the fullest investigation, have turned out *to be false*; and to conclude, the final decision of the Bengal Government, after the fullest inquiry, proves, that Deby Sing was innocent of all the most dreadful crimes charged against him, and that no Englishman, of whatever rank or station, is implicated in such of the criminality (trifling as it is) which attaches upon Deby Sing.



Now BURKE from his horror a little compos'd,  
 To the gallery ladies a secret disclos'd;  
 He said, that the men whose industrious hands  
 Had been tortur'd, and screw'd, were the tillers of  
     lands,  
 And owing to them he affirm'd it to be,  
 That the ladies drank morning and afternoon tea,  
 Here EDMUND struck a more loud deprecation  
 Against the effects of divine indignation,  
 And demanded that HASTINGS be made to atone  
 For the crimes of *all others, as well as his own.*  
 Just here was the spirit of eloquence damp'd,  
 For the stomach of EDMUND was suddenly cramp'd.  
 When FRANCIS beheld his dear orator stop,  
 He sprung twenty feet at two steps and a hop;  
*Affa-foetida* drops he apply'd to his nose,  
 But tho' EDMUND recover'd, the speech had a close.  
 LORD THURLOW long silent, now thought it his turn  
 To speak to the Court, so he mov'd *to adjourn.*

21<sup>st</sup> February, 1788.

LETTER

L E T T E R III.

DEAR BROTHER—

YOU ask, why was FRANCIS distressed ?  
Why he fear'd for the cause so much more than the rest ?  
To answer this question as well as I can,  
I must give you a sketch of this wonderful man—

Some certain things rise from the dark :  
Our hero started first a clerk—  
In office, that was still impressing  
On tender youth this useful lesson ;  
Those that would thrive, must learn to cringe,  
“ *To turn like door upon a hinge ;*”  
To flatter those that favour shew ye ;  
To spurn at those that are below ye ;  
FRANCIS, by acting well this part,  
Completely won his patron's heart ;  
Who made him, by a sudden spring,  
The fifth part of a *potent King* ; \*  
That is, he was to *Bengal* sent,  
The under limb of *Government*.—

\* Francis's definition of himself and his power to the people in India.



Let yonder beggar mount a horse,  
 The Proverb tells " which way his course ;"  
 So FRANCIS, who had been a hack  
 Of office, 'midst a servile pack,  
 Saw thousands tremble at his nod,  
 And like a Philip's son, became a god.  
 His fortune had been great indeed,  
 If HASTINGS had not check'd his speed,  
 And to his prospects put an end,  
 By calling from *Lucknow* his friend.  
 This FRANCIS never can forgive,  
 As long as he and HASTINGS live ;  
 And from that time, has been [pursuing  
 Means to effect his total ruin ;  
 But fruitless finding opposition,  
 He form'd—like some— *a coalition* :  
 But *coalitions still must fall*,  
 One certain fate o'ertakes *them all*.  
 Tho' his—a novel kind of plan—  
 To join, and then betray the man ;  
 But HASTINGS' genius was awake,  
 And ere he stung, it scotch'd the snake.  
 This to the fire but added fuel,  
 Until it ended in a duel.—  
 When FRANCIS saw his schemes all fail,  
 For England's shore he spread his sail.—

No sooner on shore had our PHILL set his feet,  
 Than he drove, like a *Post-boy*, to LEADENHALL-  
 STREET ;

In the flames of his Malice, he burnt to disclose  
 A tale, which had cost him some years to compose ;  
 But he got a rebuff from the Court of Directors ;  
 They were HASTINGS's *friends* ; they were Virtue's pro-  
 tectors ;

They paid just regard to their honor and glory ;  
 They read not PHILL's papers : they heard not PHILL's  
 story ;

Tho' like lightning to England from India he came,  
 In speed he was greatly surpass'd by his fame ;  
 They knew, how the measure of HASTINGS he crost,  
 How near his advice COROMANDEL had lost ;  
 By the Court of Directors, it clearly was seen,  
 That the man was a compound of envy and spleen—

Then away to the mongers of Boroughs went he,  
 To try, if with some one he could not agree ;  
 And find a fit corner—for once—to his use,  
 For speech unrestrain'd, and for licens'd abuse.

But when from himself an abusive oration  
 Could produce no effect on a sensible nation,  
 His attention was turn'd to the *Quixote-like* BURKE,  
 Who is fond of engaging in *Quixote-like* work ;

He told him long stories of damsels distress'd,  
Of extirpated nations, of RAJAHS oppress'd ;  
Of HASTINGS's having compell'd the NABOB,  
His kindred, his mother, grandmother to rob—

“ Shall the eloquent BURKE, who by pleading the cause  
“ Of *Powel*, and *Bembridge*, gain'd lasting applause ;  
“ Shall the man, who to wretches like these was a friend,  
“ The rights of old damsels refuse to defend ?

“ Oh ! let not the children of ASIA beseech

“ Thy mercy in vain ; but the tyrant impeach ;

“ I myself will find matter, do you furnish speech.” }

Then away posted BURKE to his CHARLEY and SHERRY,  
Who were toping at BROOKES's, pot-valiant and merry !

“ I have something, my boys, upon which we may  
“ prate,

“ 'Tis time we should spout, lest we grow out of date ;

“ Against a Nabob, I am furnish'd with matter—

“ When matter is found, we can all of us chatter ;

“ Warren Hastings is he—you remember, his friends

“ Prevented us lately, from gaining our ends.

“ That stock-holding-crew the late change brought  
“ about

“ In administration, and turn'd us all out :

“ Let us try, in our turn, if we can't over-reach him,

“ Then hilloa, brave boys, let us on and impeach him !

“ Perhaps

“ Perhaps the rich rogue, when he finds himself under

“ Our lash, may present us some part of the plunder.”

Then CHARLEY, who found himself not in a cue,

So wild, so romantic a scheme to pursue,

Who found by a balance, just made of his books,

Himself better paid by attending at Brookes’,

Requested, that BURKE would be pleas’d to desist

From the business, or strike his name out of the list.

And SHERRY, who now holds theatrical stuff,

Declar’d on the stage “ there was acting enough,”

And begg’d, that if BURKE had this farce at his heart,

He might be excus’d from the taking a part.

BURKE started, and swore, if you do not think fit

To support me in this, I’ll go over to PITT.

Then CHARLES, who began to foresee the reduction

Of his force at St. Stephen’s might prove his destruction,

Engag’d for himself, and the whole of his party ;

Tho’ some people think, CHARLES is not very hearty.

Three years have elaps’d since the suit they began,

They may work many more, let them do all they can,

Before they will conquer this much-injur’d man !

You ask’d me what cause had the House to resist

Adding FRANCIS’S name to the MANAGERS’ list ?

Why moderate men to exclude him agreed,

Tho’ BURKE pledg’d his honor, he could not proceed

Without FRANCIS’S aid, to support him in need.

Then, EDMUND ! thy zeal struck the guard from thy  
tongue,  
And betray'd the base source, whence the charges all  
sprung.

Great part of the House, which till then had believ'd  
The story, now find themselves grossly deceiv'd ;  
How many good men, now are griev'd to the heart,  
To think they were talk'd into taking a part.

But FRANCIS triumphantly laugh'd in his sleeve,  
To think he so long could the public deceive.  
As he walk'd along Bond-street, he said to a friend,  
“ Tho' my foe be acquitted, 'twill answer my end ;  
“ Opprest with fatigue, and o'erburthen'd with cost,  
“ His health will be broken, his fortune be lost ;”  
Then he swore, by the Lord, he would not cease pur-  
suing,  
Till death and damnation had finish'd his ruin.  
Tho' so solemn an oath, he confess'd gave him pain,  
To come from a bosom so *kind* and *humane*.

I conclude for the present :—but if, *my dear BROTHER*,  
You like this epistle, I'll send you another ;

February 23d, 1788.

LET-



## LETTER IV.

AS the Orator now had recover'd his strength,  
 Which had suffer'd from speech of immoderate length,  
 He return'd to the tale he had often repeated,  
 And told us how ill the poor natives were treated.  
 Those natives who furnish'd the Ladies with tea,  
 Were as gentle and mild as poor creatures could be ;  
 But as patience like all other virtues is bounded,  
 They all flew to arms when the trumpet resounded :  
 But, alas ! th' insurgents contended in vain,  
 They fought, they were conquer'd, were routed, and  
 slain.

Here EDMUND broke forth in a strain so sublime,  
 No poet can do him strict justice in rhyme—

“ I charge WARREN HASTINGS, and those he employed,

“ With (in practice and theory) having destroyed

“ All government—And with endeavouring to draw

“ Depravity into a system of law—

“ Peculation to rules of arithmetic brought,

“ This curst High Priest of iniquity taught.

“ In

“ In the name of the COMMONS and PEOPLE at large,

“ With *high crimes and strange misdemeanors* I charge

“ WARREN HASTINGS.———

“ I charge him with *treachery, fraud, and abuse,*

“ And with *robbery* too, for the *Company's use*—

“ I charge him with *cruelties and devastations,*

“ Such as never were practis'd on innocent nations.

“ I charge him with leaving in those wretched climes

“ Not *money enough* to atone for his crimes.”

But now the *sublime* being suddenly ended,

To the *pathos* my versatile Speaker descended,

“ I spy a *religious respectable band,*

“ Who all holy mysteries well understand,

“ Who from duty should save our religion from sink-

“ ing,

“ Of HASTINGS, what must be their manner of think-

“ ing ?

“ I spy on the *woolpack* the JUDGES *profound,*

“ Who can find out the *law* and at pleasure expound,

“ With so much uprightness and justice, I wonder

“ What must be *their* thoughts of *extortion and plunder.*

“ Of NOBLES I spy an *illustrious train,*

“ Whose honor can suffer by no spot or stain ;

“ All those must undoubtedly favor the work,

“ And cry, *Bravo, bravissimo, rare Mr. BURKE !*

“ In



“ In the *name of religion*, which he has disgrac’d ;  
 “ Of our *Constitution*, which he has defac’d ;  
 “ In the *name of those millions of Indians destroyed*  
 “ By HASTINGS, and others whom he has employed ;  
 “ In the *name of humanity and human nature*,  
 “ All stabb’d to the heart by this terrible creature,  
 “ I IMPEACH WARREN HASTINGS ! Nor let me com-  
 “ plain,

“ That pleadings so strong shou’d be offer’d in vain.”

Here ended great EDMUND, and CHARLEY arose,

*A mode of conducting the cause to propose :*

A contrivance of his, or some lawyer, perhaps,

Who has spent all his life in the laying of traps.

In *Æsop* you’ve read of that *subtle old Fox*

Who liv’d by destroying *hens, pullets and cocks*,

Who one night on his ramble had fasten’d his eye

On a cock and his family roosting on high,

Who made such a *flattering treacherous speech*

To prevail on the poultry to come in his reach :

With *similar motive* did CHARLEY propose

His method to make WARREN HASTINGS disclose

The *reply he will make to their charges*, and thence

To enable themselves to *forestall his defence* ;

But DALLAS and PLOMER, and vigilant LAW,

Perceiv’d his design, and the evil foresaw.

They

They oppos'd him with arguments weighty and found,  
 But CHARLEY with firmness disputed the ground.  
 After much altercation their LORDSHIPS withdrew  
 To determine on what was most proper to do.  
 And here, my dear Brother, this Letter I end,  
 And when the Court meets, I another will send.

February 25th, 1788.

LET.

## LETTER V.

ONCE more, my dear SIMON, I take up the pen  
To record the exploits of those eloquent men.

The LORDS met, and we heard that the Court *won'd not*  
*close*

With the method which CHARLEY was pleas'd to *propose*;  
Then CHARLES and the MANAGERS begg'd to retire  
To hold consultation—they had their desire.

After some short adjournment, the heroes came back;  
Some faces were long, and some others look'd black.

Fox said, " We submit, yet beg leave to protest

" That we still must consider *our mode as the best*,

" And though for the present, we *privilege* wave,

" The *Rights of the Commons* we carefully save.

" My LORDS, the first charge we are going to bring  
" Is the *conduct* of HASTINGS concerning CHEYT SING."

Then CHARLEY with gesture emphatic avow'd,

That HE of his rank was excessively proud,

As being commissioned to open the *first*,

And indeed he appeared as if ready to burst;

But whether his *swelling* were *wind*, *fat*, or *pride*,

Is a question too gross for myself to decide;

" Our

" Our fine Constitution," says he, " is a creature  
 " Of which we compose the *distinguishing feature*,  
 " And the best things the *Commoners* have in their reach,  
 " Is, *whenever they like, whom they hate to impeach*.  
 " I would have you, however, this inference draw,  
 " That impeachment's *not founded, or governed by Law*;  
 " Our judges, my LORDS, I am free to aver,  
 " Are much better men than their ancestors were ;  
 " But what makes them so ? 'tis not praying or preaching,  
 " But the dread they are constantly in, *of impeaching*.  
 " My LORDS, we have been in minority long,  
 " But in this point we had a majority strong ;  
 " All classes of people, all parties agreed,  
 " That we were engag'd in a praise-worthy deed ;  
 " For, my Lords, we this difficult task undertake  
 " For no other cause *but for justice's sake*,  
 " For the sake of a people *who never complain'd*  
 " To us of the injuries *they had sustain'd*,  
 " And from whom no reward *can be ever obtain'd*.  
 " The man against whom all these charges we bring  
 " Made a treaty, my LORDS, with one RAJAH CHEYT  
 " SING,  
 " And from documents which we shall read, it appears  
 " That the treaty inviolate lasted three years ;  
 " But I beg I may not do the Criminal wrong,  
 " For it was not his fault that it lasted so long,

" It

“ It was FRANCIS, who being concern'd in the making

“ The treaty, prevented *the Culprit from breaking* :

“ For HASTINGS break treaties, and sets them aside

“ Ere the ink on the paper is perfectly dried.

“ In this case the Pris'ner may shelter his name,

“ In the branches wide spreading of FRANCIS's fame,

“ But when the *French* threaten'd Bengal with invasion,

“ And finances were low, HASTINGS took the occasion,

“ In breaking of treaties, his skill to exhibit.

“ And demanded of CHEYT an *additional tribute*.

“ WARREN HASTINGS, my LORDS, to facilitate breaking

“ Of treaties, was busy'd with *dictionary making* ;

“ Explanations by JOHNSON, it seems, would not do,

“ So he made some himself which are perfectly new.”

Here CHARLEY descanted for more than an hour

Upon HASTINGS's new definition of power,

And 'tis certain, that CHARLEY threw many new lights

Upon Sovereign Princes and Sovereign Rights.

At length he this ultimate inference brought,

That the *Sovereign is all, and the People are nought*.

“ This tribute,” says CHARLES, “ CHEYT neglected

“ to pay,

“ And a thousand pretences he made for delay ;

“ But HASTINGS again with law dictionary, new,

“ Proves, that money *as soon as demanded—is due*.



- “ The money was paid—CHEYT gave HASTINGS a sum,  
 “ To excuse him from paying for ages to come;  
 “ And HASTINGS accordingly took the amount,  
 “ And carry’d the same *to the public account*;  
 “ But this notwithstanding, he could not dispense  
 “ With the tribute demanded on any pretence.  
 “ The RAJAH resisted—and HASTINGS design’d  
 “ The delinquent should therefore *be heavily fin’d*,  
 “ That is, as the vassal his masters withstood,  
 “ His crimes should be turn’d *to the Company’s good*:  
 “ But the RAJAH and HASTINGS were stiff in opinion,  
 “ And the former in consequence lost his dominion.”  
 Here CHARLES a vast number of arguments brought  
 To prove that the RAJAH *was never in fault*;  
 That when HASTINGS the tribute presum’d to exact,  
 “ He committed a cursed, iniquitous act;  
 “ That no state necessity *ever could be*,  
 “ For a deed so flagitious, *an adequate plea*.  
 “ My LORDS, it is said, *a great man* in this state  
 “ Thinks HASTINGS is like *Alexander the Great*.  
 “ But the only similitude I can discover,  
 “ Is in the rash act of that desperate lover,  
 “ Who when with strong liquors *made damnably drunk*,  
 “ Persepolis burnt *for the whim of a punk*.  
 “ My LORDS, I conceive that you need not be told,  
 “ That the eyes of all Europe your actions behold,  
 “ That

“ That if all our charges are pleaded in vain,  
 “ You will render Great Britain as odious as Spain ;  
 “ But I cannot, however, the notion admit,  
 “ That your LORDSHIPS can ever the Pris’ner acquit ;  
 “ But should it be so—we have this satisfaction,  
 “ *We can safely disclaim any share in the action.*”

CHARLES ended his speech and their LORDSHIPS ad-  
 journ’d,

And home the delighted spectators return’d.

February 26, 1788.

## LETTER VI.

THIS day, my dear friend, I've the pleasure to say,  
 For the *first time* we had an oration from GREY :  
 For the MANAGERS follow an excellent line,  
 And alternately suffer each other to shine ;  
*Chief Painter* is BURKE, and the head of the trade,  
 He teaches the use of light, colours, and shade.  
 Some people will have it, that EDMUND is teaching  
 His nineteen disciples the *art of impeaching* ;  
 And if this be a truth, I with justice may say,  
 He has not a scholar more *docile* than GREY :  
 But in spite of his *training*, BURKE would not confide  
 Too much on a *Steed*, that had never been try'd :  
 So he prudently order'd, that GREY should go o'er,  
 The story which CHARLEY *related before*,  
 And indeed he exhibited proof of his strength,  
 By detailing the RAJAH's misfortunes at length ;  
 But as he could add nothing new to the charge,  
 On the *system of feuds* he was forc'd to enlarge,  
 And with infinite learning, the Orator shew'd,  
 That the RAJAH's possession was *not like a feud* ;  
 And the town of Benaris, he seem'd to believe,  
 Was the *Paradise ancient* of ADAM and EVE ;

That

That HASTINGS, like *Satan*, was fond of expelling  
The innocent folk from their beautiful dwelling ;  
And the principal pleasure which HASTINGS enjoy'd,  
Was seeing their elegant mansions destroy'd.

CHEYT SING, in one letter, call'd HASTINGS the

*Mirror*

Of the *World*, but GREY thinks, that it must be an  
error,

Or if not, it reflected no object but terror.

After this, he came forth with some Latin quotations,  
*Which are beauty spots common in modern orations.*

Then he humbly requested, their LORDSHIPS would not  
Be offended, at seeing him *angry and hot* ;

For a man must be callous, or worse than a fool,

Who on such occasion is *temp'rate and cool* :

“ No *personal malice*, no *passion* I feel,

“ Save for *Justice's* sake an *inordinate zeal* ;

“ Nor have I, my LORDS, the least shadow of doubt

“ Of HASTINGS's *guilt*, or of *making it out*.”

Two hours he dilated, yet said little more

Than CHARLES had a hundred times utter'd before ;

'Twas mere repetition of phrases, and thence,

I have taken the liberty here to condense

The speech, and, I hope, without *losing the sense*.

Then papers and witnesses roundly asserted

Some facts, *which have never been yet controverted.*

Next a *charter was read*, by whose friendly assistance,  
 It was prov'd that the *Company has an existence*.  
 Here ended *one day*, and the hearers complain'd  
 With reason, of not being much entertain'd.  
 The next day, the MANAGERS spent all the time,  
 To prove against HASTINGS a radical crime,  
 Which of all sorts of crimes, is assuredly worst;  
 That the *Prisoner with animus malus is curst*;  
 That his words, and his actions, the MANAGERS find,  
 Arose from a *natural badness of mind*:  
 This natural *badness*, some doctors have taught,  
 Is a human misfortune, instead of a fault;  
 And therefore did HASTINGS's counsel contend,  
 That a proof of this nature could answer no end;  
 But as neither the matter disputed would yield,  
 The LORDS were of course beaten out of the field:  
 They return'd, and my heroes were suffer'd to add  
 New proofs, that the *Prisoner is mentally bad*.  
 Then ANSTRUTHER open'd—A question arose,  
 (Among the spectators, as you will suppose)  
 It was, *which is dullest*, the *Clerical reading*,  
 Or his *monotonical manner of pleading*?  
 This question would furnish an infinite theme  
 For argument, both being *dull in extreme*;  
 To decide on this question, then baffled the skill  
 Of the best connoisseurs, as it constantly will.



Six days in examining proofs were expended,  
 And I thought with the rest, it would never have ended;  
 But with pleasure and joy, I was quite overcome,  
 When ANSTRUTHER said, *he was going to sum* :  
 The summary too was so *barren* and *dull*,  
 There was not *one flower* for SIMKIN to cull ;  
 And what must surprise you still farther indeed,  
 Curiosity found not *one passable weed*.  
 And here, my dear Brother, this letter would end,  
 Were it not for my worthy poetical friend,  
 Who contended, that BENN had been wickedly joking,  
 When he swore that *snuff taking was equal to smocking*.  
 At the same time BURKE started a comical notion,  
 Of a CHANCELLOR *being found deep in devotion* ;  
 This would be it was thought, a ridiculous fight,  
 The BISHOPS *all laugh'd*, as with reason they might.  
 But now, my dear SIMON, I finish this letter,  
 With a hope that my next will be longer and better.

February 28th, 1788.

## LETTER VII.

AS the MANAGERS, Brother, adhere to the plan  
 Of changing each day, and relieving their man,  
 This day, Mr. ADAM arose to declare,  
 That to open the *second Charge fell to his share* :  
 “ My LORDS, I well know ’tis a difficult task,  
 “ And one that I had not the courage to ask :  
 “ I am conscious, indeed, of too many defects,  
 “ But still *I must do*, what my Gen’ral directs.  
 “ Friend SHERRY, who formerly open’d this caule,  
 “ In the *Senate*, obtain’d such *uncommon applause*,  
 “ That I’m almost afraid to exhibit my skill,  
 “ Lest the people should laugh at my speaking so ill.

As lawyers are fond of *nice legal precision*,  
 He pursued the professional mode of division,  
 And the Charge was *with art anatomical split*  
 Into several heads, as the Speaker thought fit ;  
 That OUDE had good things in great plenty and store,  
 But now is reduc’d and exceedingly poor ;  
 That the BEGUMS were *Ladies of quality regal*,  
 And that their estates and possessions were legal ;

And

And next, that 'twas HASTINGS's duty to see  
 No infringement was made upon his guarantee,  
 That though HE in *the name of the Company* made it,  
 He himself was the first who presum'd to invade it;  
 That HASTINGS compell'd the reluctant NABOB  
 His *Mother, Grandmother, and Kindred* to rob;  
 That these Princesses and their descendants must rue it,  
 That they all were distressed, and that HASTINGS well  
     knew it:  
 That to find some pretext for this *damnable action*,  
 He accus'd the poor innocent ladies of *faction*;  
 That IMPEY his colleague, collected a pack  
 Of strange affidavits, to prove *white was black*.

“ 'Tis seldom, my LORDS, that an advocate needs,  
 “ To prove criminality latent in deeds,  
 “ Except in *Impeachments*, and there we must show,  
 “ That some things are *bad*, not *inherently so* :  
 “ But in HASTINGS a number of actions are *base*,  
 “ That would *not be so*, in another man's case :”

Next ADAM display'd geographical knowledge,  
 (Which he pick'd up, perhaps, when a *student at College*)  
 Of the province of *Oude*, he describ'd the dimension;  
 Its *latitude, longitude, site, and extension* :  
 From *Anglesea Isle*, to the mouth of the Humber,  
 Is a great many miles, and he stated the number ;

But it was not so long, he most solemnly vow'd,  
Nor was Ireland so *wide*, as *the province of Oude*.

“ My LORDS, tho’ this province was fertile and rich,  
“ And formerly rais’d to a very high pitch,  
“ No sooner with us had it form’d a *connection*,  
“ Than it paid very dear for our *purchas’d protection* ;  
“ Of that treaty with us, th’extravagant price,  
“ Was the *Robilla War*—and ’twas EDMUND’s advice  
“ An *additional Charge* against HASTINGS to make it,  
“ But we could not prevail on the COMMONS to take it.”

Here ADAM to shew his *rhetorical powers*,  
Gave their LORDSHIPS a handful of brilliant flowers ;  
He said, that the Sun which on *avarice rose*,  
Its meridian was *cruelty, horror, and woes*,  
And in *blood was its setting*, and *ultimate close*. }

And next he proceeded, with care to describe  
The BEGUMS of *Oude*, and their *dignify’d tribe* :  
He detail’d an account of their *Sisters and Brothers*,  
Of their *Uncles and Aunts*, of their *Fathers and Mothers* ;  
After which, it was clearly and learnedly shown,  
That the cash which they legally had was *their own* ;

“ But, my LORDS,” said the Speaker, “ I told you before,  
“ That the NABOB through us grew *exceedingly poor*,  
“ And having for money no other resource,  
“ From his parent he wanted to *take it by force*,

“ But

“ But HASTINGS, my LORDS, it appears at that time,

“ *Prevented the Son from committing the crime.*”

Next ADAM in raptures proceeded to quote

A letter, which one of the Princeesses wrote,

He said, *Queen ELIZABETH* never wrote better,

Nor could CECIL her Minister pen such a letter ;

It was *so pathetic, so moving, so pretty,*

That HASTINGS's breast was *affected with pity.*

“ When HASTINGS,” says he, “ speaks the language of

“ *nature,*

“ There is not a more *intellectual creature :*

“ But when he would cover some *action impure,*

“ His stile is *perplex'd,* and his language *obscure :*

Then ADAM display'd in the language of *thunder,*

How the BEGUMS *had suffer'd* from HASTINGS's *plunder ;*

But it chanc'd in the midst of this violent prating,

He the *Pris'ner accus'd* of a letter *misdating,\**

Who whisper'd, 'TIS FALSE, to some friend that was

near,

But low as it was, ADAM happen'd to hear :

Not *lightning,* which bursts from th' electrical cloud,

Not the *voice of the Heavens,* when it *thunders aloud,*

Not the *burst of a gun,* not a *mine that is sprung,*

Could in any degree match the MANAGER's *tongue.*

\* This error in which Mr. Adam was involved, he might have escaped, if the Managers who had authority to send for persons, papers, and records, had examined Sir John Macpherfon, or Mr. Auriol.

“ My



" My LORDS, when I make an address unto you,  
 " Shall any man dare to *suppose it untrue* ?  
 " In the high situation in which I am plac'd,  
 " Shall a whisper escape from that *Being disgrac'd* ?  
 " I cannot support it—I cannot endure it—  
 " I am stung to the quick, and there's nothing to cure it ;  
 " *Ob save me, protect me*, my LORDS, if you can,  
 " From the *whispers and words* of that *insolent man* :  
 " 'Tis far, far below me, to ask *satisfaction*  
 " In private of him for this *damnable action* : "

No person could judge where his passion would lead,  
 If his temperate friends had not hinder'd his speed :  
 He recover'd a little, and went on to draw,  
*Conclusions from arguments founded on law* ;  
 He belong'd to the law, and he freely allow'd,  
 'Twas an honour that made him exceedingly proud.  
 That the BEGUMS in Court should be *publicly try'd*,  
 He said, was a point that could not be deny'd,  
 Before HASTINGS and IMPEY their property took,  
 As is written in every juridical book ;  
 Some persons who heard what the MANAGER spoke,  
 Burst out in a laugh at his ludicrous joke ;  
 They said, that the pleader in fury of diction,  
 Forgot the extent of the law's jurisdiction :  
 Others *smil'd with ineffable pity*, and then  
 Reflected too hard on professional men ;

I have to observe, that in ADAM's oration  
 Came frequently in an *old Latin* quotation ;  
 But I could not distinguish, so quick was it said,  
 The *language alive*, from the *language that's dead* :  
 At length, my dear Brother, this mass of confusion,  
 After *four hours speaking*, came safe to conclusion.  
 Here then for the present, my letter I end,  
 But you'll soon hear again from your Brother and Friend.

April 15, 1788.

LET.

## L E T T E R VIII.

AS my heroes all thirst for the *making orations*;  
 Mr. PELHAM this day rose to make observations;  
 He said, he was *order'd to comment at large*,  
 Upon HASTINGS's *answer to this present charge*;  
 That the labours they had to get over, were more  
 Than any Committee had suffer'd before;  
 For the Pris'ner possess'd an *extensive connection*,  
 And *friends* who afforded him *mighty protection*;  
 This, however, he could not consider a crime,  
 Except at the *present* unfortunate time:  
 'Tis our pride to have friends, but in HASTINGS's case,  
 The converse of this proposition takes place.

And indeed, my dear Brother, I can't but remark,  
 There is something in HASTINGS exceedingly dark;  
 For that which in others is reckon'd a *merit*,  
 Is in HASTINGS a sign of *malevolent spirit*:  
 In his *words*, in his *actions*, and even his *thoughts*,  
 The MANAGERS see *unatonable faults*:  
 To return—PELHAM said, that all HASTINGS's friends  
 Were *wretches, who serv'd his detestable ends*;

'Twas a comfort, howe'er, that the MANAGERS had  
Some witnesses, not so *corruptedly bad* :

" 'Tis said, that in seizing the Princesses' treasure,

" Necessity urg'd and dictated the measure ;

" But supposing it so, he committed a blunder,

" In drawing resources from rapine and plunder :

" Besides, I can prove beyond all contradiction,

" That this *state necessity* is but a fiction ;

" But supposing it real, all people agree,

" State necessity is a tyrannical plea."

Here some who remember'd *what came from that quarter*,

When the party fell foul of the *Company's charter*,

Who had not seen much of the tergiversations

Of Orators modern, when making orations,

With wonder were struck, *that they now should deny*

That plea, upon which they wish'd *then* to rely.

Then PELHAM attention requested to call,

To the fate of the ladies lodg'd in the *Kbord Mbal*;

A picture of horrible suff'rings he drew,

Which his conscience declar'd were infallibly true ;

Those dames, the compassionate MANAGER said,

Were *driv'n to despair* by the *wanting of bread* ;

And he sadly lamented that damsels so fair,

Should from *wishes ungratified sink in despair* ;

At the centinels posted, the ladies threw dirt,

Who were frighted, it seems, but not mortally hurt ;

They

They threaten'd to throw themselves over the wall,  
 And to dash out their brains by the force of the fall;  
 Within the Zenana, no longer would they,  
 In a *starving condition* impatiently stay,  
 But break out of prison, and all run away:  
 One night they had fram'd some uncommon designs,  
 And had form'd and arrang'd themselves into three lines;  
 In the first line their children, so pretty, so dear,  
 In the second the ladies, their slaves in the rear,  
 But what they intended, did never appear:  
 One day when the ladies were dismally weeping,  
 Letafut Darogah, who had them in keeping,  
 To silence their noise had no other recourse,  
 Save driving them into the Convent by force:  
 The Sepoys were call'd, and a battle ensu'd,  
 The ladies were warm, and the Sepoys were rude;  
 The former threw bricks, and the latter threw stones,  
 Without breaking of heads, without fracturing bones.  
 At length after fighting, and striving in vain,  
 The ladies return'd to their prison again:  
 Soon after this dismal, this shocking adventure,  
 The Begums apartment they wanted to enter;  
 But the BEGUM hard-hearted deny'd them admission,  
 So they went back again in a mournful condition;  
 But what was the worst of this accident new,  
 The Sepoys, alas! had the Ladies in view.

Here



Here PELHAM's speech ended, which from the begin-  
 ning,  
 Had taken *three hours*, in the carding and spinning.  
 Then SHERRY arose, and complain'd of the trouble,  
 Which HASTINGS's counsel were rendering double;  
 That making to evidence frequent objection  
 Did harm to their stories, and broke their connection;  
 That themselves were of evidence Judges the best,  
 As to *what should be read*, and *what shou'd be suppress'd*.  
 Then they call'd Major SCOTT, who is HASTINGS's  
 friend,  
 And ask'd him *by whom the Defences were penn'd*:  
 He was help'd by his friends being straighten'd for time,  
 Which proves, like the rest, *an additional crime*;  
 Thus ended this day, and at meeting the next  
 We heard SHERRY preach upon quite a new text:  
 And in order to cover the Pris'ner with blame,  
 He offer'd in evidence *general fame*;  
*Common fame*, he allow'd, was indifferent proof,  
 But in HASTINGS's case, *it would do well enough*:  
 And tho', says my hero, it does not appear,  
 The report spread so far as to HASTINGS's ear,  
 Yet whether he *heard it or not*, 'tis the same,  
 He might, had he listen'd, have heard *common fame*.  
 Then witnesses many were call'd to the bar,  
 Till at length EDMUND call'd upon *Prince Cantemar*,  
 Whose

Whose evidence, LAW and his brothers withstood,  
 But their LORDSHIPS declar'd, it was evidence good :  
 BURKE took up his book, and proceeded to read :  
 A chapter intitled *Sultana Valide* :  
 He read how the Sultans their mothers respected,  
 That maternal injunctions were never neglected ;  
 In Mahommedan countries, the Mother Sultana  
 By custom presides o'er the Sultan's Zenana ;  
 For the use of her son, the kind matron provides  
 A plentiful stock of young beautiful brides :  
 In the feast of Bairam, a fresh Virgin is led  
 Each night by the Mother to Royalty's bed ;  
 And tho' Virgins are sent by a three-tail'd Bashaw,  
 He cannot, according to Muffelmen Laws,  
 Touch one without making a wicked *faux pas* :  
 If the Sultan, perchance, has a mind for some other,  
 And gets her unknown to the Empress his mother,  
 It highly reflects on the Dowager's honor,  
 And fixes disgrace everlasting upon her.  
 Here ended this day, and their LORDSHIPS arose,  
 So my Letter in consequence draws to a close ;  
 But permit me to tell, e'er I lay down my pen,  
 How the story affected the women and men ;  
 Those thought it a *wasteful profusion of charms*,  
 To sleep but *one night* in the *Emperor's arms*,

And

And lamented *their* fortune who after *one night*,  
 Were *for ever* secluded from *tasting delight* :  
 These *envy'd the Prince*, and would fain introduce  
 A custom so good into general use :  
 To the trial our Ladies impatiently run,  
 And expect repetition of similar fun.

April 19th, 1788.

## LETTER IX.

YOU complain, my dear Friend, of the time which  
is past,

Since you and your friends were amus'd with my last ;  
But pray how am I to regale you with fun,  
When BURKE and the MANAGERS treat us with none ?

Besides, I've been troubled so much with the vapours,  
At hearing the Clerk read such *bundles of papers* ;

I assure you, so many dry tales have been read,

So many insipid tautologies said,

That I seldom am free from a pain in my head :

And alas ! 'tis with infinite sorrow I say,

*Six weeks* in this manner are squander'd away :

But to show you I'm yet in the land of the living,

And able to write, I'm determin'd on giving

Of the Questions and Answers a slight intimation,

As a specimen only of examination :

As soon as the Court is prepar'd to begin,

SHERRY rises, and begs to call MIDDLETON in,

A name at whose sound there's a *general grin*.

Five days has poor MIDDLETON sweated and stew'd ;

Their questions are *artful*, his answers are *shrewd* :

He

He was ask'd if the Eunuch ADMAS *had a child*;  
 Lord THURLOW look'd *black*, and the *Ladies all smil'd*;  
 The witness made answer, I really can't say,  
 The powers of his mem'ry were melted away.

Q. Have you *e'er seen the* BEGUMS? He answer'd I've  
 not.

Q. Pray *mention* their persons.—A. Indeed I've *forgot*.

Q. What may in rebellion your principles be,  
 Or can you the probable consequence see  
 Of men rising in arms and o'er-running the nation?

A. Indeed 'tis a question of deep speculation.

Q. When the Eunuchs were fetter'd, pray what did they  
 feel?

Were they thinking of poison, the rack, and the  
 wheel?

Or what do think you might have been their inten-  
 tions?

A. I concern not myself about their apprehensions.

Q. How many young damsels liv'd in the Khord Mhal?

A. I do not believe I can recollect all.

Q. Say, what were their wishes and what was their view?

A. I cannot remember that ever I knew.

Q. When they threaten'd to throw themselves over  
 the wall,

What induc'd them to hazard the getting a fall?

A. I do not remember they did so at all.



Q. Why did GORDON address to the BEGUM that Letter?

A. *He himself is in Court and can answer you better.*

Q. You were at Lucknow in the year eighty-two;

A. I'm inclin'd to believe what you say may be true.

Q. Have you any doubts of it? And if so, how many?

A. I believe not: I think that I cannot have any.

Q. The Pris'ner's defence, did you pen part or not?

A. I had some conversation with Major JOHN SCOTT.

Q. With the counsel of HASTINGS, were you at the Hall?\*

A. I might accidentally give them a call.

Q. What, go accidentally with Major SCOTT?

A. I really don't know, if I did I've forgot.

Q. Do children in India their Parents esteem?

Do they love their Mammas? and how strong do  
you deem

Their affection may be? Or pray can you tell,  
If Papa and Mamma are lov'd equally well?

A. Some perhaps love their Father and some love their  
Mother,

And some children love neither one nor the other.

Q. Does the Son by the Laws of the *Coran* succeed  
To the Father's estates?—A. Yes: the eldest in-  
deed.

\* Drapers' Hall.

- Q. May the Mother that property legally keep,  
 Lodg'd where she and her husband did usually sleep ?  
 A. I am rather inclin'd to be led, I confefs,  
 To believe that the wife no fuch right does poffefs.

In this manner was MIDDLETON badger'd and flurry'd,  
 Like a bull at a ftake by fierce animals worry'd ;  
 Mean while the fevereft fatiric remarks  
 Were made on his words, by thofe *critical sparks* :  
 Till at length LAW requested their LORDSHIPS would  
 take

Compaſſion upon him for *Clemency's fake*.  
 In the vaſt heap of queſtions I almoſt forgot,  
 To relate SHERRY's *conduct* to Major John SCOTT ;  
 This witneſs he prefs'd very hard to produce  
 Some private remarks for the MANAGER's *uſe*,  
*Private Letters and all*, this inquiſitor keen,  
 Maintains by themſelves may be *properly ſeen*.  
 But in this the arch MANAGER did not ſucceed ;  
 It was thought by the LORDS an *indelicate deed* .  
 Sir ELIJAH was call'd, and a number of men,  
 All examin'd and queſtion'd again and again :  
 But as there was nought entertaining and new,  
 It could answer no purpoſe to write it to you :  
 So weary was I with this Examination,  
 That I almoſt reſolv'd to deſert my narration :

At length, SHERRY suddenly ended my sorrow,  
 By declaring he meant to sum up on the morrow ;  
 He will sum up the whole of the Charge as he goes,  
 But amidst all the summings up, *under the rose*,  
 I would ask when he means to sum up what he owes.

May 5th, 1788.

## LETTER X.

## THE IMPEACHMENT.

**Y**OU ASSURE me, dear Brother, the comical tales  
 I've related, amuse our acquaintance in WALES;  
 You beg me, as SHERRY proceeds to Impeach,  
 To give you in rhyme the contents of his speech.  
 The task is too hard—for the speech is so fine,  
 It escapes such a dull understanding as mine.  
 Howe'er, to oblige you as far as I can,  
 I'll begin an oration as SHERRY began.  
 When the LORDS were assembl'd, and set in their places,  
 He rose up, *brimful of theatrical graces*:  
 " Permit me, my LORDS, ere I speak more at large,  
 " To disclaim every *motive* for making this charge.  
 " Has the NABOB complain'd? Is the Prisoner accus'd  
 " At the suit of *those ladies* we say he abus'd?  
 " 'Tis the cause of mankind, led by EDMUND the brave,  
 " His object is man, from *man's baseness* to save.  
 " The MINISTER PITT says, "*the Treasury is drain'd*;"  
 " But all must admit *they are much entertain'd*.  
 " However, I'd have it be well understood,  
 " If we have any *motive*, 'tis certainly good.





- “ And as all common men are but commonly wile,  
 “ For the COMMONS, a *common defence* would suffice—  
 “ And finding *our charges* divided and split,  
 “ Each *journeyman* took what the MASTER thought fit.  
 “ My *skill in finance*, Mr. SHORE, is your lot :  
 “ My *confistence* to prove, I rely upon SCOTT,  
 “ And on MIDDLETON’S *memory*, when I’ve forgot. }  
 “ He thought, as the COMMONS themselves were de-  
     “ puted,  
 “ The COMMONS, by deputy, might be confuted ;  
 “ But now that your LORDSHIPS have call’d him before  
     “ you,  
 “ At your Bar it behoves him to tell his own story.  
 “ But, my LORDS, we object to this shifting of ground—  
 “ For the conduct of journeymen masters are bound.  
 “ Would it not be, my LORDS, most surprizing and  
     “ strange,  
 “ If EDMUND our CHIEF, *his opinion should change*?  
 “ If having persuaded the COMMONS to join  
 “ In a vote, he should take up a different line, }  
 “ And say, “ *The impeachment was yours, and not mine :*” }  
 “ That he ever was HASTINGS’S *friend* in his heart,  
 “ Tho’ compell’d to accept of a MANAGER’S part?”

While SHERRY was speaking, I could not conceive,  
 Why the LORDS and the COMMONS all laugh’d in their  
     sleeve :

Why

Why BURKE fear'd that SHERRY was out of his track,  
 Why FOX's dark face look'd a little more black—  
 But since I have learnt, that the picture he drew,  
 Was the *likeness of something* that most people knew—  
 That BURKE and CHARLES FOX had conjointly brought  
 forth

The very same arguments—*versus*—LORD NORTH.  
 That CHARLES would not “trust his dear person a  
 “minute”

Alone with LORD NORTH, so much danger was in it.—  
 And BURKE, with *impeachments* the House to supply,  
 Carry'd some in his pocket, “cut ready and dry.”

I am told, it has long been his custom to take 'em  
 Wherever he goes, like a Priest's “Vade Mecum.”

St. STEPHEN'S refounded with SCAFFOLD and BLOCK,  
 NORTH fell from the Treasury Bench with a shock.

“Throw a bone to a dog, and no longer he snarls,”—  
 So NORTH threw a bone out to EDMUND and CHARLES;  
 That is, they determin'd, if PITT had not seen 'em,  
 To share all the *loaves and the fishes* between 'em.

From that moment have CHARLEY and EDMUND  
 agreed,

That NORTH must be honest and noble indeed !  
 BURKE searches for elegant phrase to commend :—  
 And CHARLES too is happy to call him his friend.

As SHERRY in speaking is fond of precision,  
 He adopts the *theatrical mode of division* :  
 That is, he arranges the *plot* and the *facts*,  
 And the play will consist of a *number of acts*.  
 ONE act was gone through when the post-bell was ring-  
 ing,  
 Which unluckily puts a full stop to my singing.  
 Howe'er, if this letter can add to your pleasure,  
 I'll send you another as soon as I've leisure.

June 5th, 1788.

LET-

## L E T T E R . XI.

AGAIN, *my dear Brother*, I take up the quill,  
My debt to *discharge*, and my promise fulfill.

Thus SHERRY began :—" Now, my Lords, I proceed

" Some loose and confus'd affidavits to read :

" I'll allow to be true every word they contain ;

" But permit *me* their *meaning* and *sense* to explain.

" My Lords, there was swearing by foot and dragoons ;

" By *vollies* some swore, and some swore by *platoons* ;

" These swearings I call, SIR ELIJAH's *collection*,

" Intended to prove a well known insurrection :

" But, my Lords, you shall presently see me victorious

" Over this insurrection, however notorious ;

" After what I have said, will the *counsel* insist

" That any rebellion did ever exist ?

" This point being settled, I now take my course

" To ASOPH UL DOWLAH's attendants and horse :

" That he had two thousand, the *counsel* contended,

" But that's a position that can't be defended.

" My Lords, I insist that *two hundred*'s the most ;

" The rest had deserted, were jaded, or lost :

" Besides, I request it may not be forgot

" The rate ASOPH travell'd, *full gallop* or *trot* ;

“ And ’twas right that the NABOB should travel *incog* }  
 “ By post or by *Dáuck*, without baggage or clog, }  
 “ To suppress, like himself, a *rebellion incog*. }

“ But I’ll give them two thousand, with *Bhangies* and  
 “ *Coolies*,

“ With elephants, camels, with *hackrees* and *doolies* !

“ The *counsel* some proof have endeavour’d to bring,

“ That the *BEGUMS* lent aid to the *RAJAH CHEYT SING*,

“ One thousand *Nejeebs*—but I boldly avow

“ They were fellows with *matchlocks*, detach’d from

“ *LUCKNOW* ;

“ But where ever they came from, I care not about

“ ’em,

“ For your Lordships shall see, in five minutes I’ll rout

“ ’em.

“ *SADUT ALLY*, they say, in conspiracy join’d,

“ And I ask’d Sir *ELIJAH*, why *HE* was not fin’d ?

“ Sir *ELIJAH*, my Lords, gave a very good reason,

“ —The man who is *poor*, can’t be *guilty of treason*.

“ His safety was then to *insolvency* due—

“ *An axiom, I find, incontestably true*.

“ My Lords, I shall prove this commotion and rising

“ Was not of my Ladies the *BEGUMS*’ devising ;

“ And their *Eunuchs*, poor creatures, so gentle and mild !

“ Are unable to injure man, woman, or child.

“ Colonel



- “ Colonel HANNAY himself, I can prove, was the man  
 “ From whose cruelties all the disturbance began :  
 “ And this to establish, *no witness* I call,  
 “ Save the elegant letters of *Naylor* and *Hall*.  
 “ The BEGUMS’ Jaghire, Major *Naylor* march’d thro’,  
 “ ’Twixt the *Goomty* and *Gogra*, his route to pursue ;  
 “ Where for some little time his battalions were halted,  
 “ Some RAJAH to quell, who, he says, had revolted.  
 “ This revolt, I presume, must have been a mistake,  
 “ So I pass over that, for his memory’s sake.  
 “ But when to the country of HANNAY he came,  
 “ He found nothing else but combustion and flame.  
 “ The army of rebels the *Major* o’erthrew ;  
 “ He frighted their heroes ;—he wounded and slew.  
 “ These poor dying wretches, that made no resistance,  
 “ He offer’d to cure :—They refus’d his assistance.  
 “ The *counsel* may say, ’tis from prejudice strong,  
 “ Those men their existence refus’d to prolong ;  
 “ That a *foreigner’s touch* would a BRAMIN pollute ;  
 “ But prejudice *now* ’tis my turn to dispute.  
 “ These folks were from such foolish prejudice free—  
 “ They were patriots, my LORDS, of the highest degree ;  
 “ They died that their blood to *their GODS might ascend*,  
 “ Who till now to their cries did not chuse to attend !”

Four hours and a half, ere he came to a close,  
 Did SHERRY declaim on such topics as those :  
 He ended at length with a compliment fine  
 To BURKE, whom he stil'd " something more than  
     " divine !"  
 For giving himself this occasion to shine.  
 And BURKE, to whom nothing's more odious and hate-  
     ful,

Than the man who for favour conferr'd is ungrateful,  
 Opportunity found, with *large int'rest* to pay  
 The compliments back, on the very same day.  
 One man had, it seems, the presumption to state,  
 The IMPEACHMENT *Expence* was enormously great :  
 When BURKE, in a moment, sprung up in his place,  
 And cry'd, as he star'd the man full in the face,  
 " *Such stinginess, Sir, would a nation disgrace !*  
 " After all the fine things we've heard SHERIDAN say,  
 " He's a pitiful wretch who *refuses to pay* :  
 " Now that genius has blinded our eyes with its flash,  
 " Can we *look at accounts* ? Can we sum up our cash ?  
 " After soaring above all the regions of sense,  
 " Can we tumble so low as to *think about pence* ?  
 " Has not SHERRY, this morning, expos'd to your view,  
 " All the beauties of *Thespis*, and *Cicero* too ?  
 " To the BISHOPS, he gave an example of preaching ;  
 " To the COMMONS, a model of future impeaching ;

" HIS-

- “ HISTORIANS, hereafter, shall copy his diction,  
 “ And POETS themselves may learn *lessons of fiction* :  
 “ RHETORICIANS are taught the arrangements of *flowers*,  
 “ To the *buskin* and *sock* he has given new powers ;  
 “ The PAINTERS may learn finer pictures to draw,  
 “ And the Judges new Modes of *interpreting law*.  
 “ From him may the Orator learn to prevail,  
 “ By action and sound, when his arguments fail :  
 “ The PHILOSOPHER too, may learn nature to sift ;  
 “ The Attorney, to cloak a bad cause with a shift.  
 “ Now since ev’ry profession some benefit draws,  
 “ Can we think for a moment of *starving the cause* !”

No sooner was EDMUND sat down, than a *spark*  
 Arose in his place, and begg’d leave to remark,  
 “ That himself and some others remember’d the day,  
 “ When the MAN *who so freely votes thousands away*,  
 “ For hearing a speech, or for seeing a play, }  
 “ Was once in his MAJESTY’S *Kitchen* so sparing,  
 “ As to *weigh out the cheese*, nay, to *pocket the paring* !”

And now, *my dear* BROTHER, I lay down my pen,  
 Which after next Tuesday I’ll take up again.

June 8th, 1788.

LETTER

## L E T T E R XII.

DEAR BROTHER—

**W**ERE it not that I fear you would deem it neglect,  
 Or accuse me, perhaps, of the *want of respect*,  
 I would pass o'er in silence the Speech of this day;  
 For SIMKIN, like SHERRY, wants something to say.  
 The PEERESSES thought there would rise a *new Sun*,  
 And that former out-doings would now be out-done!  
 At *Six* in the morning, 'tis said they arose—  
 By *Eight* dress'd their heads, by *Nine* put on their  
     cloaths—  
 By *Ten* took their places, in high expectation  
 Of seeing this SHERIDAN *act an oration*.  
 By *half after Twelve*, or at farthest by *One*,  
 The PEERS were assembled—the PLAY was begun.  
 Two hours, he harangu'd, but I little remember,  
 “ Save IMPEY and DAVY, and *12th of December*.”  
 He describ'd a circuitous string of suggestions,  
 And put to *the Counsel* some very close questions.  
 He knew he might safely their answers defy,  
 Since the forms of the COURT *would not let them reply*.

As the sense of his speech was but ill understood  
 By myself, I conclude 'twas uncommonly good.  
 When his genius inflammable rose to its height,  
 Like LUNARDI's *Balloon*, it escap'd from our sight  
 As when some Balloon at its equipoise pitch,  
 Loses part of its air by the *break of a stitch*,  
 The *high-flying* HERO no remedy knows,  
 And the car tumbles down with more speed than it rose :  
 So the high-flying SHERRY discover'd at length,  
 That an Orator may soar too high for his strength :  
 For just as his voice was rais'd up to its top,  
 The Court, with surprize, saw him suddenly stop.  
 Then ADAM slepp'd forward, and said, "*that his friend*  
 "*Was seiz'd with a--a--trifling—and therefore must end.*"  
 This accident, Brother, must greatly diminish  
 The length of my letter ; and here I should finish,  
 Were it not that I heard some *odd jocular sparks*  
 Conversing together, and making remarks.  
 A *trifling* ! said one, as he laugh'd very hearty,  
 Has long been the common *disease of the party*.  
 LORD CROP, who is one of your old fashion'd Peers,  
 That wants to find MEANING in *all that he hears*,  
 Said, " Orators *now* were not fram'd to his taste,  
 " They carry no *weight*, they're constructed for haste ;  
 " And like our *Mail Coaches*, that travel so fast,  
 " Must now and then get an unfortunate cast."

One



One Gentleman said, " where he reasons on facts,  
 " *We find SHERRY dull*; but whenever *he acts*,  
 " In five minutes time he displays to our view,  
 " *The Tragic, the Comic, the Pantomime too*,"  
 He added, that all the great men of our nation  
 Would adopt a new plan for their sons' education;  
 They find it now useless to lay in a stock  
 Of logic, by reading *such authors as LOCKE*;  
 They find *graceful action* and *elegant diction*  
 More pow'ful than reason to carry conviction:  
 So a new set of tutors they mean to engage—  
 The very best actors they find on the stage;  
 Some *Master*, like SIDDONS, whose pathos excels—  
 Or whose lessons shall imitate *nature* like WELLS.  
 And the lawyers, it seems, who attend the King's Courts,  
 No longer will trouble themselves with reports.  
 The Student finds COKE *upon* LYTTLETON dry,  
 And with *Johnson* and *Shakspeare* his place will supply;  
 In short, the old ORATOR'S \* answer is true—  
 " That *Action*, and *nothing but ACTION*, will do!"  
 Here then I conclude, and shall silent remain,  
 Till SHERRY begins his Oration again.

June 13th, 1788.

\* Alluding to the Philosopher, who being asked what was the first qualification of an Orator, answered, *Action*; what the second, *Action*; what the third, *Action*; meaning thereby, that *Action* was enough for an Orator.

## L E T T E R XIII.

DEAR BROTHER, at last I've the pleasure to say,  
 That the Orator clos'd his Oration this day.  
 Tho' EDMUND *his chief*, who supposes the strength  
 And effect of a Speech correspond with its length,  
 In a whisper observ'd—"Now you find yourself stronger,  
 "You might as well speak for a *week or two longer*."

Thus SHERRY began :—"Much indebted I own  
 "Myself to this COURT, for the favor they've shewn ;  
 "My LORDS, you'll excuse my again going o'er  
 "The ground I have travers'd so often before ;  
 "Your LORDSHIPS remember I left off with reading  
 "The *narrative part*—and I now am proceeding  
 "To bring from behind the thick mist of confusion,  
 "A *fraudulent friendship*, and *friendly collusion*.  
 "These things came to light from the reading a letter—  
 "A *private epistle*, and so much the better—  
 "When in private and public we find contradiction,  
 "That letter which tends to the *Prisoner's conviction*—

"That

“ That Letter alone we bring forward to view—  
 “ Convinc’d that none else can be possibly true.  
 “ The Pris’ner, it seems, thought it matter of wonder,  
 “ That MIDDLETON gave him no part of the Plunder;  
 “ That the diff’rence ’twixt him and his Agent was wider  
 “ Than that between LION and *Lion’s Provider* :  
 “ That at least it became an *obedient Jackal*  
 “ To remember the *Lion*, and not swallow all.  
 “ My LORDS, tho’ we make out no *positive Proof*,  
 “ That these were his thoughts, we’ve suspicion enough ;  
 “ And I trust that this Court will give ready admission,  
 “ In *failure of Proofs*, to ASSERTED SUSPICION.  
 “ My LORDS, there have been many Letters suppress’d,  
 “ Some made for the purpose, and some better dress’d.  
 “ There was one from the NABOB, by which it appears  
 “ He wish’d not to take the Bow BEGUM’s *Jaghires*.  
 “ These PRINCESSES had (what our Ladies would think  
 “ Not uncommon) a *whim for good victuals and drink*—  
 “ Too long in the habit of cutting and carving,  
 “ To relish the Fashion of pinching and starving.  
 “ Now the Pris’ner, who wickedly wanted to force  
 “ Those Ladies to follow some desperate course,  
 “ Thought nothing so likely to stir up a riot,  
 “ As to *weaken the Tea*, or to *alter their Diet*.  
 “ Not all the tyrannical acts of past Ages,  
 “ Not TACITUS, *No !* not the luminous Pages

" Of GIBBON *himself*, can an instance produce  
 " Of Authority turn'd to so wicked a use ;  
 " No cruelties equal were exercis'd in  
 " This World, since the days of ORIGINAL SIN,  
 " To the forcing a tender affectionate Son,  
 " To act by *his Mother as ASOPH* has done.  
 " He forgot in our SHAKSPEARE that precept divine,  
 " *Let thy mind be untainted, and nothing design*  
 " *Against thy dear Mother !* No, this he forgot—  
 " Or if he remember'd, regarded it not.  
 " 'Twas hoped, that the BEGUMS would openly rise,  
 " And assemble a Host by the sound of their cries ;  
 " That HASTINGS might find some excuse for the  
     " measure  
 " He meant to adopt with respect to their Treasure ;  
 " But the BEGUMS, my LORDS, tho' of millions bereft,  
 " *Could live pretty well upon that which was left :*  
 " They are stricken in years, they are gentle and meek ;  
 " No resentment they feel, and no vengeance they seek,  
 " E'en now that ourselves with such zeal are pursuing  
 " This Man, THEY *would weep* if they heard of his ruin.  
 " 'Twas expedient, my LORDS, that these Dames shou'd  
     " rebel,  
 " Or be thought so at least, which would answer as well.  
 " So IMPEY fet off, and collected a pack  
 " Of strange Affidavits, some white and some black,  
 " And return'd with a budget brim full in a crack.

" One day, the CHIEF JUSTICE was travelling post—  
 " The next at LUCKNOW, when, like Old HAMLET's  
     " *Ghost*,  
 " *Swear ! Swear !* you must *Swear !* was Old TRUE-  
     " PENNY's cry,  
 " To those who stood near, and to those that pass'd by."  
 " My LORDS, this great Man, in assessing the rate  
 " Of Crimes, had an eye to the wants of the State :  
 " JUSTINIAN and TIMUR he treated as fools,  
 " And was guided by COCKER's *Numerical Rules*.  
 " *Ye GUARDIANS of Justice*, to you I appeal—  
 " Shall *Private* give way to the *General Weal* ?  
 " *Ye PRELATES*, to whom our Religion belongs,  
 " Our Country to save, may we do private wrongs ?  
 " To decide on this Question, my LORDS, is your lot,  
 " Whether HASTINGS's conduct was useful or not ?  
 " Let the TRUTH *but* APPEAR, and the Battle is won,  
 " The Verdict is ours !—Now, my LORDS, *I have done !*"

The Gallery folk, who, misled by the sport,  
 Conceiv'd 'twas a *Play-House*, instead of a COURT ;  
 And thinking the Actor uncommonly good,  
 They CLAPP'D, and cry'd " BRAVO !" as loud as they  
     could.

Then EDMUND gave SHERRY a hearty embrace,  
 And cry'd, as he sputter'd all over his face,  
 " *At Supper this night thou shalt have the FIRST PLACE !*" }



On thy Leader's right hand be thy dignify'd feat ;  
 Fat Beef and fat Mutton shall garnish thy Plate ;  
 And when thou hast supp'd, to enliven the soul,  
 Shall Claret and Burgundy fill up thy Bowl !  
 The HEROES, who long and successfully fight,  
 From the *Edicts* of HOMER establish a right  
 To enjoy the rich Feast with BRISEIS at night.

And now, till the Court shall think fit to renew  
 The Trial, *dear* BROTHER, I bid you adieu.

June 18th, 1788.

LET-

L E T T E R   X I V .

BROTHER SIMON IN WALES

T O

SIMKIN THE SECOND IN LONDON.

**F**ORGIVE me, *Dear Sim*, if I'm not deeply smitten,

With your half dozen Letters so fluently written ;  
And since, after SHERIDAN's heart-stirring summons,  
A pause is judg'd *prudent* by LORDS as by COMMONS :  
And leisure may leave you to listen inclin'd,  
I embrace a fit moment to tell you my mind.

Methinks, *Brother Sim*, your adventure was bold,  
When you stepp'd forth an ape of *your Namesake of old*;  
*That Simkin* so pleasant, whose well-mingled satire  
Ow'd no poison to Party, no gall to ill-nature ;  
From Talents and Virtue withholding his sneer,  
At folly HE laugh'd, and the laugh was *sincere* :  
In Vanity's Vortex his models he chose,  
And *Coxcombs* and *Pedants* alone were his foes.

I

But

But you, *my dear Brother*, with feelings more nice,  
 Find ridicule lurking in—horror of Vice ;  
 And efforts of Genius acute and refin'd,  
 That honour our Country, our Age, and Mankind,  
 Deform'd in your Verse, take a farcical mien,  
 Where pleasantry check'd, wears the features of Spleen,  
 Too angry for Humour, for Censure too gay,  
 Your irony dies in plain story away.  
 And, while we lament that your Arrows are shot,  
 Where Envy and Party in vain seek a blot,  
 We cannot avoid, *Brother Simkin*, be sure,  
 Suspecting your motives may not be quite pure.  
 And thus, when you tell us you're glad to the heart,  
 “ \* *That the ORATOR SHERRY has finish'd his part ;*”  
 When you say “ *that some Letters are meant for CONVIC-*  
 “ TION,”

We own that you there drop the *language of Fiction*.  
 Beware, *Brother Simkin*, this Painter sublime,  
 Who has lately engross'd your bespattering Rhyme,  
 In a playful effusion of Fancy has shewn,  
 A PORTRAIT that some may mistake for *your own* :  
 A *Plagiary Author*, Retailer of Scraps,  
 Purloin'd from a Brother—from ANSTEY perhaps :  
 All Candour without, all Envy within,  
 A smile ill concealing the horrible grin ;

\* Vide *Simkin's 6th Letter*.

Who

Who fain would be witty and archly fevere,  
While from eyes swoln with rage, gushes forth the hot  
tear.

The *PiEture* in PARSONS yet gladdens the scene,  
Nor need I repeat, 'tis SIR FRETFUL I mean.

Then warn'd, *my dear Brother*, with SHERRY have  
done,  
Nor hang up your Blanket 'twixt us and the Sun ;  
Fot lo ! through the pores of your thread-bare design,  
The rays of the God more resplendently shine.

July 1st, 1788.

LET.

## LETTER XV.

## SIMKIN THE SECOND,

## NOTICING SIMON.

SOME fellow, *dear Brother*, affuming your name,  
 My Letters to you have thought proper to blame ;  
 His Censure's convey'd in a dissonant Chime,  
 With *one Line for Sense*, and *another for Rhyme* !  
 He talks about " SHERIDAN'S heart-stirring Sum-  
 " mons,"

For no other use but to *jingle* with *Commons* ;  
 Then he speaks of " *Old SIMKIN*, whose well-mingled  
 " satire

" Ow'd no Poison to Party, no gall to ill-nature."  
 Such uncouth ideas in every line  
 Prove clearly, the Writer's *no Brother of mine*.  
 He tells me, forsooth, " that he's not deeply smitten  
 " With my half dozen Letters so fluently written ;"  
 Were he not below notice, some lines I would write him,  
 That, if he can feel, should effectually smite him.  
 One moment *he thinks*, and the next *he is sure*,  
 That " my motive for writing is not very pure."

If



If SIMKIN *the Second* he really knew,  
 He would own, with a blush, his *Suspicion untrue*.  
 By his boldly obtruding *Suspicion* for KNOWLEDGE,  
 One would think him a *Student of SHERIDAN's College*;  
 But when I consider how feeble his Pen,  
 SHERRY never could own him—as one of *his Men*.  
 Once more then, *dear Brother*, I bid you adieu,  
 And will write nothing more till *requested by you*.

P. S.—As to SHERRY himself—just to fill up the void,  
*In suppressing all Theatres*, now he's employ'd;  
 And having in ACTING accomplish'd some Fame,  
 He's preventing all others—from doing the same.  
 For that excellent Precept has ne'er met his eye,  
 “*Do to others, oh Man! as thou wouldst be done by.*”

July 8th, 1788.

LETTER XVI.

THE

REAL SIMON IN WALES,

TO

SIMKIN THE SECOND IN LONDON.

MY *dear Brother* SIMKIN, with heartfelt concern,  
From reading *The WORLD of last Monday*, I learn,  
That some impudent Knave had the boldness to send you  
Some lines *in my name*, with a view to offend you.  
The work I disclaim, and 'tis my resolution,  
If I find out the rogue, to commence prosecution.  
No, BROTHER, your Letters must always delight us,  
And we hope, you will ever continue to write us.  
When the *Simpleton* call'd you "Retailer of Scraps,"  
One would think that he meant to give SHERIDAN flaps:  
Of novelty careless, *you* only profess  
To give SHERIDAN's *speech*, a *poetical dress*.

Sir LAWRENCE LLEWELLYN, return'd to his seat,  
Last night gave his friends, the electors, a treat;

Sir

Sir LAWRENCE, you know, is a man of high breeding,  
And excessively fond of *theatrical reading*;

He said, " SHERRY'S *Speech* was an excellent piece

" Of *patch work*, with shreds brought from ROME and  
" from GREECE ;

" But should Poets and Orators try him for theft—

" Like the *jackdaw* of old, would a feather be left ?"

Sir LAWRENCE observ'd, 'twas exceedingly odd,

To hear of an actor becoming a God.

But he thinks this *new God*, should in gratitude foster  
And support his Creator,—this Simon *impostor*.

Sir LAWRENCE consider'd the scribler's obtrusion

Of Sir FRETFUL, a very unhappy allusion.

Now, I bid you farewell, till the PARLIAMENT ends,

When I hope, *my dear SIMKIN* will visit his friends.

July 15th, 1788.

## LETTER XVII.

SIMKIN to his DEAR BROTHER SIMON,

IN WALES.

HUZZA, *my dear Boy! Renovation of FUN!*  
 The curtain's drawn up, and the Play is begun!  
 You have read in POPE's *Homer*, how *royal* ATRIDES  
 Used to summon to council, that *bully* TYDIDES;  
 MENELAUS, *the cuckold*—block AJAX; old NESTOR,  
 ULYSSES, the knave, and THERSYTES, the jester:  
 With *worthies*, like those, he was wont to debate,  
 How to conquer *old* PRIAM, and ruin his state.  
 To each separate leader such part he assign'd,  
 As suited the pow'rs of his body and mind.  
 For sloth and remissness, he *some* reprehended,  
 And some, for their courage and zeal, he commended.  
 So, (*the Post and the HERALD* announce to their readers,)  
 Has EDMUND, *great* EDMUND, that *leader of leaders*,  
 To council conven'd the whole *corps of conductors*,  
 With *Attornies* and *Counsellors*, *legal instructors*.  
 When they all were assembled,—BURKE rose to explain  
 The plan he had form'd for the op'ning campaign.

“ Ye

“ Ye *lingual champions*, would the ALMIGHTY blefs  
 “ Our unremitted labours with fuccefs,  
 “ Soon fhould we ftretch this EASTERN VICTIM low,  
 “ And proudly triumph o’er our hated foe.  
 “ But HEAVEN, alas ! to us its aid denies,  
 “ HASTINGS, e’en yet, is favour’d by the fkyes ;  
 “ *Eight tedious years* have paffed, fince I began  
 “ To war with this unconquerable man ;  
 “ All means, all arts, all stratagems I’ve try’d,  
 “ And fought with FOX and PARTY on my fide ;  
 “ For terms opprobrious, ranfack’d JOHNSON through,  
 “ Till JOHNSON’S *learning yielded nothing new*.  
 “ I tax’d my brain, inventive, to traduce  
 “ The foe, by ftrong diverfify’d abufe :  
 “ But vain my toil, the public ftill admire  
 “ The man who boldly braves a PATRIOT’S ire.  
 “ Oft has defpair excited me to yield,  
 “ And leave my foe the honour of the field.  
 “ But now I fee *one ray of comfort fpring*,  
 “ While NOBLES mourn *the ficknefs of the KING*.  
 “ Come then, my HEROES, be the fight renew’d,  
 “ And WARREN HASTINGS may be yet fubdu’d.”

Here EDMUND ceas’d—th’affembled Chiefs agreed,  
 ‘Twas *theirs* to follow, as ‘twas *his* to lead.

G

Then



Then BURKE resum'd—" *My friends*, bear well in mind,  
 " The part to each bold leader I've assign'd ;  
 " *The Heaven-born Lawyer*, FOX, shall singly stand,  
 " Oppos'd to yonder formidable band ;  
 " His powerful eloquence shall over-awe  
 " DALLAS and PLUMER, with *their leader* LAW,  
 " *Their weaker notes*, *his* thund'ring voice shall drown,  
 " His *eye-brows* fright them with terrific frown.  
 " By some short turn toward a dang'rous hit,  
 " Or gall the enemy with strokes of wit :  
 " To paint the Matron's wrongs, or cause to flow  
 " The tear of pity, for *fiction's* woe ;  
 " The various beauties of the STAGE to cull,  
 " Give life and spirits, when the COURT grows dull ;  
 " To please the Ladies, make the audience merry,  
 " My hopes and confidence are plac'd on SHERRY :  
 " But let him heedful of the darts he sends,  
 " Wound not *obliquely*, as before, *his* FRIENDS.

" To prove in TACTICS, HASTINGS' want of skill,  
 " His *military plans*, concerted ill ;  
 " To prove that long, unparallel'd *success*  
 " Makes, if well understood, *his merit less* ;  
 " That 'tis not CONQUEST stamps the Hero GREAT,  
 " Since *honours, wealth, and fame*, attend DEFEAT :  
 " This be *thy* glorious task, *oh*, great BURGOYNE !  
 " And NORTH and ERSKINE, if they please, may join.

“ ANSTRUTHER, ADAM, TAYLOR, MAITLAND, GREY,

“ May as occasions rise, come into play.

“ Should SHERRY’S wit, or CHARLES’S reasoning fail,

“ They, to consume the time, may storm and rail :

“ With dirt and mud, bedawb the PRISONER thick,

“ *Perchance some fragments on his coat may stick.*

“ You, brother DICK, shall be our *serjeant Prime*,

“ The *fugal-man*, to watch, and give the time.

“ When sparks of wit illuminating shine,

“ I’ll *tip the wink*—do you *repeat the sign*,

“ And, in loud laughter, let the Phalanx join. }

“ DOUGLAS, the *green bag* I consign to thee ;

“ Let LAWRENCE hand *the documents* to me.

“ I trust the banquet to th’ ATTORNEY’S skill ;

“ TROWARD shall tax, and pay the *landlord’s bill*.

“ These, COADJUTORS, be your separate tasks,

“ These are the duties which *your LEADER* asks.”

He said—and bursts of general applause

Prefag’d their future ardour in the cause.

The *meaner part* to youthful GREY assign’d,

Corrosive prey’d on his aspiring mind :

His pride was touch’d, his vanity was hurt ;

A SCAVENGER, *forsooth ! and deal in dirt !*

With eye indignant, viewing *Marshal* BURKE,  
 He cried, " My soul disdains such paltry work ;  
 " For *throwing mud*, and all such vulgar stuff,  
 " Thou need'st no aid—*thyself canst throw enough!*  
 " No—let the part *I* take be *nobly large*,  
 " I *singly* claim the *conduct* of a CHARGE ;  
 " I pant, I burn, for Oratoric fame,  
 " With FOX, with SHERIDAN, to join *my* name.  
 " If this my just request shall be deny'd,  
 " EDMUND farewell! *I take the better side.*"

BURKE, in reply, thus sooth'd his *testy friend* :  
 " Thy warmth I pardon, and thy zeal commend ;  
 " To thee hereafter, I'll a CHARGE consign,  
 " And thou, *another* SHERIDAN shalt shine !  
 " When *change of pow'r* puts PITT within my reach,  
 " Or NORTH, or *I*, will *that rash Boy* IMPEACH !  
 " Not PITT *alone*, but *more* we have in view—  
 " ALL who approv'd the \* *Phantom*, we'll pursue.  
 " Of aid like thine, we then shall stand in need,  
 " And various causes thou shalt have to plead."

\* See the Debates on the Regency Bill.—When this letter was written, the Managers were in daily expectation of filling the highest offices of the State.

Here *the meeting broke up*, and I've only to add,  
 It is strongly suspected, that EDMUND *is mad!*  
 For he means, as we hear, to bring forward a charge  
 Against PITT, *the two* HOUSES, and NATION at large!  
 LORDS and COMMONS he reprobates loudly, for closing  
 With PITT's *limitations*, and PITT for proposing:  
 In his *moments of phrensy*, his rage he expresses,  
 'Gainst those COUNTIES and TOWNS that have sign'd  
     *the addresses.*

Like CAIN, he has made HUMAN NATURE *his foe*,  
 And at all who approach him, he levels a blow.

Here my Letter I close, but should EDMUND's *pro-*  
     *ceeding*

Supply me with aught that is worthy your reading,  
 Be assur'd, I shall quickly dispatch you another;  
 For the present, I rest your affectionate Brother,

February 26th, 1789.

LETTER XVIII.  
SIMON IN WALES

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER SIMKIN IN LONDON.

WHAT a strange world it is, BROTHER SIMKIN!  
we're in,

Of lies and confusion, of folly and sin!  
And *the right* and *the wrong* seems so twisted about,  
That I'm sure at this distance they can't be found out.

But PARTY I fear is the cause of the *bastings*,  
So lavishly given to poor WARREN HASTINGS.  
And I oftentimes think all the MANAGERS cruel—  
That their FIRE is *resentment*, and MALICE the *fuel*;  
Else why should DICK SHERRY, and old MASTER  
BURKE

On the subject of *plunder* and DEBTS make such work?  
Dire spectres of MASSACRE call up to view,  
When they surely might know, *not a word of it's true*.  
Indeed I must own that I pity the ears  
Of their LORDSHIPS, the BISHOPS, and DIGNIFIED  
PEERS;

I pity



I pity those Ladies, so modest and nice,  
 Who heard all the *filthy descriptions of vice*,  
 And which, while the SPEAKERS so lavishly paint,  
 Some Ladies suppos'd the best thing was—a *faint* ;  
 But even for HASTINGS a *something* I feel,  
 Which by chance may be wrong—but my heart is not  
 steel ;

For I see him surrounded, by foes, in his chair,  
 Who attack him like mastiffs that *worry a bear* ;  
 While he's nothing to do but observe what they say,  
*And expend the NET SUM OF THREE HUNDRED A DAY !*

As for EDMUND, who *sickens the Senate with prate*,  
 I have not a doubt but he's crack'd in the pate ;  
 For whether 'tis BEGUMS, or WARS, or the NATION,  
 He's sure to come forth with a *strange botheration*,  
 While his speech is so crowded with tropes and allusion,  
 With logic, and metaphor, wit, and confusion ;  
 Is so gay, and pathetic, or solemnly deep,  
 That *his* FRIENDS run away, and *his* FOES *fall asleep*.  
 A simile oft I've endeavour'd to find  
 For this man, but could never get one to my mind.  
 Yet I think—he resembles a *rusty conductor*  
 That *points* to the HEAV'NS, but is *fix'd* to a *structure*,  
 That *hourly* contends with the elements' rage,  
 But a *flash of true LIGHTNING* gets *once in an age*.

Well, I trust WARREN HASTINGS has worth to defy all  
 The bitter attacks of his foes, at his trial ;  
 That truth and integrity, plac'd in the scale  
 'Gainst dark persecution, will ever prevail ;—  
 But hold—let me stop—what a race have I run,  
 Dear SIMKIN ! another ten words, and I've done.

I hope very soon you'll send me a letter,  
 Confirming the news that His MAJESTY's better ;  
 But the STOCKS will inform me, in spite of disguise—  
*For they fall when HE's worse, when he mends, why they*  
*rise ;*

Yet never before was such great consternation  
 Betray'd,—from the dread of a *new* 'MINISTRATION ;  
 One would think from the general terror, I swear,  
 That their conduct, and characters, at'n't very fair.  
 But of this I know nothing, and heedless of scandal,  
 I value plain truth in a TURK, or a VANDAL.—

Sure PITT merits praises, in prose as in rhyme,  
 For the stand he has made at this critical time ;  
 And of HIM and his PHALANX we proudly may sing,  
 For *their guard of the COUNTRY, and care of the KING.*  
 Yet stories by some spread abroad of the PRINCE,  
 A spirit of cruelty rather evince—  
 For surely, *my BROTHER* ! it ne'er could have been,  
 That his HIGHNESS each night at the OP'RA was seen !

That he gave himself up to the FOLLIES of FASHION,  
 And lost in *wild riot the TEARS of COMPASSION* :  
 That when thro' the country swift sorrow had run,  
*The FATHER was pity'd by ALL, but the SON!*—  
 That *clubs, and gay parties, and music, and glee,*  
 Were the types of that feeling, *none wanted but HE,*—  
 That by REGENCY cares not a moment oppress'd,  
*As usual, he drank, and he sung, and he dress'd :*  
 And mocking propriety, grasp'd at dominion,  
 But scorn'd *e'en to flatter the PUBLIC OPINION.*

Such stories as these are the work of the devil,  
 Contriv'd by the base, for the purpose of evil,  
 And far other treatment he ought to have prov'd,  
 As doubtless he wept for the PARENT he lov'd,  
 In *decent retirement* has kept out of sight,  
 And lost in his anguish *the taste of delight ;*  
 Has duly consider'd the prospect before him,  
 And taught all the people t'admire and adore him.  
*Dear SIMKIN adieu !* I have nought more to send——  
 But remain your affectionate BROTHER and FRIEND.

SIMON

February 23d, 1789.

[This Letter was by another hand.]

LET-

## LETTER XIX.

AT length, *my dear* BROTHER, with pleasure I tell  
 Yourself and my friends, that His MAJESTY's *well* !  
 The MONARCH whose sickness *his subjects* deplor'd,  
 By the *blessing* of HEAVEN, again is RESTOR'D !

Your remember, perhaps, that I formerly said,  
 'Twas suspected that EDMUND was *touch'd in the head* ;  
 Some thought my assertion was matter of sport,  
 But now all the papers confirm the report ;  
 They describe him one day full of spirits and gladness,  
 The next like a *spectre*, dejected with sadness,  
 In the BOOKSELLERS' SHOPS, seeking *Books* upon  
                   MADNESS ;

At St. LUKE's and in BEDLAM inspecting the cells  
 To see in what comfort INSANITY *dwells*.

Till his friends can provide a fit keeper, they say,  
 He is under the care and tuition of GREY ;  
 Who permits not *his patient* to join in debate,  
 Without *feeling his pulse*, to discover *his STATE*.

So

So knowing is GREY, he can tell by the touch,  
 If EDMUND's in danger of saying too much ;  
 When his visage grows red, or his pulse becomes strong,  
 GREY knows, if he speaks, 'twill be *flamingly wrong* :  
 One day, when BURKE spoke, and GREY fail'd to attend  
     him,  
 To the *Tower* some whisper'd a motion to send him ;  
 But others more tender, lamenting his case,  
 Thought BEDLAM by far a more suitable place.

You will ask, to what cause is his malady owing ?  
 In this, like yourself, I am very unknowing ;  
 Discuss'd it has been, but as yet undecided,  
 On this his acquaintance and friends are divided.  
 Some say, that his spirits, inflammably hot,  
 Boil and bubble at times like a SOAP-BOILER's *Pot*,  
 And that the eruptions which happen'd of late,  
 Were nothing in fact, but *the steam of his PATE*.  
 The DOCTORS, to shew their deep learning, explain  
 How ideas by friction may wear out the brain ;  
 And compare the inside of *the Orator's head*  
 To an old woman's *carding cloth* worn to a thread.  
 The METHODISTS say, that his conscience is stung  
 By his conduct political, when he was young ;  
 But others will have it—to this very hour,  
 He would ruin the kingdom, if 'twas in his power.

The



The CLERGY believe his disorder a sign,  
 Of *just retribution*, and *vengeance divine* ;  
 But the major part think, his finances disjointed,  
 His ambition all humbled, his hopes disappointed,  
 Have occasion'd a *fever malignant*, and thence  
 They account for the frequent PRIVATIONS of *sense* ;  
 But if it be true, that the MONARCH's neglect  
 Of merit, can cause such a dismal effect ;  
 Were it certain, a lucrative office would cure him,  
 And enable the COMMONS *again to endure him* ;  
 We all should solicit his MAJESTY's *grace*,  
 And if possible, get him a PAYMASTER's *place*.

But when you reflect on the wonderful change  
 In political prospects, you'll not think it strange,  
 That BURKE should go out of his mind, or perhaps,  
 If you hear by next post of CHARLES FOX's *relapse*,  
 Or of SHERIDAN's creditors *op'ning their throats*,  
 Having touch'd upon some *most unmusical NOTES*.

[This SHERIDAN, Brother, observe, is the same,  
 Who assumes in the papers JOE SURFACE's *name* ;  
*This last* to adopt is henceforth my intention,  
 Just honour to do to the *author's invention* ;  
 He *himself* gave the *name*, and the character drew  
*As he look'd in his glass*—So the LIKENESS is true.]

To return—*this* TRIUMVIRATE, scarce a week since,  
 Were coming in *Ministers* under the PRINCE,  
 And there can be no doubt but the general voice  
 Had loudly applauded His HIGHNESS's choice;  
 For who like JOE SURFACE is skill'd in *finance*?  
 Or can equal CHARLES FOX in the *doctrine* of CHANCE?  
 Less judgement it needs in this critical age,  
 To govern a KINGDOM, than *manage* a STAGE.

That invention is ever the daughter of need,  
 Is one of those truths in which all are agreed;  
 And those who beheld the most difficult scenes,  
 Have quickest conceptions of *WAYS and of MEANS*;  
 What exhaustless resources *that genius* displays,  
 Who neither the *interest nor principal* pays!  
 Who even additional credit can get,  
 From *ad INFINITUM* increasing his debt!

Now, since to the Nation her debts are distressing,  
 Such MINISTERS must be a NATIONAL blessing:  
 And BURKE, when in humour and office, was fit  
 To amuse the *young members* with fallies of wit;  
 With some funny story a laugh to create,  
 And divert their attention from matters of state.  
 Indeed I must think, tho' I dare not aver,  
 ROYAL WISDOM in some points is subject to err,

For

For no men of judgement would e'er have expected,  
 That talents so useful should be so neglected.  
 Howe'er, as the KING is restor'd to his health,  
 They must bid adieu to HOPE, HONOUR, and WEALTH.  
 Their *dreams* of AMBITION delusive are fled,  
 For the Minister's yet not OFFICIALLY dead;  
 PITT falsifies JOSEPH's *prophetic expression*,  
 Concerning his "last dying speech and confession."  
 The TRIUMVIRATE now may go separate ways—  
 JOE SURFACE again to the writing of Plays;  
 CHARLES FOX on the Continent finish his ramble,  
 Or teach the *young* PRINCES at BROOKES's to gamble;  
 And BURKE, if he ever recovers his senses,  
 May harangue to the LORDS, when the TRIAL com-  
 mences.

SIMKIN.

P. S. The LORDS and the COMMONS of IRELAND  
 have sent  
 COMMISSIONERS here, an address to present,  
 To make the PRINCE *Regent*, which now, to be sure,  
 Proves rather precipitate and premature;  
 This, however, affords little matter for wonder,  
 As the IRISH have *Leave* by prescription to BLUNDER.

March 10th, 1789.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

YOU tell me, *dear SIMON*, the *lads of the leek*  
Expect me to send them a letter a week :  
The task is too hard, but I would not refuse 'em,  
Could I find out new matter enough to amuse 'em :  
At present, I take up the pen to relate,  
What is said to have past at a *whiggish debate* :  
When the WHIGS were inform'd, 'twas His MAJESTY'S  
will,  
A stop should be put to *the Regency Bill*,  
The concern, which they felt at *not getting their places*,  
Was measur'd exact by the *length of their faces* :  
One day and one night they devoted to *sorrow*,  
And a council was held at his GRACE'S the morrow.

## DIALOGUE.

DUKE.—“ Well this to be sure is exceedingly hard ;  
 “ Why, CHARLES, did you play that unfor-  
 “ tunate card ?  
 “ Had you never brought forward *that Claim for*  
 “ *the PRINCE,*  
 “ We had all been in office these *many weeks since.*  
 BURKE.

BURKE.—“ With your GRACE in opinion, I fully agree,

“ This comes from his not being *guided by me* ;

“ ’Tis seldom or never that CHARLES conde-  
scends,

“ In making a speech to consult with his friends.”

“ To be guided by you”—(said CHARLES FOX  
with a sneer)

“ By old Counsellor BURKE, pray, my LORD,  
“ did you hear ?”

BURKE.—“ Yes, guided by me, and I boldly aver,

“ When you act from yourself, you do nothing  
“ but err.”

(FOX sneering again) “ I can make no defence,

“ But must bow to your honour’s oracular sense.”

BURKE felt from the manner in which CHAR-  
LEY spoke,

The keen edge of this cutting, ironical joke :

He fir’d in a moment, th’ explosion was louder,  
Than a mine when the match is applied to the  
powder.

“ *Perdition and death !* have I liv’d to these  
“ years

“ To be flouted and huff’d by unmannerly jeers ?

“ Can a man of *my dignity* ever submit,

“ To be treated with *scorn*, or insulted with *wit* ?

“ You



" You know very well, that if EDMUND withdraws

" His aid and support, there's an end of your

" cause :

" His aid from the *Greeks*, when ACHILLES

" withdrew,

" Remember how HECTOR their armies o'erthrew,

" What numbers he captiv'd, what thousands he

" flew.

" Were the party of *my reputation* bereft,

" There would not be a rag of good character left.

" By the public what right has the *son to be trusted*,

" Whose father's accounts *are as yet unadjusted* ?

" Who possess'd of large property, threw it away,

" Upon women and wine, or dispers'd it by play :

" From the party shou'd I, like ACHILLES secede,

" They would be contemptible wretches indeed."

JOE SURFACE, less patient than CHARLES, or the

DUKE,

Was stung to the quick by this pointed rebuke ;

He began in a manner sarcastic and taunting,

" A truce, Mr. BURKE, with Thraasonical vaunting ;

" Why sing your own praise, when we own there

" was never

" *A hero more bold, or a statesman so clever.*

" We feel ourselves honour'd by EDMUND's con-

" *nection,*

" And in safety fight under his friendly protection.

H

" Thro'

" Thro' him we have purchas'd immense reputations,  
 " By pleading the cause of unquerulous nations,  
 " Of DOWAGER BEGUMS *that never complain'd*  
 " Of Hardships and cruelties *never sustain'd*.  
 " How highly the people applaud us for shewing  
 " Our zeal, to affect a late GOVERNOR's ruin,  
 " To whom, as all parties unite in confession,  
 " BRITAIN OWES at this day *all her Eastern possession* ;  
 " With gratitude mov'd, they admire our depriving  
 " *That man of substance, by whom they are thriving* ;  
 " *Popularity, credit, and fame we obtain,*  
 " From the deeds of ACHILLES this present campaign.  
 " How gen'rous, how bold, how heroic a thing,  
 " 'Tis to treat with contempt an unfortunate King !  
 " In terms of reproach, and in language disloyal,  
 " To animadvert on the *malady royal* : "

In this manner farcaistical JOSEPH was showing,  
 What vast obligations to EDMUND are owing :

When EDMUND thus answer'd—" This language  
 " from JOE,

" Makes good what I prophesy'd some months ago ;  
 " I saw as in favour he grew with *his Highness*,  
 " *He treated his friends with satirical dryness*.  
 " And now the ungrateful is rais'd to the top,  
 " He thinks he's no longer in need of a prop,  
 " *But I trust I shall soon see him suddenly drop.*

" I'll

" I'll *leave opposition*, this day, I assure ye,  
 " I'll resign you a prey to the *Minister's fury*.  
 " When PITT is no longer in dread of my thunder,  
 " What hero can keep his audacity under."

JOE.—" You may go when you please, we can do well  
 " without you,

" *Not one of the party cares sixpence about you.*"

Then COURTENAY observing, the storm that was  
 brewing,

Unless guarded against, must involve them in ruin.

Thus spoke—" 'Tis with infinite sorrow I see,

" That the heads of a party can thus disagree.

" When I think of the Orator's tergiversation,

" And leaving us all in a perilous station,

" My arteries suffer a strong palpitation."

But now as the heroes were cutting and fooling,

A servant announc'd that the *dinner was cooling* ;

The agreeable news put an end to debating,

And like HOMER's heroes they all fell to eating.

The Port and the Claret went merrily round,

And discord itself in a bumper was drown'd.

March 28th, 1789.

LETTER XXI.

I TOLD you, *dear* BROTHER, a month or two back,  
 That BURKE was preparing another attack.  
 After fixing, unfixing, refixing the day,  
 The LORDS have at length put an end to delay,  
 So EDMUND came forward attended by GREY. }  
 You have frequently heard, that with men of the FIST,  
 BOTTLE-HOLDERS, like SECONDS, make part of the list.  
 And thence the new fashion, 'tis probable, sprung  
 To appoint BOTTLE-HOLDERS to *men of the* TONGUE :  
 So EDMUND, intending to batter the ears  
 Of the CHANCELLOR, JUDGES, and *dignify'd* PEERS,  
 Has his *bottle-man* also, and frequently sips,  
 To wash out his mouth, and to moisten his lips.

Thus EDMUND began—" We are come from a place  
 " Where we heard a great deal about MERCY and  
 " GRACE ;  
 " About *thanking the* LORD for restoring the KING,  
 " Which most people think a *desirable thing* ;  
 " But, my LORDS, the best praise we can offer to GOD,  
 " Is freely to exercise JUSTICE's Rod :

" Some

“ Some impertinent men, in another place, ask

“ In how *many years* more we shall finish our task ?

“ My answer is short—that I cannot pretend

“ To form an idea of *when it will end*.

“ When the purpose for which it was first undertaken

“ Is answer'd, 'tis *likely* it may be forsaken.

“ But I cannot conceive that the duty is hard,

“ Since *labour for labour* is ample reward.

“ If much of the sessions already is spent,

“ It arose from a late most afflictive event.

“ What with *mourning, rejoicing, thanksgiving* and *preach-*

“ *ing*,

“ We have not had time to proceed with IMPEACHING ;

“ But I trust that *both* HOUSES will now be at leisure

“ To hear me go on, and I'll do it with pleasure.

“ The story, my LORDS, which I now have to tell,

“ 'Tis probable may not be relish'd so well.

“ No BEGUM of fierce violation complains ;

“ No RAJAH groans under the weight of his chains ;

“ And sorry I am, that I cannot regale

“ Your ears with a RAPE, or *some delicate tale*.

“ 'Tis but seldom indeed, in these liberal times,

“ Opportunity serves of committing *such crimes*.



" But before I the subtle distinction describe  
 " Between PEESHGUSH, and NEZER, and RISHWET,  
 " a bribe,  
 " You must know that the people whose cause we are  
 " pleading,  
 " Have transmitted PETITIONS to stay our proceeding:  
 " They roundly assert, *that THEY never sustain'd*  
 " *Those cruel distresses of which we complain'd.*  
 " The petitions, I grant, are *authentic and true* ;  
 " But, *my LORDS*, what is THAT to *the COMMONS*, or  
 " YOU ?  
 " It can't save the PRIS'NER, I venture to say,  
 " Since all must allow we know better than THEY ;  
 " And like the OLD BAILEY, in this case, I hope,  
 " Good *character* clearly PRESAGES a rope."

Just here, BURKE was seiz'd with a drought on his lip,  
 So he just said, " My LORDS," and repeated his sip—  
 " The PRIS'ner, my LORDS, while he fill'd that high  
 " station,  
 " Was the source of corruption and base speculation ;  
 " All kinds of corruption were of his contrivance,  
 " Or supported at least by his purchas'd connivance:  
 " For when the DEWANNY, my LORDS, was withdrawn,  
 " From the NABOB's instructor, MAHMED REZA  
 " CAWN,

" Not

- “ Not a man could be met with so virtuous and just,  
 “ As to fill that important respectable trust :  
 “ Not a man could be met with sufficiently wise :—  
 “ Then to whom do you think he directed his eyes ?  
 “ To a *female*, my LORDS, the DEWANNY he gave,  
 “ To a *dancing girl* truly, that sprung from a slave.  
 “ I do not allude to those *elegant dances*  
 “ Whereby a *fair lady* her beauty enhances ;  
 “ But to that kind of dancing which young men admire,  
 “ In Ladies that skip it and dance it for hire.  
 “ MUNNY BEGUM, the object of HASTINGS’ election,  
 “ Sole Regent was made, without any *restriction*.  
 “ *No restrictions*, my LORDS ! she was perfectly free,  
 “ As *Regents*, I think, *should in general be*.  
 “ But the powers of Regent alone would not do,  
 “ He made her ARCHBISHOP, and CHANCELLOR too.  
 “ The NABOB’s *dear person*, his army and treasure,  
 “ Were all at *this* BEGUM’s, the dancing girl’s pleasure.  
 “ And here let me ask, can your LORDSHIPS suppose  
 “ That *he* was not paid for it—*under the rose* ?  
 “ Was it likely that HASTINGS these offices gave her  
 “ Without *some return* from the PRINCESS’s favor ?  
 “ And we could establish against him, with ease,  
 “ *Three hundred and fifty odd thousand RUPEES*,  
 “ If the man who inform’d us that HASTINGS was fee’d,  
 “ Had not *died on the gallows*, for *forging a deed*.

" The counsel may urge, that no credit is due  
 " To a wretch that *was hang'd*—that it *cannot be true*.  
 " But let them beware how on this they insist,  
 " Left I add a new charge to the *criminal list*—  
 " That HASTINGS and IMPEY concerted a plan,  
 " To MURDER a noble, an innocent man.  
 " Suppose that some scandalous fellow should say,  
 " An ARCHBISHOP in robes had robb'd on the Highway,  
 " Or a CHANC'LOR been publicly guilty of *plunder*,  
 " We all should receive it as matter of wonder ?  
 " But whenever we hear of an *Eastern NABOB*,  
 " We annex the idea of *plunder* and *job*.  
 " We *presume* on his guilt from this circumstance strong,  
 " And 'tis not in nature that we should be *wrong* :  
 " The PRIS'NER's vast stomach, your LORDSHIPS will  
 " find,  
 " Occasion'd a *famine*, wherever he din'd ;  
 " And, indeed, it is wonderful how he could eat  
 " *Up two hundred pounds, at a single day's treat !*  
 " MUNNY BEGUM, who fed him, would frequently say,  
 " It cost her two hundred pound sterling a day.  
 " HASTINGS eat in *three months* what was meant to sup-  
 " port  
 A hundred black Peers at the PRINCESS's court ;  
 " And whilst this *strange glutton* was lavishly fed,  
 " A hundred old nobles were starving for bread.  
 " Like

" Like a *vulture* he snatches the food from the grave,  
 " Nor preys *EAGLE-like*, on the *living* and *brave*.  
 " Ye *PRELATES* and *BISHOPS*, suppose if you please,  
 " An intruder should lick up *the fat of your SEES*;  
 " Or suppose that a man without any pretension,  
 " Should devour at a meal any *nobleman's pension*?"

AS EDMUND was earnestly putting these cases,  
 It somewhat affected their reverend faces.  
 Howe'er, BURKE went on with his pleasant oration,  
 Till, as usual, he stopp'd to repeat his potation.  
 Whene'er he grew dry, to his DOCTOR he beckon'd,  
 Who acted this day BOTTLE-HOLDER and SECOND.  
 When his patient was tir'd, GREY would read us a letter,  
 By way of amusement, till EDMUND was better.  
 Thus being alternately BUTLER and *Reader*,  
 Four hours he supported his eloquent leader.

But to finish the subject—When EDMUND had rail'd  
 Four hours against HASTINGS, his energy fail'd;  
 And in spite of his *bottle*, and *frequently drinking*,  
 He found that his strength and his spirits were sinking;  
 But indeed I must own, he possesses more vigour  
 Than one could expect from his *manner* and *figure*:  
 At length quite exhausted, the LORDS he address'd,  
 On the MANAGER's *part*, with an humble request,

That

That they would be pleas'd, for that day to adjourn,  
To give time for his spirits and strength to return.  
I hope you will like this epistle, *dear* BROTHER,  
And if EDMUND finds matter, I'll send you another.

SIMKIN.

April 25th, 1790.

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## LETTER XXII.

LAST WE'NSDAY, DEAR BROTHER, I went to the  
COURT,

Expecting from BURKE *a renewal of sport*;

Where, like others, I found myself *much disappointed*

By the Orator's faculties being disjointed.

The cause of his illness I wanted to find,

And heard many whimsical reasons assign'd :

Some said the disease was increas'd in his head ;

Some said he was drunk, and lay stretch'd on his bed ;

Some thought he was seiz'd with a fit of the vapours,

At something that morning *in one of the papers*—

That a certain GREAT PERSONAGE meant to insist

On expunging his name from the COUNCILLORS' LIST.

Being thus disappointed, I hasten'd away

To ST. STEPHEN'S, to hear what the COMMONERS say :

There I found MAJOR SCOTT, by Petition, was trying

To restrain able Speakers from wilfully lying ;

But I hope, that by Parliament privilege pleading,

They'll hinder this lover of truth from succeeding ;

For

For if BURKE's not allow'd to say more than is true,  
He'll furnish no matter for writing to you,  
And I must, of necessity, bid you adieu. }

When EDMUND recover'd, the PAPERS gave warning  
Of his speaking again the next Saturday morning ;  
So I went to the Hall, and resum'd my old station,  
Expecting another most brilliant Oration—  
But, alas! *my dear Brother*, you must not accuse  
ME of *Dullness* this day, if I fail to amuse :  
For BURKE, tho' he spoke for three hours, or more,  
Only *travers'd the ground he had travers'd BEFORE*.  
His language was *beautiful*, vastly *sublime*,  
And I wish I could do it *strict justice in rhyme* :  
He drew a strange picture of HASTINGS's diet ;  
Of his feast on disgrace, of his *infamy-riot*.  
In Corruption, the Pris'ner's delight is to lie,  
And “ *in excrement wallow, like pigs in a sty.*”  
“ To your LORDSHIPS already it must have appear'd,  
“ With Corruption the Pris'ner's all over besmear'd ;  
“ With Corruption *this* HASTINGS is cover'd so thick,  
“ When I see him, my stomach turns suddenly sick :  
“ The disease of Corruption has been so neglected,  
“ The COMPANY's *Settlements* all are infected ;  
“ Not HASTINGS *alone* is corrupted, *but all*  
“ *Who breath the PESTIFEROUS AIR of BENGAL !*

“ Yet

" Yet tho' 'tis so bad, that I cannot endure it,  
 " I fear 'tis impossible ever to cure it.  
 " We have no direct proof of Corruption, 'tis true,  
 " But in failure of that, strong presumption will do.  
 " Corrupted he was by the *Dancing Girl's* treat,  
 " And you can't have forgotten the dinners he eat.  
 " Two hundred pounds sterling, this gluttonous finner  
 " Three months unremittedly eat at a dinner ;  
 " But the thing at which I am so highly offended,  
 " Is the manner wherein the large sum was expended ;  
 " No part was expended on music or singing,  
 " On *Dancing Girls*, *Illuminations*, or *Ringin*g :  
 " No friend ever tasted the milk or the honey,  
 " 'Twas a feast of corruption, a FLOW OF DRY MONEY,  
 " To a desert, a jungle this TYGER withdrew,  
 " To prey on this victim his avarice flew.

" But, my LORDS, if this circumstance is not enough,  
 " I'll give you another to strengthen the proof :  
 " When his much honour'd Colleagues in Administration  
 " Accus'd him of bribery, and peculation,  
 " Their President would not submit to his trial,  
 " Nor confession of guilt would he make, nor denial ;  
 " Instead of exposing himself to conviction,  
 " He disputed their power, and usurp'd jurisdiction."

Here EDMUND a number of reasons assign'd,  
 Why HASTINGS the *Honour of Trial* declin'd;  
 Why has yet the DIRECTORS no answer had got,  
 Whether NUNDCOMAR's *Stories* were founded, or not.

(Here 'twas whisper'd, that EDMUND to state had  
 omitted,  
 That HASTINGS conceiv'd himself fully acquitted;  
 For to NORTH, or Directors, if doubt had appear'd,  
 By one Question alone, every doubt had been clear'd—  
 No scruples remain'd, for his frequent Election,  
 By Minister, Parliament, and the Direction,  
 Proclaim'd to the World their united opinion,  
 That HASTINGS deserv'd, and was fit for Dominion.)

Now EDMUND, more loudly returns to his cry,  
 Of "*Presumption, Conviction, and Hog in a STYE.*"  
*Not a man ever went* to that infamous place,  
 But is deeply involv'd in this Culprit's disgrace,  
*All, all—His Accomplices, wicked and base.* }  
 I do not, however, said EDMUND, intend  
 To include PHILIP FRANCIS, *my worthy, DEAR Friend,*  
 Nor his *honest Associates*; but barring *these Three,*  
 They are *all* KNAVES or ROGUES, in the highest degree.  
 And indeed, my *dear Brother*, you cannot but think,  
 That so much Corruption must *horribly stink*;

And

And believe me, I smell it whenever I meet  
 An *Indian NABOB*, as I travel the street.  
 The Nobles, I trust, will this Season recal  
 Their *Relations* and SONS, from *contagious BENGAL*;  
 What a horrible thing, if such base speculation,  
 Were imported from thence to an *innocent Nation*!

*Three hours and a half* on this subject alone  
 The wit of the Speaker resplendently shone:  
 He resembl'd a *Colt*, in his circular lunging,  
 Now *walking*, now *trotting*, then *kicking* and *plunging*!  
 In like manner did BURKE run his circular Race  
*Two days*, without *changing* or *shifting his place*:  
 " 'Tis an excellent *Pad*! as your *Horse-Dealers* say,  
 " That can pace on a *Trencher* the length of a day."  
 If this can a merit in ORATORS be,  
 'Tis BURKE's, all allow, in exalted degree:  
 On PRESUMPTION, CORRUPTION, the changes he rung,  
 Till at last it exhausted, and wearied his tongue.  
 He said he had more than *half open'd* his Charge;  
 That his Friends would hereafter explain and enlarge.  
 With this declaration their Lordships were struck,  
 And thought themselves born to exceeding *good luck*,  
 That THEY should be *Peers* in such turbulent times,  
 Of enormous *long Speeches*, IMPEACHMENTS, and  
 CRIMES;

When



When Speakers, like Bruisers, make trial of strength,  
And the WORTH of Oration depends on THEIR LENGTH.

'Tis reported, *dear Brother*, that some of the Peers,  
Who think they can't live a *vast number of years*,  
Direct that THEIR SONS should the Trial attend,  
That their Titles and *that* may together descend.

I observ'd, that though EDMUND was frequently dry,  
*No Bottle appear'd*—but I cannot tell why.  
I took notice of something more strikingly strange,  
To HIS CORPS, his behaviour has suffer'd a change :  
His Language this day was *more gentle and mild*,  
And he spoke like a Father addressing his Child ;  
But before, when he spoke to his humble adjutors,  
'Twas the style and the manner of *Ussers and Tutors*.  
As he finish'd, it struck me, Fox shrugg'd up a shoulder,  
And GREY shew'd *his teeth*, on being call'd—BOTTLE-  
HOLDER.

April 30th, 1789.

LET-

## LETTER XXIII.

YOU remember last season, that JOSEPH foretold,  
 With a spirit prophetic, that EDMUND the bold  
 Would one day or other th'IMPEACHMENT condemn,  
 And declare to the COMMONS 'twas owing to them ;  
 That he ever was HASTINGS' friend in his *heart*,  
 Though compell'd to accept of a *Manager's* part.  
 I thought such a change could not possibly be—  
 JOSEPH knew him, however, much better than me ;  
 It seems, that they swindled him into the taking  
 Of a part, which he is on the verge of forsaking.  
 But I cannot conceive at what people are aiming,  
 By the present circuitous mode of disclaiming.

I said in my last, that the MAJOR was trying  
 By *Petition*, to lay an *embargo on Lying* ;  
 This was owing, I find, to the Orator's quoting  
 Some Articles not of the Commoners' voting ;  
 Misdemeanors they voted, but EDMUND went further,  
 And in two or three instances charg'd him with *Mur-*

“ *ther* ?

So HASTINGS the House has address'd by *Petition*,  
 To know whether THEY authorize *the addition* ?—

This occasion'd last *Monday* a curious Debate—  
*In a hasty short sketch*, all the points I'll relate.  
 When EDMUND heard PITT and some members confess,  
 That HASTINGS's Case call'd aloud for redress,  
*And SCOT pledg'd his word*, that the Orator knew  
 At the moment he spoke, that *the Charge was untrue*;  
 His feelings, long callous, now sensibly stung,  
 In a moment unbridled his virulent tongue.

“ Indeed, Mr. SPEAKER, 'tis vastly absurd,  
 “ To expect me to answer *for every word*—  
 “ When an Orator's Speeches are rapidly flowing,  
 “ He often must speak, *without thinking or knowing*;  
 “ Do you think, in the hurry of cutting and slaying,  
 “ That *we* can find leisure, for gauging and weighing;  
 “ Or pray, are the Managers here to be treated,  
 “ Like *Shylock*, whom *Portia* so knavishly cheated?  
 “ Or can a Dissector so able be found,  
 “ As to cut human flesh, to *exactly a pound*;  
 “ To cut just a pound, and there instantly stop,  
 “ Without drawing blood, without spilling a drop?  
 “ If that be your meaning, I freely protest,”  
 (At that moment applying his hand to his breast)  
 “ 'Tis more than a *Catholic Christian* can do—  
 “ (Then pointing to CHARLEY) *or even a Jew*.

“ And

- “ And just as the Criminal felt himself pinch’d—  
 “ *You might have complain’d, had the Managers flinch’d;*  
 “ Had they suffer’d a cause so important to drop,  
 “ Or fall on their heads for the want of a prop.  
 “ Let them point out the time, if we have been remiss—  
 “ Did we spare him in that? Did we screen him in this?  
 “ No, Sir, where the Cause was deficient in strength,  
 “ *Our Speeches have amply supply’d it by length.*  
 “ But, Sir, ’tis my wish to be fully instructed,  
 “ In the mode that this Trial should *now* be conduct-  
     “ ed:  
 “ If when we perceive *our own evidence failing,*  
 “ Are we not to support it, *by storming and railing!*  
 “ NUNDCOMAR’s Accusation must certainly sink,  
 “ Unless we prevail on their LORDSHIPS to think,  
 “ That he of his life was unjustly depriv’d,  
 “ And that HASTINGS and IMPEY the Murder con-  
     “ triv’d—  
 “ But, Sir, if the COMMONS think fit to deny,  
 “ Or give *Amplification* the name of a *Lye*;  
 “ If the MANAGERS’ conduct the HOUSE should con-  
     “ demn,  
 “ I can prove *all I utter’d, proceeded from THEM*;  
 “ As they heard my Oration, and let me proceed,  
 “ They not only *approv’d*, but *committed* the deed.

" 'Tis the COMMONS of ENGLAND, *the People at large*,  
 " Who HASTINGS and IMPEY as *Murderers* charge;  
 " When they forc'd me to take the *Chief Manager's* part,  
 " (An Office I always dislik'd in my heart)  
 " When they coax'd me, and swindled me into this  
     " scrape,  
 " (*Where they leave me alone, that themselves may escape*)  
 " 'Tis certain that they, whether waking or sleeping,  
 " *Their consciences left to the Managers' keeping*—  
 " Mr. SPEAKER, I say 'tis a terrible case,  
 " If I am to be try'd, and expos'd to disgrace,  
 " And stand in my turn in the Criminal's place. }  
 " Those who sit in this House, and my person behold,  
 " Must sensibly feel that I'm rather too old :  
 " That life is already too far in advance,  
 " For me now to join in the *ludicrous dance* :  
 " My legs and my heels not sufficiently light,  
 " Besides I'm too aged to turn *to the right*.  
 " Shall I, *the first figure* that's seen in the groupe,  
 " Who with dignify'd *step* have conducted the troop—  
 " Shall I lay of a sudden these honours aside—  
 " For exceeding my duty submit to be try'd ?  
 " No, no—to myself I will ever be just,  
 " Though the House should think fit to deprive me of  
     " trust :

“ And,



“ And, indeed, ’tis a favour I now have to ask,  
 “ To be kindly reliev’d from a difficult task ;  
 “ But if I’m to finish the work I’ve begun,  
 “ And allow’d to proceed as I’ve hitherto done,  
 “ You shall never complain that I’m idle or slack,  
 “ Or in any way backward to lead the attack ;  
 “ You shall soon see the Criminal *bare to the bone*,  
 “ While I *tear off his flesh* by the *sod*, or the *stone*.  
 “ But if on the other hand I am disgrac’d  
 “ In the eyes of all Europe, by being displac’d,  
 “ Posterity’s praise shall compensate the wrong,  
 “ I have suffer’d from those who have known me too  
     “ long.”

But, alas! my dear SIMON, in spite of this pleading,  
 The Commons approv’d not of EDMUND’s proceeding,  
 And therefore they voted, t’appoint him a day,  
 As perhaps he might have something farther to say ;  
 But EDMUND conceiv’d it was grossly mis-spending  
 His time and his words, to go on with defending, }  
*So he sent them a Letter, instead of attending.*

On HASTINGS and *Friends* ’twas extremely *satyric* ;  
 On *Himself* and his *Party*, a high *Panegyric* :  
 But MONTAGUE, when he had done with the Letter,  
 An Eulogy made that was stronger and better.  
 He enlarg’d on those talents which EDMUND has got,  
 And describ’d many virtues—*some say, he has not.*

Th' *Encomiaſt* concluded his friendly Oration  
 With pronouncing aloud, a *ſtate Latin Quotation* :  
 That BURKE'S Understanding, tranſcendently fine,  
*Grasps all that is Human, and all that's Divine!*

You muſt know, my dear BROTHER, a notion prevails,  
 That SIMKIN is *not a true Native of Wales*.  
 That SIMKIN and SIMON are old faſhion'd Names,  
 That never a *Taffyland Gentleman* claims;  
 But moſt people think that *my Letters* are writ  
 By a DUCHESS of SCOTLAND, renown'd for her wit,  
 And zeal for the *Adminiſtration* of PITT. }

The queſtion CADWALLADER wants to propoſe,  
 " Is JOSEPH or BURKE the beſt Poet in Proſe?"  
 The next time I attend at the *Weſtminſter Forum*,  
 It ſhall be debated *Judicibus coram*.  
 And indeed the beſt Critics are free to confeſs,  
 Their Speeches aſſume a poetical dreſs.  
 'Tis thence without trouble or waſte of much time,  
 I give the contents of their Speeches in rhyme.

Dear BROTHER, adieu; but I'll write you again,  
 Tho', as matters now ſtand, I can ſcarcely ſay when.

May 5th, 1789.

LET-

## L E T T E R XXIV.

AT length, *Brother SIMON*, the business is ended,  
For which *HASTINGS's Trial* was lately suspended.

When the LORDS were assembled, *great EDMUND*  
came in  
With a countenance woeful, th'effect of chagrin,  
Which put me in mind of *the Picture of SIN*. }

“ *My Lords*, the last time I appear'd at your bar,

“ I told you a story about *NUNDCOMAR*.

“ I said, he by *IMPEY* and *HASTINGS* was hung,

“ In order to silence his garrulous tongue.

“ *They murder'd the Man*,” “ was the term that I us'd,

“ A term *good enough* for the *Pris'ner* accus'd ;

“ But the *COMMONS, my Lords*, have been suddenly seiz'd

“ With a *Nausea*, I find, and are vastly displeas'd.

“ Their *Consciences tender*, can't bear a transgression

“ Of *TRUTH*—and last night they disclaim'd the Ex-  
“ preffion.

“ But, *my Lords*, notwithstanding the *COMMONS* reprov'd

“ me,

“ I am proud to declare that they have not remov'd me :

“ My constituents, perhaps, may be somewhat disgusted,  
 “ Yet still they believe, I am fit to be trusted.  
 “ And I soon will convince them by Arguments strong,  
 “ That their judgement is neither ill-founded nor wrong.  
 “ Tho’ I am not permitted to add a new charge,  
 “ On those which I have, I will dwell, and enlarge :  
 “ Tho’ I lower my stile, and new-model my diction,  
 “ According to this late invented restriction :  
 “ Tho’ of *Amplification* I’m partly bereft,  
 “ I will make the best use of the *little that’s left* ;  
 “ And here by the bye, I’ve been often complaining,  
 “ That the SENATE of late is too fond of *restraining* ;  
 “ Should your *Lordships* inquire, why the freedom I took,  
 “ Of stating a fact that was *not in the Book* ?  
 “ The reason is plain, I most perfectly knew,  
 “ That HASTINGS would tell you no credit was due  
 “ To the bare *ipse dixit* of one who was try’d,  
 “ And for FORGING a *Paper with infamy dy’d*,  
 “ I call’d it a *Murder*, but ’twas at a time,  
 “ When *I wanted a word* to distinguish the crime ;  
 “ Our language is poor, and our words are so few,  
 “ Their *meaning so weak*, that they never can do  
 “ For HASTINGS’s crimes, *so atrocious and new*.  
 “ I wanted a word just distinction to draw,  
 “ Betwixt *moral Murder*, and *Murder by Law* :  
 “ ’Tis

“ ’Tis a *sort of a murder*, that’s no where defin’d,  
 “ Tho’ I’ve got the idea somewhere in my mind :  
 “ But, *my Lords*, it behoves me to make some excuse,  
 “ For the present apology long and diffuse,”  
 (Here he gave us a spice of his annular speaking,  
 And *apologies made, for apology making !*)  
 “ But as soon as the final apology ended,  
 “ And his conduct approv’d by himself and defended,  
 “ He observ’d to *the LORDS*, he had told them before,  
 “ The Charge was half open’d, or probably more :  
 “ That only two days were employed in revealing,  
 “ What HASTINGS had spent many years in concealing—  
 “ But no longer to build on the grounds of *Suspicion*,  
 “ I now shall make use of the Prisoner’s admission :—  
 “ In Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-three,  
 “ The KING and his PARLIAMENT made a decree }  
 “ ’Gainst the Company’s servants *accepting a Fee* ; }  
 “ That whoever took money, the same must produce,  
 “ And give it all up for the COMPANY’S *use*.  
 “ This clause by the Pris’ner was so understood,  
 “ As to let him take bribes for the *Company’s good*.  
 “ Impres’d with this notion, it seems that his coffers  
 “ At all times were open to liberal offers.”

Here EDMUND with infinite humour describes,  
 A new Court of EXCHEQUER for taking in Bribes,



Where FRAUD the high office of *Treasurer* took,  
 And OBLIVION kept the *Remembrancer's Book*;  
 EXTORTION ass'd the respective amounts,  
 And CONFUSION, the *Auditor*, pass'd the accounts:  
 His agents were vile *Banyans* and *Gentoos*,  
 A species, indeed, of *black Brokers* and *Jews*.  
 Now EDMUND casts up all the several fums,  
 By Units, Tens, Hundreds, by Thousands and Plums.  
 " The Prisoner, *my Lords*, has been put to his shifts,  
 " With respect to concealing these presents and gifts,  
 " Of FORGERY I would accuse him *with pleasure*,  
 " Were I sure that the COMMONS would sanction the mea-  
 " sure; *sure*;  
 " But they are so *scrupulous, nice, and exact*,  
 " That they want to confine me to MATTER OF FACT—  
 " But I trust, I shall not be, as formerly treated,  
 " If I only assert that the *Criminal* CHEATED;  
 " Gave in false accounts, and his Letters misdated. }  
 " His accounts and his Letters were form'd to beguile,  
 " His accounts are *Pindaric* in matter and stile;  
 " His Letters are *Oxymel* (nafty) of *Squills*,  
 " They are purges, emetics, and boxes of Pills.  
 These Letters were highly offensive indeed,  
 For EDMUND himself was unable to read;  
 So TAYLOR, whose stomach is not soon affected,  
 Read over these Letters, as EDMUND directed.

The

The Orator now *Virgin-modersty* shocks,  
 By imputing to HASTINGS *the Tail of a Fox*;  
 Then the Company turns to a *LION rapacious*,  
 And HASTINGS a *Jackall* of stomach voracious.  
 In this way he proceeded, comparing and railing,  
 Till at length he perceiv'd that his spirits were failing;  
 Then he begg'd that the LORDS would appoint him a  
 day,  
 To hear something more it behov'd him to say,

Indeed, *my dear Brother*, we have to lament  
 The restriction on BURKE as a cruel event:  
 For though he is equally keen on accusing,  
 He is not, as formerly, half so amusing.  
 I heard many Ladies the MINISTER blame,  
 Who is jealous, they say, of the Orator's fame:  
 They think it is strange and absurd, that a Youth  
 Should fall so in love with the *Goddeſs of Truth*;  
 And indeed it would puzzle the statesman to tell,  
 Why a Galley Goddeſs may'nt ſerve him as well.  
 The ſay it is an odd, *unaccountable Paſſion*,  
 Unknown to *fine Speakers* of merit and faſhion;  
 But I take it, the principal cauſe of their dread,  
 Is danger, if ſuch an example ſhould ſpread;  
 If the *Beauties of Speech* men are taught to condemn,  
*Deception* may ſoon be diſreliſhed in them.

But

But now, *my dear Brother*, this Letter I end,  
 As remarks of this kind might the LADIES offend ;  
 And perchance I might get myself into the clutches  
 Of a *Woman of wit*—and that Woman—a DUCHESS.

May 9th, 1789.

LET-

## LETTER XXV.

## SIMON IN WALES,

TO HIS

BROTHER SIMKIN IN TOWN.

THE letters, *dear* SIM. you obligingly write us,  
 Never fail to instruct, to amuse and delight us;  
 But though we've no cause to arraign your neglect,  
 We have reason to think you not always correct.  
 We do not complain of your making additions,  
 Of perverting the sense, but of sundry omissions.  
 Mr. LLILLY LLANSTUFFIN, who often frequents  
 ST. STEPHEN'S, is here for his *Michaelmas rents* :  
 And yesterday, sitting at table with him,  
 A servant announc'd *an epistle from* SIM.  
 He had heard of your name, and declar'd he'd be proud,  
 If I did him the favour to read it aloud ;  
 So I read it all over as well as I cou'd ;  
 He thank'd me, and said, " that your verses were good ;  
 " But that many things pass'd at that very debate,  
 " Which he wonder'd that *you* should forget to relate."

A nar-





Then he hints, that should censure excite his disgust,  
 It might drive him, perhaps, to relinquish his trust,  
 'Tis observable, this *tautological Speaker*  
 Is louder as much as his *argument's weaker* :  
 By bawling and noise, he creates a *diversion*,  
 To cover the fallacy of each assertion :  
 By experience he knows, he can always engage  
 Attention, by *seeming to be in a rage*.  
 He often affects such a puffing and blowing,  
 That his words, for a time, are prevented from flowing.  
 The Senators now, from long habit and fashion,  
 Own his right by *prescription*, to be in a *passion*.

Here LLILLY digress'd, and the characters drew,  
 Of all the *rhetorical speakers* he knew.  
 He said, it was vain and absurd to expect,  
 The papers could give us their speeches correct :  
 And since I prefer Mr. LLILLY LLANSTUFFIN  
 To you, Brother SIM. or a partisan's puffing,  
 As he spoke, in short hand, MEMORANDUMS I took,  
 Which I've enter'd at large in my red cover'd book ;  
 And if till next winter in leisure I live,  
 Their characters all to the public I'll give :  
 For indeed I must own, though I do it with shame,  
 I envy your praise and poetical fame.

As

As Mr. LLANSTUFFIN these characters drew,  
 He said something of EDMUND, *which if it be true,*  
 I'm surpris'd that it was not related by you.  
 The *critical part*, which it seems you forgot,  
 Was EDMUND's *reply to the CHARGES of SCOTT*;  
 Who declar'd that the former was fully acquainted,  
 At the time he that picture so horrible painted,  
 (At which female tenderness *water'd and fainted.*)  
 That to HASTINGS no blame could be justly imputed,  
 And that since, *the whole calumny had been refuted.*  
 To this EDMUND answer'd, altho' I agree,  
 I have but *one witness* to weigh against THREE,  
 What signifies that, when I prudently chose,  
 To give credit to *this*, and to *disbelieve* THOSE?  
 I stated as much as *my purposes* FITTED;  
 The rest I deem'd false, and 'twas therefore omitted.  
 This method of acting may possibly do,  
 As a subject of animadversion for you:  
 You may say with a laugh, that this mode of proceeding  
 Is owing to BURKE's *jesuitical breeding*;  
 That Orators, when they engage in disputes,  
 Mention only as much as their purposes suits.  
 But you know, that the *innocent natives of WALES*  
 Are extremely averse to *the garbling of tales*;  
 And we think that this BURKE, whom you seem to admire,  
 Is not half so good as a *Taffyland squire*:

And

And rather than I would such company keep,  
*I would live on the HILLS with the GROUSE and the*  
 SHEEP.

But though I have given free scope to my pen,  
 Don't let it prevent you from writing again.  
 'Tis true, that myself and some others have noted,  
*To the Interest of BURKE you are too much devoted;*  
 And it has been suspected you are in his pay,  
 In verse to record all he chuses to say.  
 But this, *Brother SIMKIN*, I know is untrue,  
 We are no PARTIZANS, so I bid you adieu !

May 14th, 1789.

K

LET

L E T T E R XXVI.

ALAS! *my dear* BROTHER, ill omens portend,  
That our long correspondence draws near to its end :  
I conjure all my friends, not to construe the effect  
Of misconduct in PITT, into SIMKIN's *neglect*.

Oh ! may that STATESMAN ever hated be  
By all the Muses in the same degree,  
Curs'd by APOLLO, as by BURKE and ME !

The *buds* of FANCY in luxuriance blowing,  
Like Eastern Wind, *his breath* pestif'rous blighted ;  
The stream of Oratory sweetly flowing—  
That stream it dry'd, which you and me delighted.

The fragrant flowers in ELOCUTION's *spring*,  
Like morning frost, *his breath* congealing nipp'd ;  
In plumage gay, IMAGINATION's wing  
Soaring aloft his hand unhallow'd clipp'd.

In ELEGY solemn no more to complain,  
As curses and pray'rs are both equally vain ;

I must

I must tell you, but not without horror and dread,  
 That the rage of restriction seems likely to spread ;  
 But I should not break in at the midst of a story,  
 So I'll lay the proceedings in order before you.  
 Many PAPERS last Tuesday were read by the CLERKS,  
 Whose dryness was moisten'd by EDMUND's remarks :  
 " By reading these documents, 'tis my intent,  
 " Of the *foot* of CORRUPTIONS to give you *the scent*.  
 " The scent of CORRUPTION is lasting and strong ;  
 " If we follow our noses, we cannot go wrong."  
 Then sniffing and snuffing BURKE follow'd the track  
 Of corruption, like BRAWLER, *the head of the pack* ;  
 But in spite of this hunt and the musical cry  
 Of BRAWLER, the sport grew insipid and dry.  
 By the Ladies the Court was but thinly attended,  
 And *the* CLERKS seem'd asleep ere the business was  
 ended.

For the *use* of LOGICIANS, I beg leave to add,  
 Where *presumption affirmative* cannot be had,  
 A NEGATIVE one may be put in its place,  
 As a substitute good in a *criminal case*.  
 This doctrine to some appear'd dang'rous and new,  
 But in HASTINGS's case, EDMUND says it will do.—  
 Last THURSDAY again I attended the COURT,  
 Without any reason to boast of the sport,



Oh ! how I admire this most wonderful man,  
 For contriving a new æconomical plan !  
 As the COMMONS, you know, have refus'd him per-  
 mission

To indent at his pleasure for new ammunition ;  
 The balls which lay scatter'd and spread on the plain,  
 Are collected by GREY, and fir'd over again.

In this cannonade so terrific and hot,  
 NUNDCOMAR and his charge were unlawfully shot.  
 But to speak in plain language, as GREY was proceed-  
 ing,

The Counsel objected to what he was reading :  
 They said that no credit was due to the tongue  
 Of a slanderous fellow, for *forgery* HUNG !

Now CHARLES, to keep HASTINGS's *Counsel* in awe,  
 In argument rose against PLOMER, and LAW.

You have heard it by many repeatedly said,  
 Like CHARLES's there never existed a head.

His head is a rich *inexhaustible mine*,  
 Of arguments plausible, subtle, and fine :

'Tis a BANK, where the *orders* of SOPHISTRY pass,  
 And are paid on demand in *lead*, *copper*, or *brass*.

This man, whose acuteness discover'd a fault  
 In every species of evidence brought,  
 To convict BURKE of having said, more than he  
 ought ;

Tho'

Tho' EDMUND was twice heard to own and deare it ;  
 Tho' the writers took notes, and were ready to swear it ;  
 Tho' CHARLES was twice present, and happen'd to hear  
 it ;

Tho' the *Members* themselves heard the ORATOR speak ;  
 All this was incompetent, futile, and weak.

This man, who contended against the admitting  
*Proofs strong as all these, because light and unfitting,*  
 Now proves to the COURT, in this CASE to dispense  
 With an OATH, is consistent with JUSTICE and SENSE.

" But in lieu of an OATH, or the Pris'ner's admission,  
 " We have NUNDCOMAR's word, and a load of SUSPI-  
 " CION.

" And tho' he on a gibbet for FORGERY died,  
 " Does it follow from thence, that he constantly lied ?  
 " I say, (and 'twas seemingly said with REGRET)  
 " We have brought the best proof we could possibly get.  
 " 'Tis the custom of all the LAW COURTS of our KING,  
 " To accept the best proofs that the Plaintiffs can bring ;  
 " And when there is doubt of what people advance,  
 " To cast up the odds, and be GUIDED by CHANCE.  
 " When you think of the character now at your Bar,  
 " And of HIS, who accus'd him—the said NUNDCOMAR—  
 " Can any one harbour a doubt in his breast,  
 " But the word of the LATTER is *safest* and *best* ?"

This reas'ning of CHARLES, though *exceedingly good*,  
 Was either not relish'd, or misunderstood ;

For the LORDS to their chamber agreed to withdraw,  
 To consult with their Oracles, *men of the LAW*.  
 This determin'd the COURT for that day to adjourn,  
 And I hear that next Wedn'sday they mean to return ;  
 The *genius* of CHARLES no eulogium can raise—  
 It is *proof against SHAME*, and *superior to PRAISE* ;  
 He turns like a gig, and you'd wonder thereat,  
 In a person like his, so *unwieldly* and *fat*.  
 All his friends and his enemies freely confess  
 His versatile powers, his art, and address.  
 There is nothing so white, there is nothing so black,  
 But CHARLEY can either defend, or attack.  
 Before, *my dear SIMON*, I lay down my pen—  
 (As I may not find matter to write you again),  
 I must tell you, that HASTINGS's *counsel* objected,  
 To BURKE in a manner I never expected :  
 For HE, who had been so extremely profuse,  
 Who had scarcely omitted *one term of abuse* ;  
 Who when his own language could furnish no more,  
 Lamented its being so barren and poor—  
 So repeated the same he *had utter'd before*.  
 In the field of an argument ample and spacious,  
 He gave to some action the name of "*audacious*."  
 The COUNSEL of this to *their LORDSHIPS* complain'd,  
 And BURKE for indelicate terms was arraign'd.

You

You will judge from this trifling, this simple event,  
What reason I have to complain and lament ;  
If BURKE is confin'd to *decorum* and *order*,  
I'll relinquish my Pen, and the *Post of RECORDER*.

20th May, 1789,

## LETTER XXVII.

LAST Wednesday, *dear Brother*, their LORDSHIPS  
decreed,

That NUNDCOMAR's *Charge* 'twere unlawful to read ;

That is, as their CONSCIENCES *could not believe it*—

They thought that in Justice they could not receive it.

When the CHANCELLOR said, “ that *their LORDSHIPS*

“ were come

“ To this resolution,” *poor EDMUND* was dumb.

He stood like a spectre, aghast and affrighted,

Then pray'd that the words might again be recited.

The words were repeated—The MANAGERS pray'd

*For time to consult* :—So the TRIAL was stay'd.

You remember how MILTON has finely related,

That when the *dark PRINCE* was in battle defeated,

He to council conven'd all his LEADERS in *black*,

To consult about making another attack.

So EDMUND, extremely distress'd and perplex'd,

Consults with his friends upon Battle *the next*.

Awhile they sat sullen ; then JOSEPH arose,

And thus spoke to the Chief in *poetical prose* :

“ Th'



- “ Th’ ADVICE I offer’d at the last debate,  
 “ Was then rejected, and I now repeat,  
 “ You will repent it, and repent too late. }  
 “ Why do we thus encounter *endless shame*,  
 “ Like desperate gamblers, *play the losing game*?  
 “ The very sufferers, whose cause we try,  
 “ DISOWN it, and *their advocates DENY*.  
 “ The HOUSE which sent us here to plead this cause,  
 “ Disgusted too, *its confidence withdraws* :  
 “ The LORDS, who ought to favour and protect us  
 “ On all occasions, *slightingly neglect us*.  
 “ Oh ! that it had never been undertaken,  
 “ *Would that the cause last week had been forsaken.*”  
 Here MONTAGUE put in to save the name  
 Of his dear BURKE, from everlasting shame.  
 “ Fatal, ALAS ! the consequence must be  
 “ To this great cause, if LEADERS *disagree* :  
 “ Shame and defeat attend desponding fear,  
 “ Whilst FORTUNE yields to those, who PERSEVERE,  
 “ New ammunition let the Chiefs provide,  
 “ To cannonade the fort on every side.  
 “ You, CHARLES, a thund’ring battery must erect,  
 “ To bear upon the *bastion* INTELLECT.  
 “ And JOSEPH—you, behind the curtain stealing,  
 “ Must undermine *the COURT on fudge, and feeling*,

“ Let

“ Let EDMUND’s cannon on their *patience* play,  
 “ To beat down *that*, *already giving way*.  
 “ Pleas’d with th’ advice, the CHIEFS with ardor  
     “ burn’d,  
 “ DISSOLV’d the Council, and to COURT RE-  
     “ TURN’D.”

Now EDMUND begins to lament and complain,  
 That the *foot of corruption* is scented in vain :  
 That if probable evidence cannot be taken,  
 The cause to its very foundation is shaken ;  
 And CHARLES also thunder’d against the decision,  
 Till *their* LORDSHIPS consented at length to revision.  
 To determine, if what they rejected before,  
 As it loudly demanded admission *once more*,  
 Might not be let in at the *kitchen back-door* ?  
 A while they withdrew—to their Room to debate ;  
 But refus’d on returning, *to open the gate*.

Now EDMUND pathetic, begins to implore  
 They would kindly conduct him to some *other door* :  
 “ Ah ! why will your LORDSHIPS permit us to stray ?  
 “ We are *ignorant travellers* losing our way.”  
 Then EDMUND in passionate language began  
 To prove that *himself* was an *ignorant man*,  
 That a *large stock of ignorance* fell to the share  
 Of himself and the herd that was under his care.

That

That *they* could no solid advantages draw,  
 From consulting with DOUGLAS and DICK *of the law*.  
 Just here a thought suddenly enter'd my head,  
 Which *in private*, to you, may with safety be said;  
 If they want either will, or the power to assist,  
 Their civilians and counsellors might be *dismist*;  
 For why should the NATION incur an expence,  
 In the hire of *profound legal knowledge*, and *sense*,  
 From THOSE, to themselves who so closely have kept it,  
 Or if BURKE did not think it worth while to accept it?

TO RETURN to the subject of EDMUND's oration;—  
 He said, "that CORRUPTION and base PECULATION;"  
 From their LORDSHIPS' resolve would extensively spread;  
 That they aided in raising INIQUITY's head.  
 Fox thinking that he could be *louder and stronger*,  
 Would not suffer his LEADER, to speak any longer;  
 Awhile there appear'd a *confusion of tongues*,  
 But CHARLEY prevail'd by the *strength of his lungs*.  
 He prov'd to the LORDS, 'twas exceedingly wrong,  
 To expect from the MANAGERS evidence strong:  
 That they should not be squeamish, but joyfully take  
 The proofs that are offer'd, *for justice's sake*,  
 And since *all the doors* below stairs were shut,  
 To the *window*, a ladder CHARLES artfully put.

(For

(For tho' by the late unexpected conclusion,  
 The doors were close barr'd against daring intrusion,  
 That does not amount to a *total exclusion*.) }

Again to their chamber their LORDSHIPS withdraw  
 To put this new question to men of the law :  
 There is *one* Dr. PARR, it behoves you to know,  
 Who won all the MANAGERS' hearts long ago,  
 By a *cramp Latin preface of broken quotations*,  
 In praise of their politics, parts, and orations ;  
 This *parsonage* often attends in their box,  
 To glean hints for his SERMONS, from EDMUND, and FOX ;  
 And perhaps as a *Casuiſt* deep, to suggest  
 Some subtle *new quirk*, when the cause is hard preſt,  
 Or to furnish *dry ſcraps* from OLD AUTHORS : at least,  
 He can never be requisite *there*, as a PRIEST—  
 For *intentions ſo pure*, and ſuch MEEKNESS of SPIRIT,  
 Muſt of courſe, and of right, HEAVEN'S *kingdom in-*  
*herit* :

Unleſs as a *chaplain*, they'd have him ſay grace,  
 For *ſucceſs on their arms*, ere the battle takes place,  
 This ſame MANAGER'S BOX, I've obſerv'd to be lin'd,  
 With *hungry expectants* of every kind.  
 And PARR, as a *Regency BISHOP ELECT*,  
 Has a claim to a ſeat *among thoſe who expect*.  
 For finding his LATIN, his WIG, and his BIRCH,  
 All too weak to ſecure *his aſcent in the CHURCH*,

He

He dashinglly join'd OPPOSITION in form,

Determin'd to *carry a Mitre by STORM!*

I have much more to say, but this moment a friend

Is come in, and of course, *my epistle* must end.

Howe'er of *remissness* you shall not complain,

I mean by next post to address you again.

May 25th, 1789.

LET.



## L E T T E R XXVIII.

**I** TOLD you, *dear* BROTHER, their LORDSHIPS retir'd  
 To consider of that which the LEADERS requir'd :  
 On THURSDAY, the day to which they had adjourn'd,  
 They met, and Lord THURLOW their answer return'd ;  
 Which was, " that *their* LORDSHIPS not being *asleep*,  
 " 'Twas impossible *now* through the window to creep !"  
 Here EDMUND brought in a poetic quotation,  
 Which attributes to *now*, *an eternal duration* :  
 He said the word *now*, was a cruel obstruction,  
 A difficult *problem*, too *hard* for reduction ;  
 That the MANAGERS meant to return to their College,  
 For physical, and metaphysical knowledge ;  
 Or *some sort of knowledge*, informing them how  
 To purge from the cause, *such obstructions* as "*now*."  
 After these observations, BURKE finish'd his pleading,  
 And the clerk for awhile was engag'd with his reading ;  
 Then EDMUND that evidence offer'd once more,  
 Which the LORDS had rejected so often before ;  
 And by way of supporting his present pretension,  
 Of "*now*" and of "*then*," he describ'd the *dimension*,  
 The period of "*now*," with exactness he reckon'd,  
 And said, "*then*" was the *first*, and that "*now*" *was*  
*the second*.

Here the CHANCELLOR wist'd that the LEADERS would  
say,

What motives they had for thus forcing their way ?

Then CHARLES, in his vehement manner of storming,  
The QUESTION *evades*, and objects to informing :

He said, 'twas *the* MANAGER's duty to try  
(As HASTINGS would neither confess nor deny)

To construe his silence, his want of expression,  
Into *probable guilt*, and *presumptive confession*.

He added, had HASTINGS's conscience been cleaner,  
He had shewn no omiffory fullen *demeanour* :

“ Suppose that I heard any person complain

“ Of its being my fault, that so many were slain,

“ Of the WESTMINSTER PEOPLE that voted for HOOD,

“ I would surely deny it *as long as I could*—

“ And if *I* this moment were put on my trial,

“ I would *not* be found guilty, *for want of DENIAL*.”

Now EDMUND put in, and with ardour besought

Their LORDSHIPS would kindly pass over a fault ;

He hoped, and he trusted, they would not reject

The proof he could bring for a trifling defect—

That so high a tribunal ought not to be ty'd

To the forms, and the rules whereby LAWYERS decide, }  
But CONVENIENCY take, a less fallible guide ;

“ And if pains and penalties are not inflicted

“ On *Eastern delinquents*, till fairly convicted,

“ The

" The MANAGERS here may a long time harangue  
 " Before they may see any one of them hang ;  
 " And if *probable evidence* is not admitted,  
 " The Prisoner's in danger of being acquitted.  
 " *Living* WITNESSES into this country to bring  
 " From INDIA, my LORDS, is a difficult thing :  
 " There was but *one* BRAMIN who ventur'd to cross  
 " The sea, and he felt irretrievable loss,  
 " Nothing less than the *family title* of Doss." }  
 This allusion just then I did not comprehend,  
 Till 'twas clear'd up by EDMUND's particular friend ;  
 And as he detail'd an agreeable story,  
 I'll digress for a moment, to lay it before you .—

---

## A STORY.

BURKE—*The BRAMIN—and the HOT-HOUSE.*

One GOONISHAM, my Authors say,  
 Was bred a *joiner* \* at BOMBAY ;  
 Where, by some damnable transgression,  
 He lost *his cast* and his profession.  
 He gave his jailor too, the slip,  
 And got on board an English ship ;

\* The Carpenter Cast is extremely low in India.

There

There hiding underneath the deck,  
 From halter sav'd his forfeit neck.  
 When GOONISHAM to *England* came,  
 He heard of EDMUND's founding fame,  
 And adding Doss to his surname,  
 With that *enthusiastic*, past  
 For *Bramin* \* of the highest cast.  
 Now BURKE, with exultation big,  
 Like him who got *the learned pig*,  
 Grasps at this fund of information,  
 To furnish many a long oration.  
 At home invites him to reside;  
 An offer which the SAINT deny'd.  
 EDMUND provided next a treat—  
 The scrup'lous FATHER would not eat;  
 A *Jesuit's table* would not suit him,  
 A *Cath'lic dwelling* would pollute him:  
 Now BURKE sits up, at vast expence,  
 A HOT-HOUSE for his residence;  
 The *old exotics* out he threw,  
 To make provision for *the new*,  
 Pines and *et cæteras* out of number,  
 Were thrown away as useless lumber:

\* The Bramin Cast is the highest in India, being of the Order of Melchisedeck.

The House was warm'd with constant fire,  
 And all things done to his desire ;  
 Then EDMUND begg'd his Rev'rend Master,  
 T' instruct him in his *Holy Shaster*.<sup>\*</sup>  
 No sooner does the Scholar ask,  
 Than GOONISHAM begins the task.  
 Without a Book he glibly reads  
 Four of his *own invented Bedes* ;<sup>†</sup>  
 Ordaining ceremonies faster  
 Than *Moses*, or than *Zoroaster*.<sup>‡</sup>  
 As far as BURKE could comprehend  
 The broken English of his friend,  
 He thought the doctrine vastly fine,  
 Angelic, heavenly, and divine :  
 And lest the fragment should be miss'd,  
 He got a learned man t' assist—  
 —'Twas JONES, the *Orientalist*.  
 You've read the story of the *Pigeon*,  
 That brought *Mahomed* his Religion ;  
 Just so this *fable, humming Bird*,  
 From *Ram* § to EDMUND brought the word :

\* Hindoo Bible.

† Four Books of Hindoo Scripture, or Four Gospels.

‡ Zoroaster, the Persian Moses.

§ Ram, a Hindoo Dewtah.



The two Disciples now prepare  
 A *Shafter* with uncommon care,  
 Which BURKE keeps ready to produce,  
 As often as it is of use.  
 But now the ship departed hence,  
 And BURKE by way of Recompence,  
 At parting made a long Oration,  
 For this sad Joiner's Revelation :  
 Bound for BENGAL, the *Renegade*,  
 On board the Ship resum'd his trade ;  
 So to CALCUTTA made his way,  
 (Not daring to approach BOMBAY :)  
 There known too well he laid aside,  
 The *name of Doss*, the BRAMIN's pride.

---

To return to the HALL, BURKE proceeded to shew,  
 That all the Law Courts were *too vulgar*, and *low* ;  
 That their practice was *pitiful*, *paltry*, and *mean*,  
 Not fit to be followed, scarce fit to be seen.  
 That this *high* TRIBUNAL should constantly act,  
 By *general opinion*, not *matter of fact*.  
 Here EDMUND was making a monstrous ado,  
 About some bloody Letter, and † *Conta-Bab-Booh* ;

\* Mr. Burke's method of pronouncing it.

When CAMDEN observ'd, that the leaders had try'd  
 To shove themselves in upon every side.  
 But tho' they had fail'd, yet the COURT did not venture,  
 To say there was *no place*, at which they might enter ;  
 One conclusion, however, he wish'd them to draw,—  
 If they enter, it must be, *according to LAW*.  
 He therefore, request'd them, *now* to decide,  
 How many more *apertures* were to be try'd ;  
 But the LEADERS perceiv'd his intent was to fix,  
 And, perhaps, guard against their *Old Harlequin tricks* ;  
 So request'd the COURT would excuse them from saying,  
 What cards they *now* hold, and keep ready for playing.  
 Then CHARLEY, with arguments subtle, contended,  
 The *first Period* of *now*, must be perfectly ended :  
 That himself and the MANAGERS hop'd and expected,  
 In *Period the second*, they'll not be rejected.  
 He ended—their LORDSHIPS adjourn'd to decide—  
 If the hole they attempt, be *now* open and wide.—  
 As CHARLEY thus play'd his diversify'd game,  
 It put me in mind of that beast of his name,  
 Whose paws are so noted for stealing and picking,  
 Who one night carry'd off, my *old Hen*, and her *Chicken*.  
 My guns and my house-dogs, my bolts and my locks,  
 Were too weak to resist the attempts of *that Fox*,  
 And into the Mansion, I'll venture a bet,  
 By *Hook* or by *Crook* that *this Biped* will get.\*

\* Simkin was mistaken.

This day by an accurate measure 'twas found,  
 The MANAGERS gain'd not an inch of new ground ;  
 And PROVIDENCE seems in no hurry to bless,  
 Their Pious attempts with entreated success,  
 Notwithstanding the Pray'r of that brave *Devil-fighter*,\*  
 Who I yesterday told you, was *storming a MITRE*.  
 Adieu—if next Wednesday sends food for my pen,  
 Be assur'd, *my lov'd SIMON*, I'll write you again.

May 27th, 1789.

\* Doctor Parr.

## L E T T E R    XXIX.

LAST WEDNESDAY, DEAR BROTHER, the *West-*  
*minster* COURT

Was expected to furnish much matter of sport ;  
And as GWYNNY and WYNNY had never gone thither,  
We call'd for a coach and proceeded together ;  
Not all the fine words of those *eloquent Sparks*,  
Not the still finer documents read by the CLERKS,  
Were half so diverting as GWYNNY's remarks :— }  
She said, “ that the LEADER, the *Captain Impeacher*,  
Resembled her Aunt's Methodistical teacher :  
She was pleas'd to the life with his praying and canting,  
And offended as much by his raving and ranting ;  
She thought that so much of the *Irishman's bowl*,  
Made the stream of his eloquence muddy and foul.  
Her anxiety now, the dear creature expresses,  
For the wear of the *Bayes* of the Manager's dresses,—  
Who might, if they had œconomical sense,  
In *Monmouth-Street* change them at little expence.”  
I took down what she said, and perhaps I may spin ye,  
A Letter or two from the saying of GWYNNY ;  
And if that's not enough for diversion and laughter,  
One or two from the sayings of WYNNY hereafter.

For

For the girls on the *Mountains of Taffylund* bred,  
 Have ideas as strange, as can enter a head.  
 The remarks which they made, were so new and amusing,  
 That I lost a great portion of EDMUND's accusing ;  
 Howe'er to continue my narrative plan,  
 I'll report all that happen'd as well as I can :—

When the CHANCELLOR said that the LORDS had  
 agreed,

That NUNDCOMAR's Charge was improper to read,  
 Poor EDMUND appear'd to be sadly confounded,  
 Not knowing on what this decision was grounded :

He said, " PECULATION, however notorious,  
 " Would now be triumphantly great and *uproarious*,  
 " And HASTINGS, he fear'd, would at last be victo-  
 " rious."

He said, " that this look'd like a *holy contrivance*,  
 " Of *clerical Men*, for the sake of connivance—  
 " My LORDS, I do say, a Nabob's peculation  
 " Is wrapp'd up as close as a PRIEST's *fornication* :  
 " If a *Parson* that damnable crime should commit,  
 " The Judges who try'd him were bound to acquit,  
 " According to ancient canonical law,  
 " Unless 'twas an act *thirty-two People* saw ;  
 " And to guard against falsehood and slanderous lies,  
 " They must see the fact, openly done with their eyes :



“ But to prove that a BISHOP convers’d with a Miss,  
 “ Requir’d *forty witnesses* added to this.”  
 An agreeable doctrine to *Prelates* and *Graces*,  
 Whose feelings appear’d in their risible faces ;  
 And the Ladies, by sympathy, seem’d to discover  
 The advantage of having a *spiritual Lover*.  
 Now I’m sadly afraid that *Wives*, *Widows*, and *Misses*,  
 Will confine to the CHURCH all their favours and kisses ;  
 And should all the girls to this doctrine accede,  
 The State of the *Clergy* were envy’d indeed !  
 Here EDMUND a Letter proceeded to quote,  
 Which he strongly suspects the *old dancing Girl* wrote ;  
 ’Twas to prove the sum total of HASTINGS’s fees  
 Amounted to more than *three Lacks of Rupees*.  
 He said, that as Ladies of that injur’d nation  
 Were excluded from view, by their custom and station,  
 They must have *some method of communication*.  
 “ And ’tis not in nature, your LORDSHIPS may say,  
 “ To block up a Lady, or *stop up her way* ;  
 “ And as Ladies can never be *false* or *absurd*,  
 “ Instead of an oath we may credit their word,  
 “ Tho’ *Ecclesiastical*, *Civil*, and *Common*,  
 “ Tho’ no law admits the bare word of a Woman,—  
 “ Tho’ EQUITY, CHANCERY, always reject it,  
 “ The *High-Court of PARLIAMENT* ought to respect it,

“ If

“ If no rule can be found, we can’t possibly take one,  
 “ ’Tis therefore the MANAGERS’ duty to *make one*.  
 “ And since we’ve no evidence stronger and better,  
 “ Be pleas’d to accept of the *dancing Girl’s Letter*.”—  
 Now EDMUND affected to treat as a joke  
 The doctrine of Evidence, written by COKE ;  
 And of all the absurdities he ever saw,  
 The greatest absurdities were in the LAW.  
 Tho’ their LORDSHIPS’ decision was certainly good,  
 As the principle of it was not understood—  
 He admitted, however, for fear he should wrong ’em,  
 There was *great understanding, and learning among ’em*.  
 But as they retir’d to their room to debate,  
 Where *himself* and his *friends* have no claim to a seat,  
 He could not divine, on what basis they built  
 Their *mortal aversion to probable guilt*.

As the MANAGERS daily grow keener and keener,  
 To establish *omissory rules of Demeanor* ;  
 And to save such a number of *music-less dances*,  
 They at last had recourse to *immaculate FRANCIS*,  
*This gentleman*, when he appeared at the bar,  
 To give some account of the *said NUNDCOMAR*,  
 By the Counsel of HASTINGS was suddenly stopp’d,  
 And I cannot tell why, but the *business was dropp’d*.

GWYNNY ask'd me to tell her the MANAGERS *meaning*  
 In trying to settle new modes of demeaning ?  
 But WYNNY conceiv'd the intent of these rules,  
 Was *improvement of youth* in the MANAGERS' Schools.  
 By repeated defeat BURKE grew peevish and fretful,  
 And LAWRENCE \* supposing him rather *forgetful*,  
 Was correcting some *technical error in trade*,  
 (Which he must understand *being recently made* ;)  
 When BURKE his kind offer morosely rejected,  
 And the young CIVIL LAWYER stood justly corrected,

As the *Post bell* is ringing, this Letter I end,  
 But another, next week, I shall certainly send ;  
 For as long as *the LEADER* goes on with his pleading,  
 I can furnish you always with plenty of reading ;  
 That the ORATOR's arguments merit renown,  
 Is th' opinion of all the *News Writers* in Town.

May 30th, 1789.

\* The supposed author of the *ROLLIAD*, and with *peculiar propriety* therefore selected by Mr. BURKE as *one of the Council for the Commons*.

LET-

## L E T T E R    X X X.

“YOURSELF and *my cousins* are frightened,” you say,  
 “At my silence last week, and unlook’d-for delay ;”  
 I promis’d another epistle should follow,  
 But I promis’d without the consent of APOLLO :  
 Oh, BROTHER ! a cruel disorder invades,  
 And ELYSIUM invites me to dwell with the shades.  
 As I lie on my bed in a state of dejection,  
 I am griev’d to the soul by this dismal reflection,  
 That if SIMKIN should sink underneath his disorder,  
 The LEADER of *Leaders* may want a RECORDER.

Before *great* EDMUND spoke, in strains sublime,  
     Liv’d Orators who rav’d as long and loud ;  
 Whose names have perish’d in the stream of time,  
     Sunk in oblivion with the silent crowd !  
 In the cold earth, if he forgotten lie,  
     What is the *indefatigable tongue* ?  
 The eloquent and mute alike must die,  
     If ORATORY’s praise be left unsung.

But

But if the assistance of WARREN, and BAKER,  
Disappoint for the present the sad Undertaker ;  
I trust that the CHIEFS will illumine my piece,  
In fame will survive like the *Worthies* of GREECE.

    You ask me, *dear* SIMON, if EDMUND the nice,  
Who, like Jack, rose to combat the GIANT of VICE ;  
Who declar'd that *corruption* and base *peculation*,  
Taints every good Christian who visits that nation :  
That all are corrupt in the highest degree,  
Except his *oft-mention'd* immaculate THREE.  
You ask me, if EDMUND, *these dangers foreknowing*,  
Consented to WILL, his *dear Relative's*, going ?  
Ob ! SIMON ! I often reflect on those days,  
We have spent on the Mountains in innocent plays ;  
Where from morning till night, 'twas our custom to keep,  
So our father commanded, the runts and the sheep :  
How often with GWYNNY, sweet PHYLLIS, and CHLOE,  
In the evening we danc'd, on the Banks of the TOWEY,  
In those innocent days, but, alas ! they are fled !  
*I never suspected what any one said :*  
In NATURE's plain words, in SIMPLICITY's stile,  
*We spoke what we thought, we were strangers to guile ;*  
But in this great METROPOLIS, *few are so weak*  
*As to SAY what they THINK, or to THINK what they SPEAK.*

Here



Here daily-repeated experience teaches,  
 How the *actions* of Men disagree with *their speeches* ;  
 Their language and stile, men adapt to their cases,  
*As ladies, their colours, adapt to their faces :*  
 And an Orator's speech stands in need of adorning,  
 As a City DAME's face, does of paint in the morning.

Yes, *Brother*, the fact is undoubtedly true,  
 And I safely may venture, to tell it to you,  
 To INDIA, his Cousin, great EDMUND sent o'er,  
 As *Agent* to TUL-JA-JEE, *Chief of Tanjore* ;  
 But when into *Office*, our Orator got,  
 Cousin WILL\* he remov'd, from *Tanjore*, to *Arcot* ;  
 For BURKE and his family, *most people say*,  
 Are anxious at all times, *to finger the Pay*.  
 Tho' they look upon Gold, *as pestiferous Trash*,  
 They are partial, it seems, to the *counting of cash*.  
 'Tis written, offenders we should not condemn,  
 As perhaps some excuse may be pleaded for them ;  
 It may be, that BURKE's *cousin* was sent to that nation,  
 To set an example of strange moderation.  
 So EDMUND and FOX, once *were* willing to take  
 ALL THE EAST TO THEMSELVES, for HUMANITY'S SAKE !

\* Mr. WILLIAM BURKE, Agent to the Rajah of Tranjore from 1777 to 1782, when Lord ROCKINGHAM appointed him, (at the recommendation of Mr. EDMUND BURKE,) Paymaster of the King's Forces in India, which office he still retains.

And

And left souls should be damn'd for attachment to  
pelf,

BURKE consented to take, *half the sin to himself*;

In hopes of affecting the purification

Of morals, by “ *leading men out of temptation.*”

But now, *my dear Brother*, 'tis time I recal  
My attention to that which occur'd at *the HALL* ;  
I expect in your next, I shall find you complaining,  
That the business of Thursday was not entertaining ;  
It chiefly consisted of document reading,  
And GREY and ANSTRUTHER alternately pleading ;  
Of whom in *one couplet* enough may be said,  
*The ONE was QUICKSILVER, the OTHER was LEAD.*  
With HASTINGS's *Counsel* they warmly debated,  
What evidence should, and what should not be stated ?  
It seems, the whole strength of their evidence lies,  
In *questions*, and *old MUNNY BEGUM*'s replies,  
But, it strikes me with wonder, I needs must confess,  
When I think of the MANAGERS' laying such stress,  
On the *word of a woman*, a pitiful creature—  
As EDMUND describ'd her, “ *the outcast of nature.*”  
Some letters GREY said, “ appear'd very unfit,  
To be read, as their tendency was to ACQUIT ;  
And here, like *their Chief*, the *subordinates* try'd,  
To shove in accusations on every side ;

For

For the MANAGING BODY, 'tis fit you should know, }  
 With zeal, and with ardour, all equally glow, }  
 From EDMUND *the head*, to SIR GILBERT *the toe*. }  
 All equally eager and keen on accusing, }  
 Tho' unequal to FOX in the style of abusing, }  
 And unequal to JOSEPH, and BURKE, in amusing. }  
 But the CHANCELLOR tir'd of their pleasant digressions,  
 Made use of some very unfriendly expressions.  
 Lord THURLOW is very precise and exact,  
 And relishes nothing but *matter of fact*;  
 To EQUITY *bred*, and inur'd from his youth  
 To *elaborate investigation of truth*;  
 He thinks oratorical flights and allusions,  
 In *criminal cases*, improper intrusions.  
 He says, that no charges are fit to be quoted,  
 Except *those alone* which the COMMONERS voted :  
 That the Managers should not be suffer'd to stray,  
 But *prove*, and *establish*, whatever they say.  
 Notwithstanding, *dear BROTHER*, this rigid decree,  
 Is destructive at once to *my HERO* and *ME* ;  
 Notwithstanding its consequence I may deplore,  
*The CHANCELLOR'S CHARACTER*, *all men adore* !  
 'Twas HE who of late, on a trying occasion,  
 Was proof against *threats*, and the *arts of persuasion* ;  
 Who *his MAKER* invok'd, if HE *ever forsook*  
 His *sick Master*, to blot his own name from the book ;

When BURKE, in his phrenzy, announc'd to the world,  
 " *That the king, by Omnipotence smitten, was bur'd*  
 " *From his Throne !*" He stood forth in that critical hour,  
 To secure to his KING, the resumption of POWER ;  
 Like CATO, in *Virtue*, inflexibly strong,  
 No passion can urge him, to THAT which is wrong.

This day, tho' the reason I cannot yet find,  
 BURKE, like *insignificance*, rested behind ;  
 And by way of amusement, FOX went to a race,  
 Leaving *well-belov'd* JOSEPH to act in his place ;  
 Who, if GREY and ANSTRUTHER were forc'd to give  
 back,  
 Like a *corps de reserve*, might renew the attack.  
 FAREWELL, my dear SIMON ! and *Deo volente*,  
 Another epistle shall quickly be sent ye.

June 9th, 1789.

LET-

## L E T T E R   X X X I .

**P**REPARING last Wednesday to visit the **HALL**,  
 My *maiden Aunt* **BRIDGET**, just gave a call;  
 You know she was frighted away from the *bar*,  
 By the story **BURKE** told about **PRINCE CANTEMAR**,  
 I could never prevail on my *delicate Aunt*  
 Till Wednesday, to think of repeating her jaunt :  
 And I firmly believe she would not have gone then;  
 If I had not assur'd her, that modest young men,  
 Like **GREY**, and some others, who being beginners,  
*Won'd not talk so loosely, as harden'd old Sinners.*  
 So when the time fix'd by adjournment drew nigh,  
 Away went together *Aunt BRIDGET* and I;  
 It chanc'd that the **LORDS**, long engag'd in Debate,  
 This day did not make their appearance till late.  
 We sat in the **GALLERY** more than an hour,  
 Whilst my *Aunt* grew exceedingly peevish and sour;  
 She abus'd without mercy, delays of the law,  
 And in gen'ral found fault with whatever she saw :  
 She was not, however, averse to allowing  
*That their LORDSHIPS were highly improv'd in their*  
*bowing ;*

M

This



This could not, she thought, be imputed to chance,  
But that EDMUND, turn'd *Master*, had taught them to  
*dance*.

And if BRIDGET, this summer, shou'd come down to  
Wales,

You'll not be surpris'd, if, among other tales,  
You hear her in Company boldly advancing,  
That EDMUND has open'd a *College for dancing*.

Now the LORDS are assembled, and BURKE begins  
boring,

The COURT, with some papers collected by GORING ;  
And the COUNSEL, as usual, repeat their objections  
To receiving as *Evidence*, GORING's *Collections* :  
Here EDMUND insisting, their LORDSHIPS withdraw,  
To communicate questions to *Men of the Law* ;  
They return, and the answer comes out as expected,  
And GORING's *Collection* is also REJECTED.

Now querulous EDMUND proceeds to remark,  
That himself and the MANAGERS were in the dark :  
“ I have suffer'd no method, no mode to escape,  
“ I have try'd, and will try it in every shape ;  
“ It may be that your LORDSHIPS are not well contented  
“ With the manner, in which our address is presented.  
“ If we fail in punctilio, or etiquette,  
“ The MANAGERS right, it behoves you to set.”—

Now

NOW BURKE, like a fly that has tasted of honey,  
 Returns in great haste, to his *favorite* MUNNY :  
 With vehemence urges, “ ’tis vastly absurd,  
 “ To question or doubt of *her* HIGHNESS’s word ;  
 “ That where Ladies of rank cannot *decently swear*,  
 “ We ought to believe what they choose to declare ;”  
 And he mention’d some dames of such delicate pride,  
 Who *swore before men*, and in consequence *dy’d*.  
 He said, that in INDIA, great men had a pleasure,  
 In making fine Ladies, *deposits of treasure* ;  
 That the principal part of their riches were kept  
 By those Ladies, with whom they most frequently slept :  
 You’ll remember, perhaps, that when HASTINGS as-  
 serted

*That custom* \*—by EDMUND ’twas much controverted ;  
 This, however, is *nothing*—for BURKE when he tries,  
 With equal facility *proves and denies*.

NOW EDMUND impassion’d persists in declaring,  
 His indifference as to her Ladyship’s swearing ;  
 That as long as life lasted, he never would fail  
 To *stick to the Lady*, and *stand by her tale*.

Here my Aunt’s *virgin modesty* suffer’d a *shock*,  
 By supposing that BURKE meant the *tail* of her *smock* ;  
 And away from the HALL the *prim virgin* had fled,  
 If I had not explain’d what the MANAGER said :

\* See Mr. Burke’s Speeches last year, and Mr. Sheridan’s.

But as soon as his meaning was *well understood*;  
 She acknowledg'd that BURKE was *exceedingly good*.  
 And observ'd that 'twas something uncommon to find,  
 In political men such a liberal mind;  
 And to women in years so attentive and kind. }  
 To proceed—BURKE declares, that the MANAGERS  
 mean,

To keep their own consciences easy and clean;  
 “ We offer good proof—if your LORDSHIPS reject it,  
 “ All the sin is your own, and I'd have you expect it.  
 “ 'Tis owing to you, and 'twill ne'er be forgotten,  
 “ That the firmament pillars are perish'd and rotten.”  
 At these words, my *Aunt's visage* discover'd her fears,  
 Left the firmament tumbling, thou'd fall on her ears.  
 But EDMUND, involv'd in a mist of dark vapours,  
 At *this universal rejection of papers*,  
 Conceiv'd in his mind a most intricate plot,  
 To make out his proof from the *conduct* of SCOTT :  
 Establishing firmly a *new orthodoxy*,  
*That a man may confess HIMSELF guilty by proxy*;  
 And indeed, I must own, 'tis an excellent way,  
 Of making *the Agent* his MASTER betray.  
 This fail'd—and by way of retrieving his loss,  
 BURKE adverts to the saying of RAJAH GOURDOSS ?  
 But this, like the rest, by the COUNSEL disputed,  
 Is repell'd as unworthy of being refuted.

Then EDMUND, to beat legal arguments down,  
 Made curious remarks on a COUNSELLOR's gown :  
 Whence I learnt that as *scarlet* makes OFFICERS brave,  
 A COUNSELLOR's gown makes a Counsellor grave :  
 And I think from their making their *perukes* so big,  
*Legal knowledge* is chiefly contain'd in the wig ;  
 For very wise people are free to confess,  
*Human character* chiefly depends upon *dress*.  
 Just here, 'twas discover'd, that EDMUND the arch,  
 Upon HASTINGS's army was stealing a march ;  
 But as rather too soon his intention was found,  
 The vigilant foe drove him back to his ground.  
 You must know, near the close of this tedious debate,  
 Where my HERO so frequently suffer'd defeat,  
 The term of "*Preposterous*" EDMUND apply'd,  
 In a way to the LORDS as affected their pride—  
 But whilst they consulted and talk'd of adjourning,  
 My HERO bethought him of *twisting and turning* :  
 He loudly demanded their LORDSHIPS wou'd stay,  
 Just to hear him adroitly explain it away ;  
 He said, what he deem'd a *preposterous part*,  
 Was putting the *cart-horses* after the *cart*.  
 And as BURKE seem'd to speak with some marks of  
 submission,  
 Their LORDSHIPS accepted of *this definition* :

Concluding, perhaps, that he best could define,  
 The true meaning of sayings, so much *in his line*.  
 I observ'd in one part of my HERO's Oration,  
 He was suddenly struck with profound veneration,  
 For the COMPANY's Books:—and I heard with surprize,  
*These veridical Records can never tell lies :*  
 And where he could get nothing fairer or better,  
 He would even put up with a *sketch for a letter*,  
 I observ'd before EDMUND had clos'd the debate,  
 There was scarcely a *Manager left in his seat*.  
 Some reasons induc'd all the CHIEFS to withdraw,  
 And they left BURKE to fight DALLAS, PLOMER, and

LAW :

So when HECTOR compell'd all *the Grecians* to yield,  
 Old NESTOR alone stood disputing the field.  
 At length, BURKE with pleading was deeply oppress'd,  
 So he begg'd to adjourn that *his tongue might have rest*.  
 But as I'm in the humour for scribbling away,  
 I'll now give a sketch of what pass'd *the next day*.

You must know, that BURKE wanted to see the In-  
 struction,  
 From HASTINGS to SCOTT, so he mov'd its *production* :  
 When the COURT was assembled, he spoke for two  
 Hours,

About Major SCOTT, and his *general powers* :



He describ'd them as having *unbounded dimension*,  
 Whilst the COUNSEL deny'd this *uncommon extension* :  
 A whisper, mean time, round the GALLERY ran,  
 " *Which is he ?*" and " *Where is this powerful man ?*"  
 Now EDMUND proceeds with examining SCOTT,  
 Concerning what *powers*, he *had*, and *had not* :  
 But SCOTT, who is fond of beginning *de novo*,  
 And tracing the growth of his *Chicken ab ovo*,  
 Began a long speech, and went on to relate,  
 Some things which my CHIEF *did not want him to state* ;  
 And unable to judge what he farther might say,  
 BURKE seem'd in a hurry to send him away,  
 So he left unfulfill'd THAT *repeated prediction*,  
 That HASTINGS, to SCOTT, *should owe certain conviction*.\*

In the course of this day, *an immortal commander*,  
 Disputed with LAW, on the meaning of *slander*.  
 You remember the COMMONERS once disavow'd,  
 Some things which the Orator utter'd aloud.  
 LAW thinks an *accuser*, that cannot support  
 His Charges, with *evidence given in COURT*,  
 Is *guilty of SLANDER*—but EDMUND and FOX,  
 In concert with all the *loud tongues in the box*,  
 Say, *false accusation* deserves no such name,  
 Till the HOUSE of St. Stephen pronounce it the same.

\* See Mr. Burke's Letter to Mr. Montague.

Here this letter ends :—but expect, my dear Brother,  
 As soon as I've matter, I'll send you another :  
 But my AUNT BRIDGET says, lest her nephew forget  
 her,  
 She too has some thoughts of transmitting a Letter,

June 17th, 1789.

LET.

## L E T T E R    X X X I I .

OH, BROTHER! Oh, BROTHER! I'm deeply distress'd,  
My mind is a *blister*, a stranger to rest:

I have sad news to give you, but when you receive it,  
'Tis impossible, SIMON, *that you should believe it.*

At St. STEPHEN's, last Tuesday, BURKE spoke of an  
order,

To turn SIMKIN out of *his post* of RECORDER:

Oh! where is that promise, made many months since,  
That I should be *Laureat*, one day, to *the PRINCE*?

Alas! all my hopes from HIS HIGHNESS are fled!

Ah! why did I trust what *an ORATOR* said?

The praises of EDMUND, ah! why did I sing,

And offend, for *his* sake, both *the QUEEN* and *the KING*?

But what adds to my sorrow, beyond all expression,  
(I am cover'd with shame while I make this confession)

Is, that EDMUND, becoming *my critical foe*,

Has declar'd that my stile "*is exceedingly low*;"

That *facts are mistated, assertions untrue*,

*That I gave him not HALF of the praise, which is due.*

He's afraid that good people, who live at a distance,

Who read not *the HERALD*, and draw no assistance,

From

From *such kind of prints*, which diurnally paint,  
 BURKE's party as *cherubs*, and BURKE as a *Saint*,  
 From reading *my letters*, may look on the Heroes,  
 As *Thrafonical Blocks*, or tyrannical NEROES.

And this, notwithstanding, I vow and protest,  
 I have always endeavour'd at doing my best.

If *the MANAGERS'* speeches seem *not very good*,  
 I will swear, I detail'd them as well as I cou'd.

But he wishes the PRESS to be under *subjection*,  
 And publish no Speeches without his inspection,  
 And when they require it—*his learned correction*. }

BURKE says, that the *lying, iniquitous WORLD*, \*  
 For its manifold sins, should be "SMITTEN and HURL'D."  
 He, who open'd a College for *bowing and capers*,  
 Would the COMMONS instruct in the HURLING of Pa-  
 pers :

He, who formerly thought it an innocent thing  
 In JUNIUS and others, to libel *the KING*,  
 Now holds it the greatest of scandalizations,  
 For *the WORLD* to profane his *own sacred orations* :  
 He, who formerly held that a *Law Prosecution*  
 For a LIBEL, would ruin a *good CONSTITUTION*,  
 Is willing that SIMKIN should now undergo it,  
 For being a "low, an inelegant Poet."

\* The daily Paper in which these Letters originally appeared.

Oh, BROTHER ! we innocent *natives* of WALES  
 Are too often misled by insidious tales ;  
 I have heard that a DUCHESS, remark'd for her taste,  
 And, that ROYALTY also, some minutes would waste,  
*In reading my LETTERS*, and us'd to admit,  
 That I wrote with fidelity, humour, and wit.  
 The DUCHESS asserted, that EDMUND's *sublime*,  
 Appearing in SIMKIN's fantastical rhyme,  
 Becomes such a happy, fortuitous texture,  
 That it ought to be christen'd, *the BEAUTIFUL MIXTURE*.  
 But now, as the CHIEF has his Poet rejected,  
 A DUCHESS's *taste* may be justly suspected :  
 But I've something to tell you, a hundred times worse,  
 BURKE wants to *attach* both *my person*, and *purse*.  
 Tho' he ne'er gave in money, so much as *a penny*,  
 To his Poet, whose verses, you know, have been many.  
 It seems, if the HOUSE would concur in the plot,  
 He would take the *last FARTHING* poor SIMKIN has  
 got.

In all other cases, *except this of mine*,  
 'Twere dang'rous, BURKE thinks, to proceed in that line :  
 Were an insolent senator guilty of treason,  
 An ATTACHMENT would not be consistent with reason ;  
 But because his own Poet, in BURKE's estimation,  
 Has not dress'd to his liking, *for once*, an oration,

He



He would turn the DELINQUENT now out of employ-  
ment,

And strip him of fortune, and ev'ry enjoyment.

Oh, BROTHER ! how cruel, how hard is the fate  
Of those who rely on *the words of the GREAT !*

But now your attention, 'tis fit I recall  
To the bus'ness of Wedn'fday at WESTMINSTER  
HALL.

The HOUSE met :—and the CHANCELLOR said, “ ’twas  
“ agreed

“ That the MANAGERS be not permitted to read  
“ MUNNY BEGUM's *sepistle* :”—Then EDMUND declar'd,  
Tho' their LORDSHIPS decision he always rever'd,  
He must, notwithstanding, beg leave to remark,  
That *their PRINCIPLES hitherto were in the dark ;*  
“ And unless for *new lights* we have reason to hope,  
“ In darkness it must be our fortune to grope.”

Now EDMUND, with fervour, *their LORDSHIPS* ad-  
monish'd

Of the dangers attending *Men's being astonish'd*,  
At the wond'rous decision, which reason confounds,  
Being built, as BURKE thinks, upon *technical grounds*.  
“ Howe'er, I must yield to your determination,  
“ Tho' it humbles the MANAGERS, COMMONS, and  
“ NATION.

“ But

“ But left *as I am*, without light to conduct me,  
 “ While your LORDSHIPS seem not much inclin’d to in-  
 “ struct me,

“ May I venture *to guess*, that you would not allow it,  
 “ Because MAJOR SCOTT did not choose to avow it ?  
 “ DISAVOWALS, my LORDS; are form’d into a *system*,  
 “ And as far as we’re able, we ought to resist ’em.”

As my HERO was speaking, I could not help thinking,  
 That he rather was saving *that system* from *sinking*.

For the speeches my ORATOR utter’d aloud,  
 As recorded by me, HE has since *disavow’d*.  
 Nay, the MANAGERS all disavow and detest,  
 Their own children, because they are shabbily drest.  
 To return—EDMUND failing in this last attack,  
 To RAJAH GOURDOSS he precipitates back ;  
 And here a new question arose to be stated,  
 Which by FOX and the COUNSEL was warmly debated :  
 The subject, I cannot precisely say what,  
 But ’twas whether some action was *kindness*, or not ?  
 Some Office, conferr’d to oblige the NABOB,  
 Which EDMUND suspects was *corruption* and *job*.  
 After ARGUMENTATION, at *half after two*,  
 To consider the question, their LORDSHIPS withdrew.  
 And while the grave Peers BURKE is driving about,  
 ’Tis pleasant to see them—*go in—and go out* :

But

But before, *my dear SIMON*, I bid you adieu,  
 I must tell you that nothing that EDMUND can do,  
*Shall ever prevent me from writing to you.* }

Not HOMER, who sung of ACHILLES and *fighting*,  
 Had more pleasure than me in heroical writing;  
 A *subject*, like BURKE, I can't think of forsaking,  
 But must keep him in mind, whether *sleeping* or *waking*;  
 Howe'er, for the present, my writing I'll end,  
 And to-morrow AUNT BRIDGET a letter will send.

June 24th, 1789.

LET

## L E T T E R XXXIII.

AUNT BRIDGET TO HER SISTER MARGARET,

M O T H E R O F

S I M K I N A N D S I M O N.

*Mr* dear Sister MAGGY, this latter I write,  
 To remind you of *one* that is *out of your* fight ;  
 But having no pleasanter tales to relate,  
 Like SIMKIN, I'll write about *matters of state*.  
 You must know, that as SIMKIN would take no de-  
 nial,

I lately went with him to HASTINGS's *Trial* ;  
 And indeed, I must own, I was highly delighted,  
 Without, as before, being 'dreadfully frightened :  
 You have oft heard me say, I should never forgive,  
*The ORATOR*, EDMUND, as long as I live :  
 I thought him a wretch, of *ideas unclean*,  
 Of libidinous fancy, and language obscene ;  
 If I heard any person but mention his name,  
 The remembrance of *Cantemar*, fill'd me with shame :  
 That *wicked young fellow*, whose Mother's delight  
 Was to lead to his chamber a Virgin each night.

How-

Howe'er, *my dear* MAGGY, the last day I went,  
 Great part of the time was agreeably spent;  
 But what above all did my wonder engage,  
 Is EDMUND's attention to *Ladies in* AGE.  
 Ev'ry man that you meet with, makes use of his *tongue*,  
 In praise and behalf of a *LADY that's young*;  
 But EDMUND, than others more *generous and bold*,  
 Is fond of protecting, *the DAMES that are old*.  
 Oh! when EDMUND dies, how the Ladies will miss  
                   him,  
 And I think, while he lives, *the old women should kiss him!*  
 He has made an impression so deep on my breast,  
 That if his OLD WOMAN were settled at rest,  
 And BURKE were to offer, I could not withstand,  
 The temptation of taking him *fast by the hand*.  
 And as his finances are not very great,  
 He might like to partake of *his BRIDGET's estate*.  
 How often together we'd walk on the mountains;  
 Sit down on the rocks, and drink out of the fountains!  
 There EDMUND would make a most elegant farmer,  
 And at times make ORATIONS to me, *as his charmer*:  
 Oh! how the *Welch Squires* after dinner would sit,  
 And admire, like the bottle, the ORATOR's wit.

When EDMUND is speaking, my soul so rejoices,  
 In the accent attending that sweetest of voices;

It



It puts me in mind of that *good natur'd Paddy*,  
*Who liv'd as a footman, you know, with our Daddy,*  
 And us'd to divert us with comical scenes,  
 When you and I, MARGARET, were in our teens.

When the LORDS were assembled, and BURKE began  
 speaking,  
 I observ'd *many* NOBLES with laughter were shaking;  
 For so pleasant is he, that he cannot "*fateague 'em,*"  
 Tho' he spoke for a twelvemonth concerning "*the BHEA-*  
*" GUM."*\*

But I am not less charm'd with *the* ORATOR's figure,  
 Whose size and appearance make promise of vigour.  
 Tho' some people say, that this is not a truth,  
 For his power, like a *serpent's*, all lies in his mouth;  
 But be this as it may, all the cash in my purse,  
 I would give to possess him, "for better and worse."

I now have to add, when their LORDSHIPS adjourn'd,  
 To LILLY LLANSTUFFIN's your sister return'd;  
 There I found Mrs. WELLS, who, for *new imitations*,  
 Might challenge with safety *all* COUNTRIES, and NA-  
 TIONS.

\* We suppose AUNT BRIDGET is in love with BURKE's method of pronouncing the word Begum.

With resemblance surprising, she imitates all  
 The *SPEAKERS* that figure in *WESTMINSTER HALL*.  
 When like *Fox* I observe her with vehemence speak,  
 She has got to the life—his *rat-tat* and his *squeak*.  
 When she imitates *EDMUND, the Irishman's* tone,  
 Is so like, that you'd swear 'twas *the ORATOR's own*;  
 To his mode of pronouncing surprisingly true,  
 When she speaks of *the BHEAGUM*, and *CANTA-BAH*  
                   *BHOO*;

And when she's repeating what *ANSTRUTHER* said,  
 You have *SATURN* before you, *the father of lead*.  
 Then all of a sudden she changes the play,  
 And shews her white teeth as politely as *GREY*.  
 When reading, like *ERSKINE*, she rises and drops,  
 And is equally careful in minding her stops:  
 There is not one speaker, as far as I find,  
*Save only the Clerk*, who can leave her behind:  
 But what will surprise you still more than the rest,  
 —And I solemnly tell you it is not a jest—  
 She wrote *twenty lines*, and I stood by the while,  
 Exactly in *SIMKIN's* own manner and style:  
 And as *SIMKIN* acknowledg'd he could not write better,  
 He stole them to fill up a space in his Letter.  
 The people who heard her, are led to suppose,  
 That as soon as the Trial shall draw to a close,

She'll

She'll exhibit her CHARACTERS all on the stage—  
 Where she never can fail to *amuse*, and *engage*.  
 One proof of her merit must all people strike,  
 Which is, *vulgar papers express their dislike*.  
 Till CHARACTER rises in *fame* and *renown*,  
 ENVY's never employ'd in the *pulling it down*.—  
 And now, my Dear MAGGY, no more will I write,  
 As I'm going to RANELAGH this very night.

BRIDGET.

June 19th, 1789.

## L E T T E R    XXXIV.

LAST WEDNESDAY, *dear* BROTHER, I went to the  
HALL,

But as matters turn'd out, for just nothing at all.  
For indeed, you must know, in the scriptural way,  
“ The beginning and end made the whole of the day.”  
But some *metaphysical* People pretend,  
That it had no beginning, and yet had an END.  
This point I must leave to your EDMUNDS, and FOXES,  
Who can easily make, and expound paradoxes.  
To speak in plain terms, it came out as expected,  
That the evidence offer'd was also rejected.  
Then a motion was made by a *dignify'd* PEER,  
That the JUDGES of ENGLAND be ask'd to declare,  
From what *principle* or what *construction* of LAW,  
This decided opinion they learnedly draw ?  
That moment the CHANCELLOR mov'd to adjourn,  
And back to their CHAMBER, their LORDSHIPS return.  
'Twas expected that BURKE would have made an attack,  
But the LORDS, for some cause, did not choose to come  
back :

Perhaps being weary of bowing and scraping,  
They seiz'd the occasion at once of escaping ;

But BURKE means it well—as a Cure for the GOVT,  
 And makes them—as *Physic*—go in and go out.  
 But those LORDS, who like BURKE, are ambitious of  
 soaring,

And of heights unattain'd have a zeal for exploring,  
 Or with for a ride in LUNARDI's *Balloon*,  
 To visit the man who inhabits the Moon :  
 Those LORDS to whose lot such high qualities fall,  
 Like me, have their BONUM, in WESTMINSTER HALL.  
 But to shew you, *dear SIMON*, in what estimation  
 All classes of people hold EDMUND's oration ;  
 To what Countries far distant, his glory is spread,  
 Wherever the WORLD and *my Letters* are read—  
 From DUBLIN, *dear DUBLIN*, ten Citizens came,  
 From WATERFORD six, CARRICKFERGUS the same,  
 From LIMERICK seven, and nearly as many  
 From the town and the country surrounding KILKENNY ;  
 From the *Highlands* of SCOTLAND the *Lairds* and the  
*Thanes*,

From SKY the M'DONALDS, from MULL the M'LEANS,  
 Are expected in town in the course of the week—  
 For once in their lives to hear eloquence speak.  
 The *Gallery tickets* so rise in demand,  
 And promises given so long beforehand,  
 That Wednesday, Miss BRIDGET, our delicate Aunt,  
 For want of a ticket, was stopt in her jaunt :



She, who long was accustom'd to *purr* like a CAT,  
 To find fault with this—to be angry with that,  
 Is now so affected, so smitten with love,  
 That *she cooes to herself*, like a mate-seeking dove.  
 Whether waking or sleeping, or sitting or walking,  
 Of BURKE and IMPEACHMENTS, she's constantly talk-  
 ing.

And it is my opinion, I give you my honor—  
 She will die, unless EDMUND has pity upon her.

The *Gallery Strangers*, who came from afar,  
 Who had never heard EDMUND declaim at the BAR;  
 Whose minds were inflated with high expectation,  
 Of hearing the ORATOR make an oration;  
 With faces extended, with grief, and with shame,  
 All went to their lodgings, as wise as they came.  
 I consol'd them by saying, they need not be vex'd,  
 For BURKE would harangue us at *Meeting the next*.  
 And after by accident resting so long,  
 His fancy and tongue, would be lively and strong;  
 And CHARLES, who has study'd each *Species* and  
*Genus*,  
 Of Laws in the Courts, and the Temple of VENUS;  
 And SHERIDAN too, it is thought will unbridle,  
 Or they'll lose all their fame by remaining so idle.

And

And 'tis also expected, that ERSKINE and GREY,  
 As *Readers*, or *Speakers*, will figure away;  
 For great is the task they have taken in hand,  
 To throw on its back all the LAW of the LAND.

And now, my dear SIMON, I hope you'll excuse,  
 My dullness this time, if I fail to amuse;  
 The LADY who formerly us'd to assist,  
 To recal to my mind, any point that I miss'd;  
 To whose good understanding, sound judgement, and  
     taste,  
 I submitted the lines which I scribbled in haste;  
 Who expung'd all the parts she consider'd unfit,  
 And the places supply'd from the stores of her wit,  
 To CHELTENHAM has fled!—

And farther, still farther—I am told she is going,  
 Impell'd, I suspect, by th' ambition of showing  
 To MAJESTY, which from the height of its station,  
 From EDMUND and FOX never heard an oration,  
 Their *mode of declaiming*—in her IMITATION; }  
 For the MONARCH himself, 'tis on all sides allow'd,  
*Of subjects like them, may with reason be proud;*  
 ROME boasted of TULLY—DEMOSTHENES, GREECE;  
 But which of those Orators left us a piece  
 Of eloquence equal to EDMUND, or FOX,  
 When they sport their *dark brows* in the MANAGERS'

As of coming to town it may answer the end—  
 From your mountain sublime I would have you descend,  
 And see Mrs. WELLS, who will give you your Brother,  
*So like*, that you scarce will know *one*, from the OTHER,

And now, my dear SIMON, I bid you adieu,  
 Till EDMUND finds matter for writing to you!

July 6th, 1789.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.\*

FROM SHENKIN IN WALES,

TO HIS

COUSIN SIMKIN IN LONDON.

MY DEAR COUSIN SIMKIN, your kindred in  
WALES

Are quite overcome with your excellent tales ;  
Which have work'd like a charm on *your family* here,  
And we meet twice a week, who scarce met twice a year.  
All the toils, all the pleasures of life at a stand,  
Till SIMKIN's *expected address* comes to hand ;  
And proud to partake your poetical flame,  
We strive to exhibit a spark of the same.  
There's SIMON sits rhyming from morning till night,  
Who in *shooting*, and *courfing*, once plac'd his delight ;  
Nay, even *your AUNT*, has her share of your vein,  
And has teem'd with a *sweet little brat of the brain*.  
So this must account and atone for my scrawl ;  
Since your friends are grown *Poets*, *Aunt BRIDGET*, and  
*all*.

\* This Letter was by another hand, as were some few others.

Dear

*Dear Coz*, now I've once broke the ice in my way,  
 I hope you'll excuse what I'm going to say :  
 I, who never saw LONDON, nor LONDON's *strange folks*,  
 May well be supposed, *a fit dupe for your jokes* ;  
 But the devil shall take me, if e'er I could credit,  
 One half what you write, *tho' an angel had said it*.  
 Forgive me, *dear SIMKIN*, altho' at this distance,  
 I presume not to question *the TRIAL's existence* :  
 (The trial of *one WARREN HASTINGS*, I mean,  
 Said to come back from INDIA, *with hands not too clean*.)  
 Yet the *out-line* is all I conceive to be true ;  
 It's fantastical shade I attribute to you.  
 I applaud both your parts and your courage, *dear*  
     COUSIN,  
 Thus to *stand by a man*, when attack'd by two DOZEN.  
 But surely you write for the *PILL'RY* or *STOCKS*,  
 When you handle such names, as *BURKE*, *ADAM*, and  
     *FOX* ;  
 And venture erecting your batt'ry, *point blank*,  
 At Chiefs of such *high*, *SENATORIAL rank*.  
 Our choicest, best patriots, you shrink not to paint,  
 Like *DEVILS* combin'd to demolish a *SAINT* ;  
 And *their leader* for *SATAN's own picture* might fit,  
 If he had but *LESS malice*, and *ten times MORE wit*.



Last year, when you told us the ORATOR took,  
 That beastly quotation from CANTEMAR's *book*,  
 Your fancy, I thought, like a high-mettled horse,  
 Had jostled your judgement quite out of the course :  
 For a *brute*, ill-condition'd enough, to make sport  
 On such a *grave cause*, in so *solemn a court*,  
 With grossest obscenities tainting the ears,  
 Of LADIES, and JUDGES, and BISHOPS, and PEERS,  
 Must deserve from *all human abodes to be hurl'd*,  
*Scoff'd, hustl'd, hiss'd, thump'd, and kick'd out of the WORLD*.  
 This story I therefore conclude is a creature,  
*Merely hatch'd in your brain, to embellish your metre.*

All your letters have lately been fill'd with fresh crosses,  
 Attending this *Antediluvian Process* :  
 How often the MANAGERS play the stale game,  
 Of *dismissing the AUDIENCE as wise as it came* ; \*  
*While their LORDSHIPS come in—then go out—then come in,*  
*Like puppets, ere PUNCH is prepar'd to begin.*  
 From BURKE *the sublime*, to ANSTRUTHER and GREY,  
 You give ev'ry one a smart lash in you way,  
 That they'd readily palm, *any papers they found*,  
 For evidence legal, substantial, and sound ;

\* Mr. BURKE sent the LORDS *six times*, from Westminster Hall, to the Chamber of Parliament, *upon the same question*.

And protest in a huff, if a doubt cros their words,  
As if any *trash* might suffice for the LORDS.

'Tis but lately you broach'd, with mischievous intention,  
A scandalous tale of your own vile invention;  
That your HERO, of loose and incontinent tongue,  
Had been *snubb'd* by the COMMONS for language too  
strong.

If a MANAGER thus should be *snubb'd* by the HOUSE,  
His word is no more worth "three skips of a louse;" \*  
And I ne'er can believe that such infatuation,  
Could seize all the wisest, best heads in the nation,  
As to listen with pleasure, or listen at all,  
To what a *snubb'd* MANAGER says in the HALL.

In short, my dear SIMKIN, I can but admit,  
Your letters most choice, both in metre and wit,  
But beware, lest that sad inclination to lye,  
Bring you living to jail, and to HELL when you die.  
Retreat then in time from the path you have chosen,  
Is th' advice of your friend and affectionate COUSIN.

SHENKIN.

July 2d, 1789.

\* See Mr. BURKE's speech on the Regency Bill, in January.

## L E T T E R   XXXVI.

YOU REMEMBER, *dear Brother*, my stating to you,  
 The question on which the *Tribunal* withdrew;  
 They on something resolv'd, tho' I cannot say what, }  
 As when *the Court* met, they discover'd it not;  
 But 'twas hinted to me, *they suspected a PLOT*. }  
 For knowing that EDMUND is arch and designing,  
 A good pioneer, and conversant in *mining*,  
 'Twas concluded, that if they disclos'd the foundation,  
 He would blow up at once, *all the LAW in the nation*.  
 When *the LORDS* were assembled, Fox rose up to  
     plague 'em  
 With GORING'S *Epistle*, and one from "BURKE'S  
     "*Bheagum*;"  
 Which, as they were publicly printed, he said,  
 For their LORDSHIPS' *Appendix*, they ought to be read;  
 But HASTINGS'S *Counsel*, an argument drew,  
 To prove *printing a paper*, can't render it TRUE.  
 Fox answer'd—"The COUNSEL must yield to their fate,  
 "For indeed they have made their objections too late;  
 "And as they had read the said Paper *before*,  
 "There could be no harm if they read it *once more*."

That

That it ever was read, the *learn'd* COUNSEL deny'd,—  
 It was ENTER'd *as* READ, their OPPONENT reply'd;  
 Who rested his case on this argument sole,  
 That *reading a part*, must be *reading the whole*;  
 And of error the MANAGERS try'd to convict 'em,  
 By praising and quoting the CHANCELLOR's *dictum*.  
 Then EDMUND, who constantly loves to regale  
 The ears of *the* COURT, with a *ludicrous tale*,  
 Inform'd us, at length of the perils and dangers,  
 Which may happen at VENICE, to *ignorant strangers*.  
 He told us of *one*, who the STATE reprehended,  
 And another who highly extoll'd, and defended;  
 " BOTH of *whom*, by the SENATE of VENICE were hung,  
 " For *unjustifiable licence of tongue*.  
 " One was hang'd for making a *verbal attack*,  
 " The other for *whitening*, what *never was black*.  
 " To the CHANCELLOR only then let it belong,  
 " To disprove that his doctrine deliver'd was wrong."  
 After many disputes, and long trials to state,  
 The questions the LORDS were about to debate;  
 And Fox had express'd his pathological fears,  
 That *simplicity* might be dislik'd by the PEERS;  
 Their LORDSHIPS again had the honour of showing,  
*Their graceful deportment*, in COMING and GOING.  
 They return'd with an answer we did not expect,  
 " *That the MANAGERS had NOT been very correct*;

" *That*

" *That the Orator CHARLES had improperly said,*

" *That the LETTER of GORING was ENTER'D as READ !*"

Then CHARLES, who is seldom or ne'er at a loss

When the *dice run against him*, or FORTUNE is *cross*,

Another expedient immediately found,

And offer'd the letter on *quite a new ground*.

He said, as *their LORDSHIPS* before had consented

" This letter shou'd in the *Appendix* be printed :

" THEY, at any time after, were bound to receive it,

" And, *being in print*, they of course MUST *believe it*."

In answer to CHARLEY, LORD CAMDEN remarks,

That the *printing* was merely an *act of the CLERKS* ;

To the printing the MANAGERS should not resort,

Unless they could PROVE it, an *act of the COURT*.

Then CHARLEY lamented, with tears in his eyes,

That he, a poor Commoner, was not so wise,—

That he could not discover, whilst left in the dark,

The *act of the HOUSE* from the *act of the CLERK* :

The *Doctrin*e of Evidence, then he dissected,

Shewing what shou'd be taken, and what be rejected.

Here EDMUND broke forth, in his violent way,

Like a *mountain parturient*, he labour'd to say,

" That an *Epilogue* is the *best part of a play* ;"

That the Epilogue shou'd, (which *their LORDSHIPS* had  
made)

That as *writers of Plays*, they were *young in the trade* :

I sym-



I sympathiz'd with him, when BURKE was complaining,  
*That the epilogue was not at all entertaining.*

“ If it will not, says he, serve the end of *accusing*,

“ I'm sure there is nothing in't very amusing ;

“ It has neither the *beautiful* nor the *sublime*

“ And the reading thereof is profusion of time,”

Here BURKE *æconomical*, sadly regrets

The enormous increase of our National Debts ;

And frightened to death, lest the *empire* should sink,

By *their* LORDSHIPS *profusion of paper and ink*.

'Tis expected hereafter, in some of his bills,

He will limit the PEERS, in their *paper and quills*.

Nor will this be thought such a comical thing,

When we think of his conduct *respecting the KING* ;

The man whom *æconomy* urged to withstand,

The *grant of a lemon*, for MAJESTY's hand,

With justice and reason may move for the flinting,

*Their* LORDSHIP's expence in superfluous printing.

Now EDMUND observes to the LORDS, he has done,

Excepting a word, and it should be *but ONE* ;

But, alas ! *taciturnity's* not in his pow'r,

*For his tongue like a larum, ran more than an hour.*

In printing, he humbly conceiv'd the prevention,

Of reading the paper, was not their intention ;

And he hop'd that the COURT, in its gravity, never,

*Printed* that which could answer *no purpose whatever*.

That

That it was not like timber, which can't be employ'd,  
In a ship, or a house, and so may be destroy'd.

The timber, he said, which no artist can turn  
To some kind of building, 'twere proper to burn.

Here one of the NOBLES seem'd not to admire,

The compound idea, *appendix*, and *fire*.

Then CHARLEY came forth, and his Leader defended,  
By whom it appears no offence was intended.

This settled—their LORDSHIPS as usual withdrew,

To debate on a question, that's perfectly new :

They return'd, and the CHANCELLOR said, 'twas agreed

That the MANAGERS, *are not permitted to read*.

Then EDMUND came forth, and began an oration,

With off'ring to Heav'n an ejaculation ;

Like a *chaplain* he pray'd, for that *spiritual light*,

Which leads all tribunals to that which is right.

He said, that although they oblig'd him to yield,

He very reluctantly quitted the field ;

That during the course of the present long trial,

He had never been mortify'd so by denial.

Now EDMUND, although much deprest'd by the vapours,

In evidence offer'd additional papers :

Then HASTINGS's *Counsel* arose, as expected,

Saying similar proofs, *have been often rejected*.

But CHARLEY contended the MANAGERS shou'd,

Try *all*, and stick fast to the thing which *is good* ;

O

That

That as the *fail* MANAGERS, could not learn why  
 Their LORDSHIPS so often are pleas'd to deny,  
 'Twas a duty incumbent to *offer* and *try*.—  
 And now, *my dear Brother*, I lay down my pen,  
 And when I have matter, I'll write you again;

July 7th, 1789.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.\*

SHENKIN IN WALES,

COUSIN SIMKIN IN LONDON.

ENOUGH—enough—Dear SIMKIN! spare a while  
 Thy reader's laughter, and thy hero's bile!  
 Yet, yet avert the threat'ning storm that lowers,  
 Nor brave too rashly Tribunitian powers!  
 Shall he, whose fame thy antiseptic rhymes,  
 Have fous'd and pickled for remotest times,  
 All alkaline antipathy suppress,  
 And gulp with patience all the pungent mess?  
 What, are there no officious prompters near,  
 To whisper vengeance in his smarting ear?  
 No Managerial Brothers of the pack,  
 To bark and bounce, and bellozo at his back?

O! then, in time direct thy wayward way,  
 Where panegyric's folt'ring breezes play;

\* By another hand.

LOW at IMPEACHMENT's crimson altar bow,  
 Where PEERS obsequious bend—and *well may'st thou*.—  
 That PRINCE, whom common transports could but cloy,  
 Who proffer'd millions for a new-found joy,  
 Now might at last his unclaim'd gifts bestow  
*At conjuring BURKE's judicial raree-show.*  
 O ! could I hear him as he raves and foams,  
 To tempt deluded idlers from their homes ;  
 And shews his *living* LORDS in robes so fine,  
*While Salmon's Peers of wax unheeded pine !*  
 Could I partake for once the magic sport,  
 To wait ecstatic in an empty court,  
 While jaded nobles keep whole hours aloof,  
*And wince, and startle at illegal proof !*

If, then, fate urge thee headlong on to write,  
 Explain the mystery of this new delight :  
 Say, by what *hocus pocus*, SIMKIN, say,  
 IMPEACHMENT reigns the fashion of the day ?  
 Why on one object all its stores employ ;  
 Has BURKE a patent for this new-found joy ?  
 Sole *Arbiter Deliciarum* he,  
 And Britain's juggler with exclusive plea ?

Nought but the Trial's wonders now prevail ;  
 The Trial's Records load our lagging mail.

Ask



Ask a pert LONDONER, "What news of late?"

"—BURKE, Sir, last Thursday was *prodigious great*.

"A slender phial's drippings now anoint

"His tongue, which erst was delug'd with a pint:

"To give the last perfection to his note,

"'Tis thought a thumb bottle must wet his throat.

"With lemon too, he calms th'intrusive wheezing;

"His mouth all parch'd—now speaking, and now  
"squeezing,

"'Tis he amuses now alone the town;

"GUIMARD is still—the Op'ra-House burnt down.

"No puffs of profit buoy the lank balloon:

"No BLANCHARD spies Impeachment in the Moon.

"In vain, with painted effigy on high,

"A new Goliah courts each gazer's eye:

"The Tower's fierce Lions unattended roar;

"The starv'd Stone-muncher dines on flints no more.

"Hush'd are the gruntings of the Sapien swine,

"Which throng'd Saloons once hail'd almost divine:

"Poor PIG!—he dy'd, they say, of mere despair,

"His rival's triumphs were too much to bear."

—SIMKIN, I burst, impatient to be taught,

What fums this grand discovery has brought.

By all thy past and present well-earn'd bays,

By all thy hopes of *fifty more such days*,

O say (nor think I mean thy share to rob)  
 Are thine the only profits of the job?  
 For thine is doubtless no mean niggard pension,  
 Recording Laureat to this blest invention,  
 Do purchas'd tickets, belles and beaux admit  
 At different price, to Gall'ry, Box, and Pit?  
 Or is all debt-reducing system cross'd,  
 To treat spectators at the nation's cost.

Stands each Performer pension'd by the week,  
 Puppets and all—or only those that squeak?  
 Who share the splendid pickings of the show?  
 It's joint-exhibitors—viz. BURKE and Co.?  
 Or serve the whole, *as one prodigious fee*,  
 A bonus for the *grafting patentee*?

If thou *must* write—be, SIMKIN, this thy toil,  
 Thou great Apollo of our Cambrian soil!  
 So may adjournments, welcome sweets, prolong  
 Thy hero's bliss, thy stipend, and thy song!  
 So BURKE and SIMKIN's mutual aid support,  
 The pall'd attention of th' insulted Court!  
 So thy new *FABRIS* crush (as well he may)  
 His much-enduring victim *by delay*!

July 9th, 1789.

LET.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

SIMKIN in LONDON,

TO HIS

COUSIN SHENKIN in WALES.

DEAR SHENKIN, 'tis time you should now under-

stand

That your letters, in order, came safely to hand :

That if to *the former* I made no reply,

'Twas because, indirectly, you *gave me the lye*.

You, by way of a compliment, chose to admit

That my letters were good as to *humour and wit* ;

But whilst you allow'd that my verse was amusing,

My credulous readers you thought me abusing.

The TRIAL's *existence* you grant, to be sure,

But the *picture*, you said, was a CARICATURE.

There's nothing, believe me, that SHENKIN can say—

No compliment fine, he can possibly pay,

That can ever atone with a *Native of Wales*,

When his honour is wounded, by *doubting his tales*.

There is not at WESTMINSTER, even one PEER,

Among those to whom BURKE, and *his party* are dear—

Who join him in other political acts,  
 But freely subscribes, to *my statement of facts*.  
 And though it is true, that the facts I rehearse,  
 Have a farcical mien, when reported to verse,  
 You would say, *if you once heard my eloquent speaker,*  
 The original's strong, but the picture is weaker.\*

You're ignorant, you say, and I'm glad you avow it,  
 'Tis your only excuse, and I therefore allow it;  
 You foolishly balance in Justice's scales  
 A POLITICAL CHIEF, with *your neighbours* in WALES;  
 But since from the mountain *your HIGHNESS* came down,  
 And heard it confirm'd by the dwellers in town,  
 It seems, though you question'd *your cousin's relation*,  
 You implicitly credit a *stranger's* narration.  
 In your Second Epistle, you pleasantly mention  
 A supposal that SIMKIN *possesses a pension*;  
 My Letter to SIMON, you've surely forgot,  
 I said—and now say it, “*Indeed I have NOT.*”  
 To whom could I possibly make the request,  
 The PRIS'NER's *half ruin'd*, and deeply distressed:  
 My Heroes *themselves* are in general needy,  
 And PITT, as a Statesman, is shockingly greedy:

\* -To the truth of this Observation, we are sure every Man,  
 Woman and Child who has attended the Trial, will subscribe.

HE would tell me, perhaps, all the cash that he gets,  
 Will scarcely suffice for the *national debts*.  
 Nay, *the counsel*, if EDMUND could do well without 'em,  
*Such a miser is PITT, he'd be happy to rout 'em.*  
 I grant, that I *once*, did indulge such a hope,  
 But my HERO now thinks me *deserving a rope*;  
 The speeches he makes, *in the moment of madness*,  
 In his intervals lucid, affect him with sadness.  
 And when he is told they will injure his fame,  
 His *Recorder* is sure to come in for the blame.

Believe me, *dear SHENKIN*, I've no other ends  
 To answer, than barely amusement of Friends;  
 And when from engagements I'm free and at leisure,  
 I visit the HALL as a matter of pleasure:  
 But, from your last letter, I cannot help thinking,  
 That prejudic'd men have impos'd upon SHENKIN;  
 For you write, *my dear Friend*, as if touch'd with com-  
 passion,  
 A weakness (not Virtue) *that's much out of fashion*.  
 'Twas nothing but prejudice caus'd you to say  
 That HASTINGS a victim must fall to *delay*.  
 You are wrong—and if now it were not out of season,  
 On the subject before me to argue and reason,  
 I could prove that a MAN, who his youth has expended  
 In *serving his country*, who bravely defended,

All



All *India* in times of most imminent dangers,  
 From ill-judging *Colleagues*, and quarrelsome *Strangers*,  
 Should, when he can serve us in no other way,  
 Amuse and divert us—*instead of a play*.  
 The *high-polish'd* *ATHENS*, whene'er she beheld  
 A subject, whose zeal in her service excell'd  
 His equals,—with justice that subject *EXPELL'D*.  
 And that mode of treatment was certainly wise,  
 Howe'er it might seem in *HUMANITY'S* Eyes.

Yes, yes, my dear *SHENKIN*, there once was a time,  
 I ingratitude held a detestable crime;  
 When I saw the distress of a poor fellow-creature,  
 I us'd to give way to the feelings of nature.  
 But since I've convers'd with *political* *HEROES*,  
 Who are *TITUSES* often, more frequently *NEROES*,  
 I am fully convinc'd that in ev'ry condition,  
 We should study *that only* which serves our *AMBITION*,  
 Or adds to our pleasure; and hence I confess,  
 I look on the whole as a *contest at* *CHESS*.  
 When *BURKE* his game forward endeavours to bring,  
*LAW* advances a *pawn*, and gives *check to his King*;  
*BURKE* covers *his King*; *PLOMER* instantly sees  
 An advantage—and, lo! *EDMUND'S* *Queen* is *en prise*.  
*BURKE* rallies his men, and prepares for the fight,  
*DALLAS* whispers a *move*, and *BURKE* loses a *Knight*.

BURKE speaks in a circle, it proves of no ule,  
 It suggests the idea of *playing at goose*.  
 And hence inexhaustible pleasure I find,  
 Whilst a thousand comparisons rise in my mind.

You speak of *my chief*, as of BRESLAW and JONAS,  
 Or a *strange Patentee*, and his grasping a *Bonus*.  
 You talk of expences, whereby it appears  
 The report of *new taxes*, has work'd on your fears:  
 But tell me what room there can be for complaining,  
 When the game of expences is so entertaining;  
 And tho' *my dear SHENKIN* should never partake,  
 He ne'er should begrudge, for his *relative's sake*.

To conclude—With your numbers I'm really smitten,  
 But like not the spirit in which they were written.  
 In *Letter the First*, you accuse me of trying,  
 To impose on the weak with fantastical lying;  
 In *the Second*, your feelings, for HASTINGS distress,  
 And your dread with *new taxes* of being oppress,  
 Have giv'n too serious a turn to your letter,  
 So write not again till your humour is better.

July 13th, 1789.

LET.

## LETTER XXXIX.

**SO** LITTLE, *dear Brother*, of late has been done,  
 That I'm forc'd to consolidate, *three days in one*;  
 For *their LORDSHIPS* whenever **BURKE** sends them away  
 To their Chamber of Parliament, commonly stay,  
 And put off the trial to some other day.  
 The respect due to place, the spectator forgets,  
 And *the HALL* is a room for *the laying of bets*.  
**BURKE** rises to speak—and they cry—" *The SUBLIME*  
 " Shall run for ten guineas, a race against time."  
**BURKE** offers some papers with arguments long,  
 They propose, " ten to one that the orator's wrong."  
 To consider a question *their LORDSHIPS* adjourn,  
 They lay, " five to three that they do not return."  
 To proceed—On last Thursday *their LORDSHIPS* agreed,  
 That **GÖRING**'s *Epistle* the Clerk must not read.  
 Great **EDMUND** arose—but what's somewhat surprising,  
 He did not burst forth in a passion at rising;  
 He requested the Clerk might read over some papers,  
 Which are always so dull that they give me the vapours.  
 At last to some readings *the COUNSEL* objected,  
 And off went *the LORDS*, as the audience expected,  
 And

And did, as they frequently have done before,  
 Remain in their hole, for we saw them no more.  
 When EDMUND proposes, and the COUNSEL object,  
 On the Court it produces, *the self-same effect*,  
 As the bark of a dog, that some dwelling inhabits,  
 Or happens to stray, *near a WARREN of rabbits*.  
 On Tuesday they met, and the CHANCELLOR said,  
 That the papers disputed, might fitly be read :  
 The papers were read, and they went to evince,  
 That there is a distinction, *'twixt Nabob and Prince*.  
 Now EDMUND search'd into the cause, and inquir'd,  
 Why HASTINGS " the Begum " so vastly admir'd ;  
 " My LORDS, with the *Bheagum* the criminal had  
 " A connection corrupt, and I beg leave to add,  
 " That FRANCIS, my friend, did much benefit mean 'em,  
 " When he labor'd to break the connection between 'em.  
 " But in vain he exerted his pious endeavour,  
 " The connection continued as wicked as ever."  
 Some Ladies who heard of this shocking connection,  
 Were unable to smother the signs of affection ;  
 A connection of sexes they thought was a crime,  
 Dependent on *place, situation, and time* ;  
 And they said BURKE was dead to the feelings of shame,  
 When he gave to connection, *so filthy a name*.  
 BURKE continued—There's nothing can ever persuade  
 Any person to think " he would stick to the jade,  
 " Were it not for their wicked corruptible trade : " }  
 " For,

" For, *my LORDS*, he not only supported her station,  
 " In spite of her tricks and mal-administration,  
 But without any grounds, or the smallest pretension,  
 He advised the Directors to grant her a pension.  
 Of a pension, *my LORDS*, she was never in need,  
 And if it's disputed, I'll prove it indeed !  
 Here the COUNSEL put in—BURKE proceeded to state,  
 That the Begum's resources were many and great.  
 With caution *their LORDSHIPS*, he kindly admonish'd,  
 That they must unavoidably all be astonish'd,  
 Whenever he stated the Lady's resources,  
 From which she obtain'd never-failing resources.  
 He said—" She, whom HASTINGS has publicly painted,  
 " As a Lady whose character never was tainted,  
 " And whose manifold virtues deserv'd to be faint'd,  
 " Permit me to mention, *my LORDS*, is the same  
 " Who I told you from dancing deriv'd all her fame,  
 " Whom *the NABOB* maintain'd, as a *Lass of the game*.  
 " If you hear of this woman and some occupation,  
 " You wou'd think it were something becoming her  
     " station ;  
 " Not so :—for this dame so untainted with sin,  
 " *My LORDS*, kept a shop for the selling of gin :  
 " There was not in ASIA, I boldly aver,  
 " Any dealer in spirits superior to her :  
 " Perhaps by the doctrine which Mahomet taught,  
 " *That women want souls*—she most happily thought,



" The best way to compensate for Nature's defects,  
 " Was with *plenty of spirits* to furnish the sex"  
 This *double entendre* created some fun,  
 But *your* CRITICS declar'd, 'twas a pitiful pun;  
 And some who had read the Alcoran explain'd,  
 That the *Musselman faith*, no such doctrine contain'd.  
 But whether my Hero's assertion be true,  
 Or not, matters little to ME or to YOU.

Now EDMUND determines again upon boring  
 The COURT with his questions, intended for GORING,  
 And by way of encomium, or character puffing,  
 He adds the appellative—HASTINGS's *Ruffian* !  
 Which is, that on HASTINGS he was not dependant  
 And thence a good witness against the defendant.  
 In a few minutes after, *their* LORDSHIPS adjourn'd,  
 The COURT was dissolv'd, and the audience return'd.  
 But before I proceed to describe the last day,  
 There was something escap'd me which now I will say :  
 It seems that *the* CHANCELLOR made some remark,  
 On the keen, eager grasp of my eloquent spark,  
 (Who was urging his papers on some slight pretence)  
 And created a laugh at *great* EDMUND's expence ;  
 His feelings long callous, now sensibly stung,  
 At once put a stop to his garrulous tongue.

Aghast

Aghast EDMUND stood, o'erwhelm'd with confusion,  
 Whilst away went *antithesis*, *trope*, and *allusion*.  
 Then wither'd the flowers, the figures all fled,  
 Nor was there a metaphor left in his head.  
 To return—On last Wednesday I went to *the COURT*,  
 Tho' I can't say with much expectation of sport;  
 For ANSTRUTHER intended to speak, it was said,  
 Whose speech is as dull, tho' less weighty than *lead*.  
 But whether *their LORDSHIPS* had reason to fear him,  
 Or, like me, had no great inclination to hear him;  
 Or whether they acted from some other reason,  
 They ended *the TRIAL*, at least for this season.

But now, *dear SIMON*, let me rest awhile,  
 Collect my thoughts, and drop *the looser style*.  
 He, who in public never spoke before,  
 Who with *abuse* has been INSULTED more  
 For years, than ever human patience bore—  
 Arose, and thus began—

Mr. HASTINGS'S SPEECH in *Westminster Hall*,  
 Wednesday, 9th July.

“ Illustrious Peers!—*tho' strongest words be faint*,  
 “ At once *the torture of whole years to paint*,  
 “ Aw'd (*as whom wou'd not so much State o'erwhelm?*)  
 “ By all the worth and wisdom of the REALM,

“ Your

- “ *Your much-wrong’d Suppliant—O indulge the pause !*  
 “ *Craves one attentive moment to his cause.*  
 —“ *Already wire-drawn forms of fram’d delay,*  
 “ *Have wasted two sad suff’ring years away :*  
 “ *Faults yet unprov’d—scarce outlin’d—e’er I plead—*  
 “ *Have reap’d already guilt’s severest meed.*  
 “ *Unclos’d yet lingers—swoln with comments large,*  
 “ *The twentieth item of the twentieth charge.*  
 “ *TWENTY WHOLE CHARGES stretch’d in endless line,*  
 “ *No life can reach—much less a life like mine :*  
 “ *While judgement’s rod, usurping hands assume,*  
 “ *Fore-stall conviction, and pre-act the doom.*  
 “ *Oh ! had the varied annals of mankind,*  
 “ *Brought one eternal TRIAL to my mind,*  
 “ *That case, terrific omen of suspense,*  
 “ *Had quash’d all plea ! defeated all defence !*  
 “ *Bade me my hopes on instant sentence place,*  
 “ *And grasp at condemnation, as a GRACE.*  
 “ *O yet, nor arrogant be deem’d the pray’r,*  
 “ *Yet a few parting, precious minutes spare :*  
 “ *By one short Session years of anguish save,*  
 “ *Nor fix IMPEACHMENT on me to the grave !*  
 “ *Clear but my fame, than dearest life more dear,*  
 “ *(—And that triumphant TRUTH at length must clear)*  
 “ *Clear but my fame, and close the process here !*

—“ *Yes*—close it here !—*its* present *merits* try !

“ I wave all PROOF—all witness—all reply.

“ Sure in my fame, *whate’er* *accusers* say,

“ Be their’s all else to give, or take away !”

Here HASTINGS ended, and a *general sigh*,  
 Disclos’d the feelings of the standers by,  
 The drooping head, the downcast look, express’d  
 The strong emotions felt in ev’ry breast.  
 Through the *whole audience* soft compassion ran,  
 All pray’d deliv’rance, to the *suff’ring man*.  
 E’en BURKE himself, with heart more hard than steel,  
 Was struck—was over-aw’d—was *forc’d to feel*.  
 Here then, *my* SIMON, and *my* *Cambrian friends*,  
 For some few months our correspondence ends.  
 But if (which HEAVEN forbid !) the LORDS prolong  
 The TRIAL—BURKE again shall shine in a song.

July 10th, 1789.

LET-

LETTER XL.

SIMON IN WALES,

TO HIS

BROTHER SIMKIN IN LONDON.

DEAR SIMKIN, with sorrow, with heartfelt concern,

Your friends—your acquaintance—your relatives learn,  
That the mirth of their meetings must now be diminish'd,  
As HASTINGS's cause for this Session is finish'd :  
But whilst this misfortune your friends were condoling,  
Came a letter from SCOTT that was rather consoling ;  
He says, that when BURKE's *allegations were counted,*  
*By one of his Friends, the sum total amounted*  
*To more than two thousand,* by which it appears,  
That the trial might last, for *at least fifty years.*  
This pleasing intelligence fill'd us with hope,  
That your hero will long have, *unlimited scope,*  
From whose fancy more rich than the Taffyländ *Moun-*  
*tains,*

Shall issue forth sweet, inexhaustible fountains :



So Whilst EDMUND in town the spectator regales,  
SIM. shall sing to his dear principality, *Wales*.

You may tell Major SCOTT, he excites our displeasure,  
By his stingy remarks on BURKE's *spending the treasure* &  
We are highly offended to hear him *complaining*  
Of *expen*ce, when the subject is so *entertaining* ;  
And sooner than narrow the Orator's bounds,  
We would yield to a tax, upon *Pointers and Hounds* ;  
Nay, though it confine us to *Bachelor's lives*,  
We had rather see PITT *lay a tax upon wives* :  
But supposing, indeed, the solicitors' bills  
Should exceed all the rest of our national ills,  
If the public shou'd deem it a hardship to pay 'em !  
*Let the tickets be sold*, that wou'd help to defray 'em !  
Their privilege ancient, the LORDS might forego,  
And the audience might pay, for their *seats at the show*.  
Their LORDSHIPS so many advantages get,  
They may part with this one, without any regret.

I hope I may say, without giving offence,  
That whenever SCOTT talks of *impeachment expence*,  
He shows himself wanting in *judgement and sense*.  
In one of his letters, this gentleman hinted,  
An idea of having BURKE's *Counsellors flinted* :

For

For Counsellors he no necessity saw,  
 As *three of the Managers are of the Law*.  
 But to EDMUND's success, had the MAJOR adverted,  
 A thought so absurd, he had never asserted :  
 For though BURKE's *legal Phalanx*, in number is strong,  
 Their attempts and opinions were *constantly wrong*,  
 And in whatever quarter they made their attack,  
 They were always *repuls'd, and beat shamefully back*.  
 After what I have said, need I farther insist,  
 On the folly of *cutting the Counsellor's List* ;  
 Nay, I think that the COMMONS shou'd *strengthen the corps*,  
 By adding at least *twenty Counsellors more*.  
 And this is th' opinion of JOHNSTONE (Sir JAMES)  
 Who in national causes, *economy blames*.  
 The generous BARONET gave his consent,  
 That a *million or two* shou'd on HASTINGS *be spent*.  
 A question occurs, which permit me to ask,  
 Have not HASTINGS's counsel a difficult task ?  
 But tell me how is it, three SPARTANS contrive,  
 To *fight Managers twenty, and Counsellors five*.  
 Besides all their friends in the *rear of the lines*,  
 Such as *Painters, Historians, and able Divines*.

There is one thing, my SIMKIN, which if it be  
 true,  
 I am sorry to say, *it reflects upon you*,

The remarks you once made on the conduct of PARR,  
 That *Pedagogue* drove, from the *Westminster Bar*;  
 And the MANAGERS robb'd of that *spiritual light*,  
 Which illumin'd their darkness, and guided them right.  
 Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS was also perplex'd,  
 Left he shou'd appear, in *Epistle the next*;  
 And GIBBON, their worthy *historical friend*,  
 Thought it *rather unsafe*, in *their box* to attend;  
*Historians*, and *Painters*, *Divines* are afraid,  
 To put in their *mite*, to the MANAGER's aid:  
 All this we have heard, and to you they impute it,  
 But I trust that my Brother with ease can refute it.  
 There is something remaining I almost forgot,  
 Which I have to alledge 'gainst the *conduct* of SCOTT.  
 In a passion that Gentleman seems to be flying,  
 At EDMUND's attempt to *convict him of lying*.  
 His opponent what right has the MAJOR to blame,  
 When himself *vice versa*, did lately the same?  
 In print and in speech, he is always advancing,  
 That EDMUND is *guilty of wilful romancing*,  
 And tho' before BURKE, this and more was asserted,  
 His politeness was such, *that he ne'er controverted*:  
 'Tis therefore ingratitude boorish in SCOTT,  
 When BURKE says, YOU LYE, to declare I DO NOT.

But

But before this Epistle so querulous ends,  
 I request in the name of *your Taffyland friends*,  
 You will now and then take up the pen to amuse us,  
 As occasions occur ; nay, you must not refuse us ;  
 But if obligation still greater you mean us,  
 Let us have your remarks upon PARR'S BELLENDENUS.

Aug. 1st, 1789.

## L E T T E R XLI.

SIMKIN TO SIMON IN WALES.

BE affur'd, *my dear* BROTHER, whene'er I have leisure,

I shall always be happy to add to your pleasure;  
 And since you solicit them, such as they are,  
 I will give you my own observations on P—R.  
 You know, for two seasons, I've try'd every art  
 To conciliate and soften the ORATOR's heart;  
 But, alas ! I have long unsuccessfully toil'd,  
 And in all my endeavours been constantly foil'd ;  
 I resolv'd to examine the cause of my failing,  
 And the secret find out of the DOCTOR's prevailing :  
 To my BOOKSELLER then I directed a note,  
 To send me the Book which the PEDAGOGUE wrote ;  
 The moment I turn'd to the PREFACE, surprize  
 Forc'd its way to my brain thro' the pores of my eyes.  
 It presented an object uncommonly fine,  
 A most beautiful Picture, and almost divine !  
 Believe me, *dear* SIMON, no landscape in WALES,  
 Full of rivers and rocks, full of mountains and vales,

A more



A more striking diversity offers to fight,  
 Than the Preface which P—R was so good as to write;  
 I'm convinc'd that DIVINITY only could speak  
 Such an *elegant jargon* of Latin and Greek;  
 Not a page but exhibits unnumber'd quotations,  
 From histories poems, and ancient orations;  
 QUINTILIAN and HOMER, DEMOSTHENES, HUME,  
 Are work'd up in one *panegyrical loom*;  
 The texture displays the vast skill of the *Weaver*,  
 And gives him strong claim to the ORATOR's favour,  
 I have heard that P—R's Scholars, six days in the week,  
 Were translating the HERALD to Latin and Greek,  
 Whose paragraphs choicest the Doctor selected  
 For his preface—the rest, he as *lumber* rejected.  
 'Tis a Work, which the strangest of *Chequers* surpasses,  
 Whilst the difference of style shews the difference of  
 classes.

But what you must think more miraculous still,  
 Is the depth of the PEDAGOGUE's magical skill;  
 A hundred dead Authors, he readily raises,  
 Who all sing altogether the MANAGERS' praises.  
 After all these exploits, is it longer surprising,  
 That SIMKIN should sink, whilst the DOCTOR is rising?

But as matter seems wanting to fill up this letter,  
 Perhaps, *my dear* BROTHER may relish it better,

It,

If, instead of relating my own observations,  
I give some examples of P—R's *Commendations*.

You will find in *page six*, of the *Second Edition*,

P—R speaking of BURKE with the deepest contrition,

Laments, that *his friend* is a specimen sad,

“Of FORTUNE *once good, now deplorably bad*.”

The days he remembers, when EDMUND was young, }  
Those agreeable days, when the Senators hung }

On the *long-twisted rope* of the ORATOR's tongue ;

But in danger of choaking, and weary of hanging,

They are now quite regardless of EDMUND's haran-  
guing ;

And there's scarcely one Member who listens, altho'

His Orations partake of the nature of *Snow*.\*

In the following page, P—R is certain and sure,

That BURKE leads the life of the *True SIMON PURE*,

And that all other men (as 'tis proper they shou'd,)

Must account for their conduct to EDMUND *the good* ;

But among the best traits he has noted in BURKE,

Is this—that in spite of the rascally work

Of Fortune, his dignity never can yield,

But tho' *beaten* and thump'd, still remains in the field ;

And in all undertakings, tho' hooted and hiss'd,

His conscience approving has made him persist.

\* *Cujus enim dicentis ex ore Senatus quondam pendebat, illius jam oratio etsi nivibus hybernis simillima sit, sibi tamen audentiam vix ullum facit.*

There is one thing, perhaps, I hereafter may do,  
 Which, by way of a secret, I mention to you,  
 As my heroes esteem what is crabbed and cramp,  
 My writing next season shall be of that stamp ;  
 Our *Welsh* and their *English* I'll happily mingle,  
 Which, like P—R's Greek and Latin, may prettily jingle ;  
 And to render the sound still more striking and full,  
 From BURKE's *native Irish* some phrases I'll cull ;  
 With these I will now and then spangle my line,  
 And I question, if P—R's will look better than mine.  
 It is not, however, for me to expect,  
 Like him, to excite universal respect ;  
 Greek, *English*, and *Latin* in gratitude join,  
 To the DOCTOR obliged, for his plentiful coin.  
 With *Burkius* and *Foxius*, and such pretty sounds,  
 As *οι Γαλλίζοντες* the preface abounds ;  
 There is one thing indeed, which I cannot yet find,  
 Why PITT by *ο δεινός* is always design'd ;  
 Nor do I suppose that the DOCTOR could tell,  
 Why *Pittius* for PITT, would not read just as well.  
 But the reason of this, ere I come to the end,  
 'Tis likely enough I may well comprehend ;  
 For indeed, my dear SIMON, 'tis fit you should know,  
 That I have not, as yet, read the Preface half through ;  
 In *Lexicons* oft, disappointed, I seek  
 For the DOCTOR's *new coinage* of Latin and Greek.

I must

I must not forget to inform you, the style  
 Is a recipe good for the cure of the bile ;  
 So, like *Convalescents*, who store up their pills,  
 I reserve it for bilious and splenetic ills.

Here this Letter ends, but in case *my dear BROTHER*  
 Should the subject approve, I can send him another ;  
 For P—R's Preface resembles a pantomime dish,  
 Made of all sorts of meat, of fowls, puddings, and  
 fish.

Aug. 13th, 1789.

LET

## L E T T E R XLII.

YOU tell me, *dear SIMON*, you relish the feast  
 I procur'd you from P—R, the *political Priest* ;  
 Now, since my Remarks correspond with your liking,  
 Let me add a few more, that are equally striking.

P—R tells us, *the deluging language of Fox*  
*Runs down from the mountain and tears up the rocks !*  
 (And among other mad, unaccountable pranks)  
*It blows up the bridge and runs over the banks—*  
*And whene'er, in this manner, Fox chuses to speak,*  
*The minds are astonish'd of those that are weak !*  
 In the very next page, the *meek Doctor* is struck  
 With the horrors, at CHARLEY's long run of ill luck ;  
 The *past* he considers a terrible curse,  
 But the *future*, he fears, will be fifty times worse ;  
 He sees, at a distance, some storm that is brewing,  
 And likely t'*involve* the *whole PARTY* in ruin ;  
 But what still increases the DOCTOR's regret,  
 Is, that all *honest men* were with CHARLEY upset.—  
 At length he observes, in the way of condoling,  
 The *good Conscience* of CHARLES must be very *consoling—*  
 And



And tho' at *O' deina* P—R constantly snarls,  
 He's indulgent enough to the foibles of CHARLES,  
 Who spent a great part of his youth in the stews,  
*Yet found himself* MORE *than a* MATCH *for the* JEWS;  
*Peccadilloes*, like these, P—R is pleas'd to insist,  
 Cannot place his dear friend on the *criminal list*—  
 And the truth of that adage he strongly enforces,  
 That the *wildest* of *colts* make the *finest* of *horses*—  
 And the converse of this proposition the same,  
 Your *horse* proves a *slug*, if your *colt* was too *tame*;  
 And thence, as *O' deina's* not fond of a wench,  
 P—R thinks him unfit for the Treasury Bench.

In *page the fifteenth*, the *sad* DOCTOR laments  
 That the PARTY sunk under the worst of events;  
 For, whilst they were using their utmost endeavour  
 To make themselves firm in their places *for ever*—  
 And when Fortune seem'd willing to grant all their  
     wishes,  
 The PHILISTINES rush'd in, and laid hold of their  
     fishes—  
 But tho' silenc'd just then, by regard for his bones,  
 He now may, with safety, give vent to his groans.  
 When the DOCTOR had storm'd and expended his  
     rage,  
 By sighing and groaning for more than a page,

With

With profusion of logic, and deep erudition,  
 He began a defence of a *late* COALITION !  
 All those who condemn, says the learned Divine,  
 Wrap in high-sounding words *elocution canine* ;  
 That is, they are *house-dogs* that watchfully bark,  
 When they smell out a *thief, that would steal in the dark.*  
 After all these hyperboles, laughably odd,  
 P—R should be created, a *Father in God* ;  
 And CHARLES, *when he can*, must reward with a mitre  
 The merit of this panegyrical writer.—

DOCTOR JOHNSON, I've heard, with no stronger pre-  
 tension,  
 Got from Administration the grant of a pension :  
 Of *pedantry*, HE, late *egregious professor*,  
 To P—R left the chair, as his *rightful successor*.  
 The first a COLOSSUS, of straddle so wide,  
 As to spread o'er this globe, and *whole systems* beside—  
 The next a COLOSSULUS, standing on pegs,  
 With all the *dead languages* under *his legs*—  
 The *former* knew more than will ever be known—  
 The *latter* makes Latin and Greek of *his own*.

'Tis diverting to see how the DOCTOR can scold,  
 At *nescio quis* WILBERFORCE,\* who was so bold

\* Page 42.

As to say, " that BURKE's *judgement* had lost *all its*  
*" powers,*

--" And that time had *destroy'd* his *rhetoical flowers.*"

Then O'deina comes in for his share of the blame,

For rashly presuming to *echo* the same,

Without being mov'd by confusion or shame;

But P—R's of opinion, the most they can say

Is, that BURKE's *elocution* begins to grow *grey*.\*

But now, my dear SIMON, 'tis proper and fit

I should give P—R's remark on O'DEINA or PITT.

His *political* course, when O'DEINA began,

P—R thought him a *promising, decent young man*;

But when, unexpected, he *alter'd* his tack,

From *charmingly white*, he grew *frightfully black*.

Now I think that the HERALD, or some other print,

Should give this forgetful young Statesman a hint,

That, *black* as he is, he might soon become *whiter*,

By giving the DOCTOR the next vacant MITRE.

How useful 'twould be in *political war*,

To have such a *militant* Bishop as P—R,

Who, if OPPOSITION should venture to speak,

Would well cannonade them with *Latin* and *Greek*.

\* The Preface, which is the subject of Simkin's pleasantry, is full of such incongruities; nothing but the genius of pedantry could have formed such an union of ideas.

As PITT has not many years quitted the *College*,  
 P—R thinks he must needs want political knowledge;  
 Tho' this is a failing I should not suspect  
 In PITT, were it not for his *shameful neglect*  
 Of the *merit* of P—R, but this conduct at once  
 Proclaims him to be a political dunce.

But 'tis time I should think of concluding this Letter;  
 And, perhaps, you would tell me, The sooner the  
 better—

For the present I therefore will stay all proceeding,  
 Being heartily weary of writing and reading.  
 For tho', like our *Welch Mountains*, it catches the eye,  
 P—R's preface, like *them*, is *hard, barren, and dry*.  
 When I take up the book, I can't possibly keep  
 My eyes for five minutes, from yielding to sleep.

But if no other subject occurs, MY DEAR BROTHER,  
 Upon *this*, I hereafter must *send you* ANOTHER.

Aug. 19th, 1789.

Q

LET.

## L E T T E R   XLIII.

NO subject occurring as food for my pen,  
 On P—R I reluctantly comment again.  
 There is *one* thing, indeed, I omitted to mention,  
 Well worthy of your's, and all writers' attention ·  
 As the *principal object* of all *Dedications*  
 Is attainment of friends by *well-tim'd Adulations* ;  
 And as he who is eager to serve his own ends,  
 Can ne'er have too many well-wishers and friends,  
 When he brings out a work, 'tis an excellent plan  
 Into *Books* to *divide* it, as much as he can.  
 For *each Book* a *Patron* he thought to select,  
 And to praise him much more than he well can expect,  
 The fashion the DOCTOR led up in his work,  
 Bestowing a Book on NORTH, CHARLEY, and BURKE,  
 And having *some* firkins of Butter to spare,  
 And supposing his Patrons more DRY than a *Hare*,  
 Their skins with his grease he dripp'd, larded, and  
     basted,  
 'Till in streams it ran down, and he fear'd 'twould be  
     wasted.

Yet



Yet profuse as he was, 'twill hereafter be found,  
 His Butter will bring a good price by the pound.  
 My stomach was turn'd, I grew rather unwell,  
 So affected was I by the sight and the smell;  
 'Tis so loathsome that no English taste could abide it,  
 Had not P—R had in *Latin* the prudence to hide it.  
 So Lovers, who practise the arts of deceiving,  
 Finding those who are flatter'd, too fond of believing,  
 Take care, when they *season* their compliments high.  
 That none but the person they flatter, be high.  
 On this principle, P—R, who in nature is learn'd,  
 Conceal'd it from all but the parties concern'd.

In the 45th page, it is sadly lamented,  
 That the *Gentry* of *England* are much *discontented*,  
 To find themselves forc'd in the House to sit down  
 With men of no *family*, *rank*, or *renown*.  
 Great part of the Senate is made up of *Jobbers*,  
 According to P—R, and of *Callico Robbers*.  
 And he thinks, at the entrance a porter should stay,  
 To tell the new Senators which is the way.

As P—R could to SHERRY give no dedication  
 For want of a book—he made full compensation,  
 By declaring, that *numberless* QUALITIES join,  
 Essential to make that *great Orator* shine;

And the first proof thereof which the Pedagogue brings  
 Is, that SHERRY has very great knowledge of THINGS;  
 He has also a *knack at satirical joking*,  
 At making *short answers*, and *very provoking*;  
 With *learning* (alluding perhaps to the STAGE)  
 Such as *Gentlemen* have in this *elegant age*.  
 But the DOCTOR has candour enough to admit,  
 That among all the ARMY which *fight* under PITT,  
 With SHERRY to match not a *Soldier* is fit,  
 Nay, tho' PITT talks apace, without tripping or halt-  
 ing,

SHERRY beats him to nothing, at *cutting and salting*.  
 SHERRY soon *tripp'd* up GRENVILLE, whose glory and  
 pride

Is, in having a *fall* unsuccessfully *try'd*.  
 All the talents, which NORTH, FOX, and EDMUND  
 have got,

According to P—R, fall to SHERIDAN's lot:  
 Like FOX he is *subtle, ingenious, and bold*—  
 Like BURKE he can spout forth a *FOUNTAIN of Gold*,  
 And like NORTH *with urbanity, rattle and scold*.

When the DOCTOR had got no more *Butter to spare*,  
 'Twas divertingly curious to hear him declare,  
 That without the least view to his *dignity* raising,  
 'Twas *truth*, and *truth only*, that set him a praising;

To *truth* you must think him *extremely devoted*,  
 As he has not a *wish* for the being *promoted*:  
 And to show himself truly impartial and right,  
 In PITT he discovers one spot that is white.  
 For when on the CHURCH an *attack* was *intended*,  
 And her rights by LORD NORTH were as bravely de-  
 fended—  
 PITT's eloquence also came in to her aid,  
 Which serv'd as NORTH's *Lacquey*, or young *Chamber-*  
*maid*.\*

And now, my *Dear BROTHER*, with P—R I have done,  
 And, perhaps, 'twere as well, had I never begun;  
 For I find, on inquiry, among learned men,  
 His Book was ne'er heard of by *nine* out of *ten*;  
 And among the *few* people that heard of its *name*,  
 Not one part in ten has look'd into the *same*;  
 And I firmly believe, in this *light-reading* age,  
 Not a *man* in *ten thousand* could drag through a *page*.

Sept. 3, 1789.

\* All the bombast quoted by Simkin is to be found in the Preface to *Be'llendinus*, and infinitely more.

## LETTER XLIV.

SINCE the day that I animadverted on P—R,  
 That bright theologo-political Star,  
 No subject for writing has fall'n in my way ;  
 So I rested—because I had nothing to say.  
 But now, *my dear Boy*, by the blessing of Fate,  
 I have got an occurrence or two to relate.  
 You must know thro' the City a rumour was spread,  
 That the Parliament soon would be legally dead ;  
 The WHIGS, hearing this, in a state of dejection,  
 Assembled to settle th' ensuing Election !  
 And whilst they were stating and solving their doubts,  
 As to who'll be the IN's, and who must be the OUT's,  
 The veteran Orator was not forgot—  
 That is—whether BURKE be re-chosen or not ?

Then JOSEPH rose, and thus a speech began :  
 “ We've had sufficient of this prating man :  
 “ The justly-hated name of EDMUND draws  
 “ A gen'ral odium on the fairest cause.

“ The

- “ The Nation once, by pompous sound misled,  
 “ Implicitly believ’d whate’er he said,  
 “ And thought his *heart* much better than his *head*.  
 “ But now the WORLD his head and heart attack,  
 “ And say the one is *weak*—the other *black*;  
 “ With all his actions men are now acquainted,  
 “ His private character is also tainted,  
 “ St. Omar’s Jesuit is at length unfainted :  
 “ His friend, the MARQUIS, long before he dy’d,  
 “ Repentant, cut the knot, his blindness ty’d :  
 “ LORD V——Y too, found reason to regret  
 “ That *patience* which illegalizes DEBT ;  
 “ His *pious zeal* against a great NABOB,  
 “ Is now consider’d as a pilf’ring JOB ;  
 “ A dish of gravy-meat of EDMUND’s carving,  
 “ To feast himself, and keep poor DICK from starving,  
 “ His foolish triumph, shamefully express’d,  
 “ Resentment kindled in each royal breast ;  
 “ The cause, the sole detested cause, was he,  
 “ That we were lately burnt in effigy :  
 “ In detestation, we have long been held,  
 “ And must remain, ’till EDMUND is expell’d.  
 “ The sicken’d Senators, when EDMUND prates,  
 “ Some stay to hiss, while others quit their seats.  
 “ From him a stream of pompous nonsense flows,  
 “ And serves the cause he labours to oppose :



“ His numerous blunders in a recent case,  
 “ Have fixed on us indelible disgrace :  
 “ A motion now I make, (let none resist)  
 “ To blot his name from the dishonour'd list.”

He ceased—and MONTAGUE arose to speak :—

“ I grant his heart is black, his head is weak :  
 “ But still I think a reason might be giv'n,  
 “ Why from the Party BURKE should not be driv'n ;  
 “ He is, you must allow, an useful *Butt*,  
 “ For Wits to *fire upon*, to *flash* and *cut* ;  
 “ A scape-goat he, the Party's sins to bear,  
 “ Of which friend Joe commits an ample share.  
 “ Should BURKE a patriotic life forego,  
 “ The shaft of Ridicule might fall on JOE ;  
 “ 'Tis hard to say, should men their conduct scan,  
 “ If BURKE or SURFACE be the fairest man.”

Here ended MONTAGUE—and COURTNEY rose,  
 With ever welcome wit, to interpose :

“ The Chief who spoke first, and the Chief that did  
 “ follow,  
 “ Are ORACLES equal to those of APOLLO ;  
 “ With SURFACE, indeed, I am free to admit,  
 “ That EDMUND is worth twenty Members to PITT ;  
 That

- " That the name of St. EDMUND's sufficient to tarnish  
 " All the *colours* of FOX, and all SURFACE's *varnish* :  
 " Notwithstanding all this, I'm unwilling to scout him,  
 " Because we may probably fare worse without him ;  
 " 'Tis prudent to sacrifice *wrinkle-horn'd Rams*,  
 " To save from the *Altar* sweet *innocent Lambs*.  
 " Should BURKE be discarded, as MONTAGUE noted,  
 " Some victim or other must soon be devoted ;  
 " The well-meaning CHARLES, or the innocent JOE,  
 " Must feel the sharp lash of some libellous foe ;  
 " The writer of news must have food for his pen,  
 " To raise entertainment for scandalous men :  
 " The follies of BURKE are so many and glaring,  
 " His actions so wild, and his speeches so daring,  
 " As to yield constant matter for wonder and staring." }

Here CHARLEY, whose words are more weighty  
 than lead,

Observ'd on both sides a great deal might be said ;

That he had not as yet fully made up his mind,

If to *drag him along*, or to *leave him behind*.

Here this Letter ends, but whenever these men

Shall agree on this point, I will write you again ;

In the mean time, I fear, if BURKE is not re-chosen,

My *Pen* will be *pointless*, my *Ink* will be *frozen*.

Oct. 20, 1789.

LET-

## LETTER LXV.

YOU remember, *Dear SIMON*, my formerly stating,  
 That BURKE was displeas'd with my stile of narrating.  
 Alas ! now I find, I'm for ever rejected,  
 As a new Poet Laureat is lately elected :  
 This intelligence cruel, I draw from a hint,  
 Convey'd thro' a *late publish'd, ludicrous Print*.  
 Lest this should be thought not explicit enough,  
 I must tell you, the *Party*, that wears *Blue and Buff*,  
 Have *subscrib'd* for an *Artist*, a *liberal Fee*,  
 (Tho' they never once thought of *subscribing for me*)  
 Who, with great Ingenuity, Labour, and Pain,  
 Has pourtray'd the design of some Partizan's Brain ;  
 'Tis inscrib'd, by consent, to a \* *DUCHESS DIVINE*,  
 The *Pride*, and the *Hope*, of the *CAVENDISH line*.

First, *LIBERTY'S GODDESS*, assuming the *Face*,  
 The *Person*, the *Air*, and the *Shape* of *HER GRACE*,

\* If Simkin is in error—the Artist, Mr. POLLARD, must be responsible.—The words are “ TO HER GRACE the DUCHESS of  
 “ DEVONSHIRE, *this Print* of INDIA. VINDICATED, is, by HER  
 “ PERMISSION, must HUMELY DEDICATED.”

Holds out her *Fore-finger*, intending to show  
Her Apostles—BURKE, FOX, PHILIP FRANCIS, and  
JOE.

With her *Cap* and her *Staff*, she seems ready to *holloa*,  
Lo! these are the lads, which the DUCHESSES follow.  
BURKE, dress'd like the great *Roman Orator GRAC-*  
CHUS,

Wants only a mob at command, to attack us ;  
And the visage of CHARLES, full of spirit and fire,  
Seems as if he would lay *Ten to One on HIGH-FLYER* ;  
And the *modern dress'd* JOSEPH, with Rouge in his face,  
Looks as if he could collar a *Justice of Peace* ;  
Whilst these heads all seem in an attitude speaking,  
PHILIP, drawn at *full length*, appears creeping and  
sneaking.

Mean time see the GODDESS her left hand direct  
To a beautiful figure—RECORDER ELECT !  
Whose likeness expressive, decidedly shews  
Her Sister renown'd, is "*th' Historical Muse.*"

The Lady, I've heard, is preparing a Work,  
The ACTS of the PATRIOTS—FOX, JOSEPH, and  
BURKE.

As

As a proof of her skill, an inclosure I send,  
'Tis a Copy I luckily got from a friend,  
Of a sweet pretty ODE, which her Ladyship penn'd. }

THE  
GREAT ANNIVERSARY ODE,

BY THE

HISTORIC MUSE.

GENTLE BUTCHERS! ring your cleavers—

ROYAL COBLERS! Barbers! Weavers!

CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS! and COAL-HEAVERS!

Leave your work, and come away!

COOPERS, down with adze and wimble!

TAYLORS, drop the yard and thimble!

LINK-BOYS and LAMP-LIGHTERS nimble,

Come and keep this HOLIDAY!

Drink and drive away the vapours—

When the night comes, light your tapers;

Dance and sing, and cut high capers,

Dedicate this day to mirth.

Let this day be ne'er neglected!

But, like CHRISTMAS, be respected—

FOX this day was first elected—

FOX *the greatest man on earth!*

Not



Not the glorious REVOLUTION,  
Checking lawless persecution,  
Which secur'd our CONSTITUTION

Free, for overturning shocks—  
Not the BRUNSWICK Coronation,  
Chafing POP'RY from the nation,  
E'er deserv'd commemoration,

*Like th' ELECTION of CHARLES FOX!*

When the HERO tells his story,  
Acts of splendor, deeds of glory,  
Will diffuse their light before ye—

Then bestow your loud applause!  
WALTER TYLER, clad in armour!  
MASTER CADE, the great Reformer!  
CROMWELL's self was never warmer,  
Than CHARLES FOX in Virtue's cause!

C\*\*\*\*\* and B\*\*\*\*, by joint endeavour,  
*Thirteen Provinces* did sever  
From the BRITISH CROWN for ever!

Noble CHARLES, and loyal BURKE!  
*Irish Independence* rearing,  
Kingdoms two asunder tearing,  
Make the CROWN not worth the wearing—  
This, indeed, is glorious work!

Gallant

*Gallant* CHARLES, the Nation's blessing;  
Eas'd your SHOPS of tax distressing,  
Laid thereon by PITT, oppressing—

Hail, for ever, BLUE and BUFF !  
Still there's something more provoking,  
PITT has laid a tax on *smoking*,  
Whilst your wives and mothers, croaking—  
Dread another tax on *Snuff*.

TOAST the PRINCE and ROYAL BROTHER,  
Whilst some folk, in places other  
Toast his Father and his MOTHER—

Drink the PEOPLE'S MAJESTY !  
Drink about, ye *thirsty fishes* !  
Toasting with sincerest wishes,  
RUSSELS, BENTINCKS, CAVENDISHES,  
With FITZWILLIAM, ever free !

*Godlike* CHARLES, the World's *Eighth Wonder* !  
In St. STEPHEN's squeaking thunder,  
Keeps the frightened Members under :

Oh ! let FOX be ne'er cast out !  
Rise, ye gallant sons of freedom !  
Damn the laws, and never heed 'em !  
Wealthy villains only need 'em—  
Honest poor can live without.

See the SIRE, by SON forsaken—

F—persuades the *Heir mistaken*,

The Prerogative to weaken—

Thanks to CHARLES's soothing tongue.

When he speaks—Huzza!—encore him!

Tumble down, and kneel before him!

Kiss his *shoe-string*, and adore him—

CHARLES from *Freedom's Goddess* sprung!

At next WESTMINSTER ELECTION,

Guard with care against defection;

Give delinquents just correction—

Bring a *Hundred Thousand Votes*.

Collar MAGISTRATES and fright 'em—

Meet your foes, and boldly fight 'em—

SAMSON like, with jaw-bone smite 'em,

Make clean work, and cut their throats.

This model of eloquence, style, and expression,

Was presented the Day of KING CHARLES's ACCESSION;

SION;

I mean on that great ANNIVERSARY DAY,

When the WESTMINSTER MOB first acknowledg'd his

sway;

And that this blessed day may be never forgot,

'Twill hereafter be kept like the *Gun-Powder Plot*.

Next

Next year we expect all the Bells in the Steeple  
 Will ring the whole day, for this *Man of the People*;  
 And if I were KING GEORGE, while the Hero is  
 living,

I would make it an Annual Day of Thanksgiving.  
 And the *Almanack Makers*, in future, 'tis said,  
 Will distinguish the Tenth of October with red.

Should JOSEPH, *Dear Brother*, his promise fulfil,  
 (Tho' on casting the Odds, I much doubt if he will)  
 I'll give you the *cream*, when he lets me peruse  
 The *Acts of the Patriots*, by Liberty's Muse.

To return to the Print—where the Goddess of Free-  
 dom—

Deals Her Oracles out, to such people as need 'em,  
 'Tis delightful to see this DIVINITY trample  
 On chains, setting subjects an useful example;  
 And she who has forc'd such a number to wear 'em,  
 With ease can instruct her own Captives to tear 'em.  
 Her Vor'ries, however, would gladly pull down  
 The *Ensigns of Government*, Scepter, and Crown.  
 At the Foot of the Column, black people are kneeling,  
 To raise in the Patriots, *compassionate feeling*;  
 Or to gratefully thank them for having procur'd  
 Relief from Distresses they never endur'd;

For persuading the *Commons*, that man to condemn,  
 Who *preserv'd* to the *Crown* its most brilliant Gem;  
 Or, perhaps, for preventing all farther abuse,  
 By turning THEIR WEALTH to the NATIONAL USE.  
 MUNNY BEGUM, whose Fame BURKE so wickedly  
     *painted,*  
 Is drawn like the LADY, who formerly fainted  
 At a Tale of Distress,\* with which you are acquainted. }

This BEGUM, BURKE said, was a *Prostitute common*,  
 A disgrace to her Sex, a vile profligate Woman;  
 And though from the dregs of the people she sprung,  
 Made a BEGUM, because she enchantingly sung:  
 But, in justice to BURKE, I must own he recanted,  
 When his Evidence fail'd, and the BEGUM's was  
     wanted;  
 Then her Credit arose unimpeach'd and unshaken,  
 And a hearsay from her was a proof to be taken.

But 'tis surely affronting CECILIA, to place her  
 In a station like this—nay, it needs must disgrace her;  
 And, indeed, at first sight, I suspected a plot,  
 That the ARTIST was brib'd, and corrupted by SCOTT,

\* The Story of DEBY SING.

R

To



To exhibit this *BEGUM*, whom *EDMUND* accus'd  
 Of crimes, as an *Angel*, by *HASTINGS* abus'd—  
 To shew *Inconsistency* and *Variation*,  
 Thus fixing discredit on *EDMUND*'s Narration;  
 But the *MAJOR*, if wise, of his cash might be sparing,  
*For the changes of BURKE* are sufficiently glaring.  
 But sure inconsistency is not alarming,  
 On the contrary, I think variety charming;  
 And now I am reading a book of that name,  
 Whose *pleasantries varied*, demonstrate the same.

The Artist display'd some satirical fun,  
 By putting forth *GREY* and *ANSTRUTHER* for one.  
 Wherein, I presume, he adopted the plan,  
 Of their putting *nine Talors* to make up a *Man*;  
 And concluded that *RAJAH CHEYT SING* to pourtray,  
 Would take two such men as *ANSTRUTHER* and  
*GREY*.

But perhaps into error the Artist was led,  
 By reading what *ANSTRUTHER* formerly said;  
 For who would conceive that *CHEYT SING* was the  
*same*,

The identical Person, as well as the Name,  
 Whom *ANSTRUTHER* said, in his conscience he held }  
 To be legally fin'd, and with justice expell'd.

But

But now, as this *versatile Hero contends*,  
Was punish'd unjustly, for *villainous ends*.

Farewell, I shall write you again when I glean  
The ACTS of the APOSTLES—(the PATRIOTS I mean).

Nov. 18, 1789.

R 2

LET-

## LETTER XLVI.

*Sent by a MANAGER to Mr. BURKE.*

DEAR BURKE, with deepest tribulation,  
 I have to give you information  
 Of an untoward thing that past  
 At Westminster, on Wednesday last.  
*Charles Fox*, you know, who loves his KING  
 Far beyond ev'ry earthly thing;  
 Who cannot brook the slightest hint  
 In speech, in writing, or in print,  
 That tends to cast the least reflection  
 On MAJESTY, or its connection  
 (And by the bye, I can't but wonder  
 How he forgave your *Irish Blunder*,  
 When to the wind your sail unfurling,  
 You spliced together KING and *Hurling*.  
 'Twas once, I heard, his resolution  
 To move against you prosecution,  
 Till *Grey*, your able, kind physician,  
 Made known your state and mind's condition;

And therefore tender Charles forgave you,  
And join'd with other friends to save you).

But with digression to have done,  
At least till I've my Tale begun—  
You know that CHARLES was discontented  
With something Mr. STOCKDALE printed;  
I mean that Pamphlet, the *Review*  
Of *Charges* mov'd and pen'd by you:  
He, with the deepest penetration  
Therein discover'd *Defamation*  
Both of the COMMONS and the KING,  
Which was, indeed, a shocking thing.

Some Members, who were rather blind,  
No harm could in the Pamphlet find,  
Although to us of optics keen,  
'Twas plain as Noses to be seen.  
How'er, as CHARLES so clearly saw,  
The HOUSE gave *Stockdale* up to Law;  
And *Wednesday* last the *Cause* was try'd—  
And how d'ye think they did decide?  
Not all th'ATTORNEY GEN'RAL's learning,  
Not all that he could urge concerning  
The dangers *Libels* may produce,  
By coming too much into use,

Could make a *purblind Jury* see  
 What was so clear to CHARLES and ME.  
 Th' ATTORNEY GENERAL once, 'tis true,  
 (One ought to give the Devil his due)  
 Express'd a doubt, that 'twon'd not do.  
 He said it was in vain to try  
 To give a microscopic eye,  
 Or make a Jury magnify.

ERSKINE (I wish the devil had him,  
 Or that to speak he had forbade him)  
 Did with his usual vehemence,  
 And rapid stream of eloquence,  
 Prove, that a single loose expression  
 Could constitute no vast transgression;  
 He pray'd the *Jurymen* to look  
 Into the Contents of the Book,  
 And for themselves judge, if the writing  
 Was matter proper for indicting.  
 They took his counsel, and withdrew,  
 And read some pages through and through.  
 Pretext and Context they compar'd,  
 And after all their search, declar'd  
 If any thing amiss there be,  
 'Tis more than Jurymen can see.

But



But that which most afflicted me,  
Was seeing SCOTT so full of glee,  
After the legal battle winning,  
Depart from Court in triumph grinning.

But oh, my Friend, my heart is sad—  
I think this omen very bad :  
HASTINGS was thought a great oppressor,  
And BURKE of wrongs the just redressor ;  
Of work divine the noblest creature,  
The gen'rous friend of human nature :  
But now, alas! all see the trick—  
Curse on employing BROTHER DICK—  
Curse on his vain Procrastinations,  
Curse on all *over-spun Orations*,  
Curs'd be the causes of delaying—  
Forgive me, BURKE, for what I'm saying ;  
I'll make amends by future praying. }  
Pieces of timber *very* long  
Are *very* seldom *very* strong,  
So fine Orations lose their *strength*,  
When they exceed a proper length.

'Tis written by our SHAKSPERE's pen,  
“ There is, in the affairs of men,

“ A tide, which taken at the flood,  
 “ Leads on to fortune fair and good ;  
 “ But if they slothfully neglect  
 “ The tide, alas ! the vessel’s wreck’d.”

There was a time, when thy Oration  
 Produc’d, by virtue of inflation,  
 A public mental inflammation,  
 That for decision was the season,  
 When passions warm’d extinguish’d reason.

Oh, EDMUND ! once o’er the opinion  
 Of men, thou hadst supreme dominion ;  
 But now, alas ! thou’rt fallen so low  
 As to force pity from a foe.  
 HASTINGS himself, should he outlive thee,  
 And see thy exit, must forgive thee.  
 Oh, EDMUND, EDMUND, I could weep !  
 But first I’ll try to get a sleep.

Dec. 15th, 1789.

LET.

LETTER XLVII.

MR. BURKE'S ANSWER.

GOOD God ! the Letter you have sent,  
 Has fill'd me full of discontent.  
 Can you suppose that I require  
 More fuel heap'd upon the fire ?  
 You know how long and hard I toil,  
 How much my spirits fume and boil,  
 While all my flesh and entrails broil.  
 What ! did a JURY dare dissent  
 From Fox, the *Man of Parliament* ?  
 What ! did not KENYON send 'em back,  
 Nor put them on a better track ?  
 Nor MANSFIELD-like, distinction draw,  
 Between the *Fact* and *point of Law* ?  
 Fox said, it was a *Libel* strong,  
 And his opinion can't be wrong.  
 I am, by G—d, in such a fury,  
 That were they mine, I do assure ye,  
 I'd give the Devil J—dg— and J—.

Mercy

Mercy upon us ! Heaven defend !  
 God only knows where this will end.  
 The *Mob*, perhaps, at *next Election*  
 May hold *Fox* Worthy of *Rejection*.  
 The fickle dogs may change their plan,  
 And chuse some other for their man.

This is, of all things most provoking,  
 Except your cursed mode of joking :  
 Don't talk to me of BROTHER DICK,  
 The bare remembrance makes me sick :  
 Don't speak about Procrastination,  
 For I have plann'd a new *Oration*,  
 Replete with *Recapitulation* }  
 Of all that WARREN HASTINGS did—  
 Both what he own'd, and what he hid :  
 Into *Synopsis* I have brought  
 What he did think, and should have thought :  
 I've pick'd up *Tales*, to make *Digressions*,  
 Enough to last for *Twenty Sessions*.

ANSTRUTHER tells me, he can speak  
 A day or two in ev'ry week ;  
 And Fox (unless in certain cases,  
 Like being at *Newmarket Races*)

Will

Will lend his aid the scene to vary,  
 And make a speech, when I am weary;  
 And all the rest shall ready stand,  
 To lend in need an helping hand.

But, truly, 'tis confounded hard,  
 To always play a losing card;  
 For spite of mine and Party's skill,  
 Let's cut and shuffle how we will,  
 COURT CARDS and TRUMPS *we never get*,  
 But deeper still sink into debt.  
 FORTUNE! my Curfes light upon her,  
 Lets none of us get any Honor:  
 Long have I study'd to cajole her,  
 But now *by force* I will control her.  
 I will not cease till I exhibit  
 HASTINGS's body on a *gibbet*,  
 And ev'ry Scribbler, Poetafter,  
 Shall share the fortune of his Master;  
 But above all, that *R—sc—I* SCOTT,  
 By me he'll never be forgot:  
 That *Dog*, whene'er I *colour high*,  
 Makes it appear a *horrid Lye*;  
 Pursuing me in all directions,  
 He makes, and glories in detections:



When I inveigh with language strong,  
 He writes a book to prove me wrong,  
 And keeping with me trick and tye,  
 He writes and speaks as much as I.  
 That curst SCOTT, not only shows  
 My errors in sarcastic Prose,  
 But gets some half-starv'd *Grub-street Poet*,  
 In *doggrel Verse* again to shew it.  
 ANSTIE (indeed I do suspect him,  
 Let him beware how I detect him),  
 Author of SIM. THE FIRST, is reckon'd  
 The Author too, of SIM. THE SECOND.  
 When SCOTT informs him, *Stockdale's* free,  
 He'll be as bold as bold can be.

I've heard he is about a Work,  
 Th' ORATIONS (call'd) of EDMUND BURKE—  
 My Speeches made at sundry times,  
 Are all t' appear in SIMKIN's *Rhymes*.  
*Another work*, I've heard, beside—  
 'Tis call'd the PATRIOTIC GUIDE;  
 Wherein he tears the mask away,  
 And shews the tricks *we Patriots* play.  
 All this and more from SCOTT has sprung—  
 Would I could see the Villain hung,

Into

Into the flames, would I could cram him !

Oh *vengeance, vengeance ! damn him, damn him !*

I'm nearly now to *madness* driven,

And almost with myself in heaven ;

And here on earth I merely stay,

Because I'm so much with'd away ;

Yes, I will stay on earth to plague 'em,

With tales of BHOW and MUNNY BHEAGUM.

Dec. 16th, 1789.

L.E.T.

LETTER XLVIII.  
SIMON IN WALES,  
TO HIS  
BROTHER SIMKIN IN TOWN.

THRO' TAFFY LAND, *Brother*, a rumour has  
spread,

That SIMKIN, alas! must be certainly dead;  
From your silence unusual, the rumour arofe,  
Or from something, 'tis likely, that nobody knows.  
Some think you're disgusted at losing the post  
Of RECORDER to BURKE, and his tongue-fighting  
Host:

But I hope that my SIMKIN, though B—— is unjust,  
Will not hold himself back, giving way to disgust;  
Tho' Lady D—NC—N—N's RECORDER elect,  
Your Verses in Wales will be read with respect.  
Your Kindred and Friends all unite in beseeching,  
That as ED——D and COLLEAGUES go on with *im-  
peaching*,

Not-

Notwithstanding your present official dismissal,  
 You will, in defiance of BURKE's prohibition,  
 In the Boxes, as formerly, take up your station,  
 And give us the substance of every Oration.  
 From your Letters, when finish'd, I mean to compose  
 A curious collection of ED——D's *Bon Mots*,  
 Of ideas sublime, dress'd in beautiful Prose.  
 The work will be useful, as well as amusing,  
 And instructive to Youth in the *arts of abusing*.

There's STOCKDALE, who deals in political writing,  
 Who has suffer'd in pocket, I hear, from indicting;  
 And to make up the loss, in the way of his trade,  
 Is selling the Speech that his Advocate made;  
 That Speech must be able, conclusive, and strong,  
 Which could prove to a JURY the COMMONS were  
 wrong:

Through TAFFY LAND, ERSKINE has spread his re-  
 nown,

By this Speech, so I beg you will send it us down.  
 This STOCKDALE, hereafter, shall publish my work,  
 I mean the *Bon Mots* of the Orator Burke:  
 And the sayings of CHARLEY and JOSEPH are equal  
 In value, and are to appear in the sequel.

We

We have children of four, who, in high imitation  
 Of the Westminster Heroes, can make an Oration,  
 For an hour by the clock, against base speculation. }

One thing I have heard, but I can't think it true,  
 If it were, it had surely been mention'd by you :

ANSTRUTHER, they say, was once HASTINGS's Friend,  
 And in *Leadenhall-street* did his conduct defend ;  
 That conduct which now 'tis his pride to attack,  
 And to prove to the COURT is so frightfully black ;  
 That very fame conduct he prov'd to be right,  
 Without spot or blemish, and perfectly white.

Oh ! tell me, *dear SIM.* can this possibly be,  
 Or are Travellers idle, imposing on me ?  
 If the story were grounded, I'm certain the Court  
 Would think all he said a mere matter of sport :

All the BISHOPS would pray for new light to conduct  
 'em,

And in ANSTRUTHER's *mystical ways* to instruct 'em.  
 Lord TOWNSHEND would ask him, if what he express'd  
 That day, should be constru'd in earnest or jest ?

Lord THURLOW would think it extremely provoking,  
 That his time should be spent to hear ANSTRUTHER's  
*joking ;*

Unless he loves Music, and therefore rejoices  
 In the harmony sweet of the MANAGERS' Voices.

But,



But, pray, can a Sophist so able be found  
 As to prove the same Timber's both rotten and sound ?  
 I'm convinc'd, on reflection, it cannot be true ;  
 For 'tis more than a fogging Attorney can do :  
 The man who confesses he once has deceiv'd,  
 Has no reason to hope he'll again be believ'd.

I shall finish this Letter with high expectation  
 Of your giving new proofs of your verification  
 In ANSTRUTHER's, FOX's, or EDMUND's Oration. }  
 The Lungs of the latter, from resting so long,  
 Have recover'd, no doubt, and are active and strong ;  
 From practising oft in the BENCH and the PLEAS,  
 ANSTRUTHER can speak with more freedom and ease :  
 The LORDS have recover'd, 'tis hop'd, from their  
     fears,  
 And got well of the bruises they had in their ears ;  
 Whilst HASTINGS, grown callous from habit and  
     use,  
 Can bear, with more patience, reproach and abuse.  
 I have heard something else, which I almost forgot ;  
 'Tis improbable, therefore I credit it not ;  
 By his friends and his foes 'tis in general expected,  
 That BURKE, as a Candidate, will be rejected, }  
 And never in PARLIAMENT be re-elected :

There was something he said of a PERSONAGE ROYAL,  
Which is highly resented by all that are Loyal;  
Perhaps the same story related by you,  
'Tis the HURLING I mean, but I hope 'tis not true.

Oh, SIMKIN! you soon must want food for your  
pen,  
If depriv'd of this best of Political Men;  
I will work double tides, and his character raise  
By my Verse, and the HERALD shall publish his  
praise;  
Were I suffer'd to whisper in MAJESTY'S Ear,  
I could arguments bring, irresistibly clear,  
That if BURKE utter'd language that border'd on  
Treason,  
'Twas when disappointment had smother'd his Reason;  
That HIS MAJESTY'S Servants were chiefly in fault,  
Who rewarded BURKE'S merit much less than they  
ought;  
For where is the man who has strong pretension  
To a PAYMASTER'S Place, or a MINISTER'S Pension?  
I have heard that he once was for starving the —,  
But you know that *revenge is a pitiful thing*;  
Nor can we expect that so generous a man,  
Should follow his own æconomical plan.

Indeed, *my dear* BROTHER, I cannot help thinking,  
 'Tis our inter'ft conjointly to fave him from finking,  
 By hiding his faults, and his virtues revealing—  
 So forget his unkindnefs, and ftifle your feeling.

Jan. 21<sup>st</sup>, 1790.

## LETTER XLIX.

## SIMKIN TO SIMON IN WALES.

OH, BROTHER! Oh, BROTHER! with deep tribulation,

I must try to unfold an afflicting narration :

I'm tortur'd with grief, I'm alarm'd with my fears,

I blot all I write with a torrent of tears,

When the Mob of this City that building pull'd down,

Which let all the Vagabonds loose on the Town,

It gave not the *Cits* so much cause to lament,

As the people now have for this *cruel event*.

Not even the Greeks, when the hot-brain'd ATRIDES

Took BRISEIS away from her Lover PELIDES,

When they lost in the latter their ablest Protector,

And were frighted to fits at the coming of HECTOR—

Not all the distresses they endur'd in the sequel,

The *approaching distresses* of *England* can equal.

Oh, BROTHER ! these Heroes, whom commiseration

Rous'd up as your knights in defence of your Nation,

Whom zeal for GREAT BRITAIN and her Constitution,

Has furnish'd with Rivers of fine Elocution—

Have

Have *quarell'd* !—And EDMUND's expected to fever,  
 In *Political Questions*, from JOSEPH for ever !  
 Like wildfire, 'tis dreaded, Dissention will run,  
 And not ENGLAND alone, but *the WORLD be undone* !

The Contest arose from a clash in Opinion,  
 With respect to the properly placing Dominion :  
 For BURKE in the SENATE declar'd, he arose  
 The *Doctrine* of JOSEPH and CHARLES to *oppose*,  
 Whose Principles growing still stronger and stronger,  
 Are so shocking and bad, he can bear them no longer.

“ I discover the spirit of bold *Innovation*,  
 “ Which must in its consequence ruin this Nation;  
 “ And here, in the presence of all, I advance,  
 “ That I never encourag'd the *Rebels in France*.”

Then he hinted, as if he had reason to fear  
 Some *disorder* or other would *visit us here* ;  
 And seem'd to imagine that one of his friends  
 Some *change*, or some *new Revolution* intends ;  
 And that, for his own part, he ne'er understood  
 That the last *Revolution* produc'd any good—  
 'Twas only the changing one Man for another,  
 Like putting by RICHARD for ROBERT his brother :



He said, Though my feelings it horribly shocks,  
 To think I must leave such a fellow as *For*,  
 Although I would sooner be robb'd of a limb,  
 Than be parted one moment from JOSEPH or *him*,  
 Yet should they proceed with a *wicked intention*,  
 I *myself will oppose them*, by way of prevention.  
 He of GOVERNMENT spoke, and at length he confess  
*Aristocracy* was, in his judgement, the best.

Then CHARLEY arose, and began an Oration,  
 Disclaiming th' idea of all *Innovation* ;  
 Lamenting in terms most pathetic and sad  
 His conviction at length, that *his Leader was mad* :  
 “ BURKE’s friendship to me is exceedingly dear,  
 “ As is very well known to all you that are here ;  
 “ And I freely confess, my *Political Knowledge*  
 “ Was chiefly deriv’d from that Jesuit’s College :  
 “ Half the learning I have (I with confidence say it)  
 “ Had I *Metaphysical Scales*, and could weigh it,  
 “ I obtain’d from attending to BURKE’s *conversation*,  
 “ And yet, notwithstanding this vast obligation,  
 “ Were he to engage in that criminal measure,  
 “ I say he would greatly incur *my displeasure*.  
 “ And should he rebel, I, on such an occasion,  
 “ (If I could not prevail by the arts of *Diffuasion*),  
 “ Would rise up in arms to repel the Invasion.

“ But

" But still, with regard to the *two Revolutions*,  
 " With respect to the best and the worst Constitutions,  
 " I think not with BURKE, for I am of opinion,  
 " That safety consists in divided *dominion*;  
 " And tho' I admit 'tis a very good thing  
 " To have plenty of NOBLES and even a KING,  
 " And am willing that they should partake with the rest,  
 " Yet the share of the *Mob* should be *largest* and *best*.  
 " As to what I declar'd on a former debate,  
 " About *France*, and the things which befel her of late,  
 " If my pleasure and joy were too warmly express'd,  
 " 'Twas only humanity stirr'd in my breast."

Here JOSEPH broke in, and with strong agitation  
 Began to exclaim against *Insinuation*;  
 He declar'd to the House, that he could not tell what  
 Made EDMUND suspect he was laying a *Plot*;  
 That with fear and amazement he heard him advance  
 Hard *libellous words* on the *People of France*;  
 That he needs must acknowledge, the last *Revolution*  
 Had giv'n this Kingdom a *fine Constitution*.

Here BURKE's paroxysm grew stronger and stronger,  
 And his violent tongue could be bridl'd no longer;  
 In a rage he arose, and exclaim'd—Here I *sever*  
 In *Political Matters*, from JOSEPH for ever!

An honest and just indignation I feel  
Against people who wish to display *the Bastile*.

Here ended the Contest, which some think a *Trick*,  
And say that the Party of EDMUND are sick ;  
That 'twas *artifice* made them their LEADER condemn,  
To prevent his hereafter exposing of them.  
But howe'er it may be, this *deplorable story*,  
GREAT BRITAIN will rob of its honour and glory ;  
For, his aid and assistance if EDMUND withdraws,  
Oh, who will stand forth in HUMANITY'S CAUSE ?  
With grief I foresee in this *horrid defection*,  
All *Asia* and *Britain* depriv'd of Protection.  
But HASTINGS's *party*, I fear, will rejoice,  
And already, methinks, their unanimous voice  
Declares to the Public, the *quarrel of knaves*,  
Is one of those blessings, which innocence saves.  
But here, my dear BROTHER, this Letter I end,  
And as matter arises, another I'll send.

---

POSTSCRIPT,

*Dear BROTHER*, I scarcely had laid down my pen,  
When I heard something more of these *wonderful men* :

Lord

Lord DERBY, whose table is almost *divine*,  
 Whose cellars are stor'd with the richest of wine,  
 Next morning invited the *Heroes* to dine. }

A measure he try'd, with the hope of *prevention*  
 Of the *evils* arising from *civil dissention*.

They met—and agreed on his LORDSHIP's *suggestion*,  
 To make a *good meal* e'er they handled the *Question*.

And I fully concur with his LORDSHIP in thinking  
 Good *fellowship* springs from good *eating* and *drinking*.

And the Modern Philosophers frequently tell ye,  
 That to *soften* the *heart*, you must *harden* the *belly*.

At half after three, when they all were grown *mellow*,  
 And the *heart* of each MANAGER *yearn'd* on his *fellow*,

His LORDSHIP, th' advantage of *concord* to teach 'em,  
 Read part of that scene between LOCKIT and PEACHUM,

Whose arguments *solid*, *substantial*, and *strong*,

Made 'em cry, "BROTHER, BROTHER! *we're both in*  
*" the wrong !"*

So they, who last night were so *hot* and *high-mettled*,

Like LOCKIT and PEACHUM, their quarrels have  
 settled.

Then the *Port* and the *Claret* went merrily round,

And *Discord* itself in a bumper was drown'd.

Feb. 11th, 1790.

LET-

## L E T T E R L.

YOU say that my friends all unite in beseeching—  
 Thus SIMKIN, as EDMUND, goes on with impeaching,  
 To follow the track HE has long been pursuing,  
 And to verify all BURKE is saying and doing :  
 Oh, SIMON ! alas ! though I cannot refuse ye,  
 I fear, 'twill be difficult now to amuse ye ;  
 PLUMBOSO, than whom ne'er existed a Speaker,  
 Of ideas more dull, or of argument weaker,  
 On the COURT is prepar'd to *insist* an Oration,  
 Which may last twenty days, by his own calculation ;  
 But before *my new Hero* his Speech shall begin,  
 As you lately requested, I'll shew you wherein  
 He *dissents from* HIMSELF, in a mode so capricious,  
 That I'm sadly afraid you will hold it suspicious ;  
 Nor could aught but his own *ipse dixit*, prov'd clear,  
 Induce me to give you its history here.

You must know then, long since, on a *certain occasion*,  
 PLUMBOSO employ'd all the arts of persuasion,  
 To induce INDIA *Stockholders* not to recal  
 WARREN HASTINGS, the Governor then of Bengal ;

His



His Speech is too tedious for quoting at length,  
 So I'll just give a taste of its spirit and strength ;  
 But to do it some justice, I must for the while,  
*Drawl on in the Gentleman's LEADENHALL Stile.*

“ There are, said he, Directors here, who strive  
 “ To taint the purest character alive  
 “ By loose and general Charges, which I trust  
 “ I soon shall prove unfounded and unjust.  
 “ With unsuccessful toil they've labour'd long,  
 “ To find in HASTINGS' conduct something wrong,  
 “ And having views sinister to promote,  
 “ For his recal they've pass'd a general vote ;  
 “ In general terms their Resolutions say,  
 “ That HASTINGS did our orders disobey ;  
 “ That his ambition did in broils engage,  
 “ And complicated wars successful wage ;  
 “ Treaties repugnant made to common sense,  
 “ And crush'd *the* COMPANY with vast expence :  
 “ For these, and such like ills, we deem it meet,  
 “ That HASTINGS should no longer hold his seat.  
 “ But mark, my friends, in vain Direction fought  
 “ To fix on HASTINGS one specific fault ;  
 “ And here I call upon their boldest Man,  
 “ (The challenge let him answer if he can)

“ To

" *To state a SINGLE INSTANCE, or to name*  
 " *ONE ACT that HASTINGS did, deserving BLAME!!!*  
 " In general terms they couch a censure strong,  
 " T'obstruct our proving, that their censure's wrong;  
 " Those only in ambiguous language speak,  
 " Who feel their proofs and arguments are weak.

" Now stop awhile and turn your observation  
 " To men applauding their own moderation;  
 " For Wisdom they their reputations raise,  
 " By taking to themselves another's praise.  
 " They tell us, the M'HRATTA War is due  
 " To HASTINGS—tho' they know the fact *untrue*;  
 " And can DIRECTORS, void of truth and shame,  
 " For *self-committed* crimes their SERVANTS blame?  
 " Bold truths I speak, deny it if ye can,  
 " Our wise DIRECTORS laid the hostile plan;  
 " 'Twas their command the peaceful Treaty broke,  
 " War's Trumpet blew, and gave th' aggressive stroke.

" One fact—you'll not believe, when I relate it,  
 " But let them contradict—if I mis-state it—  
 " FLETCHER, whose voice his own encomium sings,  
 " FLETCHER, who this false accusation brings;  
 " Who told you HASTINGS was the baneful source  
 " Of War, of Rapine, and of lawless Force;

- “ *This very* FLETCHER d—n’d the Treaty made,  
 “ And bade them seek occasion to invade ;  
 “ In these mad acts the COMMITTEE join’d,  
 “ He first the war-provoking letter sign’d.  
 “ It was not HASTINGS who the Treaty broke,  
 “ FLETCHER was he that did the war provoke :  
 “ In scouting Peace, lay FLETCHER’S moderation—  
 “ His faith and wisdom in its violation ;  
 “ His justice, in condemning HASTINGS, shone,  
 “ For Crimes his conscience tells him are his own :  
 “ FLETCHER stand forth ! and make thy own defence,  
 “ Or clear from foul aspersion, INNOCENCE !  
 “ On grounds like these, are all their charges built,  
 “ They *sin themselves*, and HASTINGS bears the guilt.  
 “ Against one man were e’er such schemes devis’d ?  
 “ Was ever character so scrutiniz’d ?  
 “ By *two* COMMITTEES cast, without a hearing,  
 “ Without a friend on his behalf appearing :  
 “ But, after proving, by severest test—  
 “ Convinc’d, his foes reluctantly confess,  
 “ They had in all his public conduct found  
 “ *Integrity of HEART and judgement sound* ;  
 “ Experience, knowledge, qualities that must  
 “ Capacitate a man for PUBLIC TRUST.  
 “ Shall talents such as these incur disgrace ?  
 “ Shall ignorance and folly take their place ?  
 “ Shall

" Shall madness drive this PREFECT from his seat,  
 " The only Man that can preserve the State ?  
 " This our DIRECTORS do, in imitation  
 " Of FOX and BURKE, and THEIR ADMINISTRATION.  
 " To prove, howe'er absurd CHARLES FOX may be,  
 " DIRECTORS *can be more absurd than HE* :  
 " The RAJAH's Exile, and the BEGUM's Tales,  
 " Which General SMITH so tenderly bewails,  
 " Are facts which stand in need of no defence,  
 " Consistent all with equity and sense :  
 " The RAJAH larger tribute justly paid,  
 " The LORD with justice claims the VASSAL's aid ;  
 " With justice fines, for orders disobey'd.

" To all their pleadings on the BEGUM's side,  
 " The COMMODORE has perfectly reply'd ;  
 " But grant, what I deny with reason strong,  
 " In some few cases HASTINGS acted wrong :  
 " Yet, no self-int'rest did his mind mislead,  
 " The Public Weal suggested ev'ry deed—  
 " Accusers, torture facts with all your skill,  
 " *Then shew me ONE, INTENTIONALLY ill.*"

I think, after reading this *versify'd Prose*,  
 Which has nothing but truth to adorn it, God knows !

(A fac-

(A fac-simile sketch of the Gentleman's speech,)

*You will ask with what face can PLUMBOSO IMPEACH?*

Perhaps you'll exclaim, that he's doing the same,

As what fix'd upon FLETCHER indelible shame,

That for HASTINGS's conduct he ought to atone,

As by pleading excuses he made it his own.

Oh, SIMON! I've said, and now say it again,

You know nothing yet of political men!

PLUMBOSO once more would be HASTINGS's friend,

Leave BURKE and that party, and HASTINGS defend—

Could you make him believe it would answer his end.

This modest young man had his eye on the Chair

Of CALCUTTA's Chief Judge, with eight thousand a

year;

From PARTY he strives that promotion to draw,

Which ought to be his, from the *study of Law*;

Could HASTINGS assist him that office to fill,

He would vote for him, plead for him, worship him

still.

Dear BROTHER, it often has happen'd, no doubt,

That in crossing the Hills, you've mistaken your route,

When finding your error, you gladly came back,

And sought for some other more probable track.

So, as HASTINGS his views wanted means to promote,

PLUMBOSO gives BURKE his assistance and vote;

In



In Parliament, also, he joins Opposition,  
 As the probable means to improve his condition;  
 For if looks may be trusted, I'll venture to say,  
 He is in a mournful, deplorable way;  
 But for or against, he is free to harangue,  
 And with equal indifference—*save* HASTINGS, or *hang*:  
 I know, that to uninform'd beings like you,  
 Such characters must appear shocking and new;  
 For I've oft heard you say, that if B—KE were not void  
 Of shame, his own Brother had ne'er been employ'd:  
 Such remarks, *my Dear SIMON*, are quite out of season,  
 You speak from your feelings and not from your reason;  
 PLUMBOSO's sweet infants, and Spouse, must be fed,  
 BURKE's *family* too, must not languish for bread;  
 Nor must other wrinkled Disciples of Famine,  
 Be depriv'd of their chance of good stuffing and cram-  
 ming.

Your flocks and your herds in the Mountains you feed,  
 Induc'd by futurity's probable need;  
 In the final disposal, consulting the pay,  
 You fat them, you starve them, you kill them or stay.  
 A moment's reflection proves this to be true,  
 One principle governs PLUMBOSO and you.  
 But now from your Mountains, I'd have you come  
 down,  
 And mix with the folk that inhabit this town:

Then

Then experience will quickly your sentiments change,  
And nothing appear inconsistent or strange ;

GEORGE HARDINGE once said WARREN HASTINGS's  
name,

Like CHATHAM's, would live in the annals of fame.

If from Infamy's record their foes are exempt,

There is nothing can save them but scorn and contempt ;

And with HARRY DUNDAS, 'tis a frequent expression,

To HASTINGS we owe all our Eastern Possession.

These two for IMPEACHING him, join'd in the vote,

And would hang him To-morrow, their ends to promote ;

For Ingratitude let not your tenderness weep,

'Tis exactly the case with yourself and your sheep.

I have something to add, which perhaps may be new,  
And I give you my word, 'tis undoubtedly true :

The *Genius* of BURKE, for the honour of trade,

Has a great *Lingua-factory* recently made—

'Tis a kind of a MINT made for Character-striking,

And coining anew to an Orator's liking ;

BURKE's *Mint*, when you put a fair character in,

Impresses upon it the *picture of Sin* :

But if it be black or deform'd to the view,

It can beautify also by coining anew.

T

And

And what is still more, it can alter, with ease,  
 Appearances just as the Orators please;  
 But JOSEPH, who thinks he has equal pretension,  
 Disputes with his LEADER the right of invention :  
 Yet I hope they'll agree, and conjointly apply  
 For a PATENT, which MAJESTY cannot deny.  
 Not HERSCHELL, who found out the Roads in the Moon,  
 Not the Chymical Head which contriv'd a Balloon ;  
 Not the man who first gave us the notion of Print,  
 Is greater than BURKE in his *Character-Mint*.

Oh, GEORGE ! shouldst thou hold it in just estimation,  
 And think, like myself, that 'twill better thy nation,  
 To reward his desert, and encourage invention,  
 As well as a *Patent*, oh ! grant BURKE a *Pension* :  
 For not even thy Gold, should his Currency pass,  
 Will illumine thy name like his *Copper and Brass*.  
 But now, my *Dear BROTHER*, this Letter I end,  
 And another new Speech I hereafter shall send—  
 When I fairly have heard what PLUMBOSO can say,  
 And have found him deny what he said t'other day.

Feb. 16th, 1790.

LET-

## LETTER LI.

## SIMKIN to SIMON.

IF my Letter should give you less pleasure and sport  
 Than ANSTROUTHER last *Tuesday* afforded the COURT,  
 I expect you will take up your Pen, to implore  
 That on subjects like this I will write you no more,  
 But among all the virtues by POETS possess'd,  
 FIDELITY being the rarest, is best;  
 I therefore shall strictly adhere to my plan,  
 And give you the words of this *versatile* man,  
 Who arose in his place, and thus speaking began :

“ You remember, my LUDS, when the PARLIA-  
 “ MENT clos'd,

“ I told you the task which my LEADER impos'd.

“ *Some years have elapsed*, since it fell to my lot,

“ (I remind you thereof, as you may have forgot),

“ To sum up what proof we were able to bring,

“ As to HASTINGS's conduct to RAJAH CHEYT SING ;

“ I proved to your *Ludships* by arguments strong,

“ That HASTINGS was always *externally* wrong ;

“ And *now* ’tis a *duty incumbent* to add,  
 “ That his conduct was also *internally* bad ;  
 “ For whether we view him without or within,  
 “ We see nothing else but the *Picture of Sin*.”

The HERO went on in this manner of pleading,  
 Whilst some were his former *Antithesis* reading :  
 They ask’d, if the man whom he thus reprehended,  
*Was the same whom he formerly prais’d and defended ?*  
 And concluded at last, that ’twas *only the name*  
 Which misled them to fancy the person the same.  
 They suppose the *Defender* was ANSTRUTHER’s *Brother*,  
 Or instead of this HASTINGS, it must be *some other* :  
 But whilst their *identity* was in debate,  
 PLUMBOSO announc’d—*he was going to state* :  
 Then he stated—I cannot precisely tell what,  
 Or, if ever I knew, I remember it not—  
 ’Twas something of HASTINGS’s having destroy’d  
*Six Revenue Councils*, and having employ’d  
*Black Agents*, who follow’d his orders and rules,  
 When they brought into use a *Committee of Tools*.  
 The *Committee of Tools*, he was free to admit,  
 For the *requisite use*, might be proper and fit ;  
 But because they were qualify’d well for a post,  
 They, of all people, should be avoided the most.

He



He said, that when HASTINGS had fully demolish'd  
All check and controul, by thus having abolish'd  
The *Revenue Councils*, he fear'd no detection,  
And gave to the SINGS an extensive collection,

Here the Hero, with gravity solemn, describes  
The *places* and *times* of receiving the bribes;  
And tho' HASTINGS carry'd the *total amount*  
Of all he receiv'd to the *public account*,  
Yet ANSTRUTHER thinks that he meant to have kept  
it—

Why else, in God's name, did he ever accept it?  
Of this he declar'd he had perfect conviction  
From his Minutes, containing a flat contradiction.

“ My LUDS, I shall shew 'tis extremely absurd  
“ To credit a man that departs from his word;  
“ When *a man with himself in dissention* we find,  
“ 'Tis evidence strong of a very *bad mind*.”

Here their Lordships to each other *laughingly* said, }  
“ The blow which the Orator gave his own Head,  
“ Had fractur'd the skull—if it had not been LEAD.” }

Whilst the Ladies, all *tendernefs*, star'd, I suppose,  
Expecting to see the blood run from his nose.

To demonstrate his great *architectural sense*,  
 And *rhctorical skill*, he declar'd the *Defence*  
 Of HASTINGS was built of *materials unsound*,  
 The *foundation* of which he would *pull to the ground*.  
 Having shewn himself thus a *profound Rhetorician*,  
 He prov'd himself next a most able *Logician*.

“ My LUDS, to your *Ludships* I'm going to state ;  
 “ But first I must beg you'll attend to the *Date* :  
 “ *January* the 20th, the year *Eighty-two*,  
 “ This Letter was written—which cannot be true ;  
 “ The ship sail'd in *March* ; for which reason I say,  
 “ 'Twas only *apparently* written that day.”

To prove himself very precise and exact  
 In quotation, as well as in statement of fact,  
 He first told the LORDS, that he meant to extract  
 A passage from HASTINGS's Letter, and next,  
 He gave his own Comment instead of the Text. }

“ My LUDS, we have *no direct proof* to adduce,  
 “ *That the Presents were taken for HASTINGS's use* ;  
 “ But yet, tho' the Evidence is not direct,  
 “ *Constructive* must serve to supply the defect.  
 “ On *proof by construction* did DONELLAN die,  
 “ Then in HASTINGS's case let *construction* apply.

“ My

" My LUDS, to your *Ludships* I'm going to state,  
 " That folk *without-door* are with triumph elate,  
 " Because DEBY SING was on trial acquitted  
 " Of the cruelties EDMUND declares he committed;  
 " But, my LUDS, notwithstanding that BURKE's alle-  
     " gation  
 " Was made, I admit, *without proper foundation*;  
 " And tho' DEBY SING was but slightly to blame,  
 " Yet HASTINGS's guilt is precisely the same:  
 " For HASTINGS the Government held at the time—  
 " Responsible therefore for every crime;  
 " Whence-ever crimes rise, or wherever they fall,  
 " All the guilt is his own—*let him answer for all!*"

In this manner ANSTRUTHER expended three hours,  
 And astonish'd the COURT by the length of his pow'rs;  
 But still all this *stating, re-stating, and showing,*  
 Left me and most others extremely unknowing:  
 For we could not find out, in the *mass* of confusion,  
 One clear allegation, or proof, or conclusion;  
 And as for my own part, with shame I confess;  
 The more I attend, I remember the less;  
 By the JUDGES, no doubt, he is well understood,  
 But to me he appear'd like a *fox in a wood*,  
 Where hounds inexperience'd may wander about  
 All day, without finding the animal out.

At least twenty times had the Hero repeated,  
 “ My LUDS, *I have shewn, I have prov’d, I have stated,*”  
 When I ask’d the By-standers to tell what was shewn,  
 But their knowledge appear’d to be less than my own ;  
 If therefore my Letter’s perplex’d and obscure,  
 ’Tis an evil that does not admit of a cure.

In the morning, the HALL was but thinly attended,  
 And deserted almost e’er the story was ended.  
 Tho’ HASTINGS, as usual, was often *abused*,  
 ’Twas so *heavily* done, that we were not amused ;  
 Of course I resolv’d on postponing my Letter,  
 In hopes the next day would produce something better ;  
 But in this expectation again I was wrong,  
 We had only the *Clerk’s monotonical song*.

Before I’ve quite finish’d this Letter, I’ll mention  
 The reason of JOSEPH and EDMUND’s *dissention* ;  
 The *latter* maintains, it were safest and best,  
 That the Conscience of Men should be put to the test ;  
 Whilst the *former*, a man of ideas enlarg’d,  
 Whose troublesome conscience has long been *discharg’d*,  
 To doctrines *restrictive* can never agree,  
 But would have, *like his own*, *ev’ry Conscience go free*,

Feb. 23d, 1790.

LET-

## L E T T E R   LII.

**D**EAR SIMON, it needs must afflict you to know,  
 That the MANAGERS' *Box* is deserted by JOE;  
 But, by way of affording you some consolation,  
 'Tis suppos'd that he means to compose an oration,  
 To deliver in person, not many months hence,  
 In the HOUSE of St. STEPHEN, in WARREN's Defence—  
 And to prove that the Party by BURKE was misled—  
 He will contradict all that he formerly said.  
 He'll affirm the DEFENDANT's of virtue a pattern,  
 And the BEGUM of OUDE a detestable flattern;  
 For on *this side* or *that* JOSEPH enters the list,  
 And partners are chang'd, like a *rubber of whist*.  
 But now your attention once more I recal,  
 To the MANAGER's *Battles* in WESTMINSTER HALL—  
 PLUMBOSO, alas! indefcribably dull,  
 On Tuesday said nothing for SIMKIN to cull;  
 And, indeed, 'tis a point of incertitude, whether  
 The COURT had not lost all the Ladies together,  
 If EDMUND, *Great EDMUND*! who always attends,  
 Had not made us, on Thursday, some little amends.

But



But now, in discharge of my trust as RECORDER,  
The Proceedings of Thursday I'll give you in order.

PLUMBOSO address'd himself thus to the Peers—  
 " My *Luds*, I shall state, *in the course of three years*  
 " All the Revenues which in BENGAL were collected,  
 " Amounted to less than what HASTINGS expected :  
 " In the three former years, I shall shew an excess,  
 " Whilst the following three were productive of less."  
 'Twere needless the Evidence here to rehearse—  
 'Tis sufficient to say—that it prov'd the *reverse*.  
 PLUMBOSO next said—He was ready and willing  
 To prove GOONGA GOVIND a terrible villain ;  
 And, this to effect, he proceeded to quote  
 A Letter, which LARKINS from INDIA wrote—  
 It stated that GOONGA's detention of treasure,  
 In HASTINGS's mind had excited displeasure ;  
 Then the Hero, from HASTINGS, a document brought,  
 To shew GOONGA GOVIND was never in fault.  
 At the moment, it struck me, that this accusation  
 Was brought against HASTINGS, in retaliation  
 For SCOTT's charging PLUMMY with like variation. }  
 Perhaps, in your snarling sarcastical way,  
 On the reading of this, you'll be tempted to say—

That LARKINS and HASTINGS, like *Calvin* and *Luther*,  
Are persons distinct, but that PLUMB and ANSTRU-  
THER

Are one and the same—and 'tis thence more absurd,  
In PLUMMY to vary from ANSTRUTHER's word.

Having thus prov'd, that GOONGA was vastly to  
blame,

He would prove KELLORAM was precisely the same—  
An unprincipled fellow, (perhaps a *Dissenter*),  
And therefore unfit for a Company's Renter.

This *Character-cutting* awaken'd the feeling  
Of the soft-hearted LAW, who is clever at healing;  
He mov'd—" That the MANAGERS might not enlarge  
" On matter which could not be found in the Charge."  
Here the business appear'd to be ill understood,  
For tho' LAW could not find it, the MANAGERS cou'd :  
For *Character-cutting* PLUMBOSO contended,  
And declar'd, upon *that* the whole Trial depended—  
" For my *Luds*, to your *Ludships* unless we can state,  
" That HASTINGS's Renters were villains complete,  
" That his motives were bad beyond all contradiction,  
" We shall never be able to carry conviction."

Here BURKE, springing up, a comparison drew  
From the *Merchant* of VENICE and SHYLOCK the Jew.

In

In language pathetic the Leader complain'd,  
That in cutting of HASTINGS his hand is restrain'd :

“ My LORDS, on reflection, it needs must be found

“ That the Counsel have taken untenable ground—

“ From the body of HASTINGS, suppose it be true,

“ That but one pound of flesh is the MANAGERS' due; }  
“ Yet we hope that your LORDSHIPS will let us take }

“ two.

“ In criminal cases, except only this—

“ To act with precision may not be amiss ;

“ But the cutting of HASTINGS, and spilling his blood,

“ For the cure of extortion's a recipe good :

“ So we trust that your LORDSHIPS will not bid us stop,

“ But let us proceed till we spill the last drop.

“ My LORDS, to the Proverb whoever attends,

“ Must know that a chain has a *couple of ends* ;

“ And that, by experience, 'tis constantly found,

“ That the person who binds, is in *vinculo* bound ;

“ That is, whosoever brings forth accusation,

“ Is bound to establish his own allegation,

“ My LORDS, in the cause we are hearty and steady,

“ And to prove all we say are both willing and ready ;

“ And do it we shall, by God's blessing and gift,

“ If your Honour and Justice will lend us a lift :

“ Your LORDSHIPS, I think, must undoubtedly know,

“ How much we are hated above and below :

“ If HASTINGS hereafter acquitted should be,

“ *Pray what will become of my colleagues and me ?*

“ Your LORDSHIPS should, therefore, in commiseration

“ *tion*

“ Of *our* dangers, indulge us in strong aggravation.”

And I think, my *dear* BROTHER, as most people must,  
 ’Twere better that HASTINGS, by sentence unjust,  
 Shou’d suffer for crimes *that he never committed*,  
 Than BURKE be disgrac’d by *his being acquitted* :  
 But LAW, who, perhaps, never made this reflection,  
 Or weakly supposes a Lawyer’s protection  
 Is due to the Client, renew’d his objection. }  
 So the LORDS were in consequence forc’d to retreat,  
 And on KELLORAM’s character held a debate.

They return’d—and the MANAGERS then were acquainted,  
 That KELLORAM’s character must not be tainted ;  
 But EDMUND, much hurt by their LORDSHIPS’ decision,  
 Made a comment or two, in the way of revision :—

“ The COMMONS, my LORDS, do but ill understand  
 “ *stand*

“ The technical forms of the Law of the land ;

“ And

- “ And as few of us here are professional men,  
 “ We a latitude claim for the tongue and the pen ;  
 “ And not being bred in LEGALITY'S *Schools*,  
 “ We set at defiance all shackles and rules :  
 “ We are privileg'd men, and the Guardians of Free-  
     “ dom,  
 “ And liberties take whensoever we need 'em.  
 “ My LORDS, there must follow a consequence bad,  
 “ If the MANAGERS are not permitted to add  
 “ New matter at pleasure, without going back  
 “ To St. STEPHEN'S for licence to change the attack :  
 “ From the Chapel new Charges, 'tis true, we may  
     “ bring,  
 “ And give the old Story about DEBY SING :  
 “ But I wish not, my LORDS, to put this to the proof,  
 “ *Left the Commons shou'd say, we have voted enough.*  
 “ My LORDS, your decision, tho' ill understood,  
 “ Was made, without doubt, on a principle good :  
 “ A PRISONER, you think, shou'd be tenderly us'd,  
 “ And answer that only of which he's accus'd ;  
 “ But HASTINGS, my LORDS, has long since been ac-  
     “ quainted,  
 “ That we thought KELLORAM deserv'd not to be  
     “ fainted—  
 “ Besides, should the COMMONERS Articles draw  
 “ According to rules, and the customs of Law,  
                                     “ I main-



" I maintain it would be an iniquitous breach

" Of Privilege, granted to those who IMPEACH—

" But, my LORDS, it would make all the MANAGERS

" glad,

" To prove KELLORAM bore a character bad."

All this notwithstanding, the COURT ne'er express'd  
The least inclination to grant his request;  
This failing, PLUMBOSO more artfully try'd  
To bring in his proof on the opposite side:  
But HASTINGS's Counsel the danger foresaw,  
And the door was close barr'd by the vigilant LAW.  
Then BURKE wou'd have prov'd, had the LORDS not  
refus'd him,

That HASTINGS's *Libellers daily abus'd him*;  
And what he conceiv'd a more dangerous thing,  
Was, their knowing the proof he intended to bring:  
But LAW, who on EDMUND still fixes his eye,  
Begg'd to know to what Article this could apply:  
In a few minutes after their LORDSHIPS adjourn'd,  
And the MANAGERS all to St. STEPHEN's return'd.

One thing, my dear BROTHER, I have to remark,  
Upon something I lately was told by a CLERK:—  
CHARLES said to the CHANCELLOR, not a week back,  
That in five or six days they wou'd end the attack.

I was

I was frighten'd at this, and inclin'd to suppose,  
 That in less than a twelvemonth the Trial would close.  
 But now I'm convinc'd that my CHIEF will endeavour  
 To make the IMPEACHMENT *continue* for EVER;  
 And I hope that the LORDS his endeavours will bless,  
 And grant him, in all things, the wish'd-for success.

March 2d, 1790.

An

*An* ALLEGORICAL TALE.

---

*The CACKLING HEN, DUNGHILL COCK, and HAWK.*

**Y**OUR Students and great Scholars know,  
 That many thousand years ago,  
 The birds which in the forest sung,  
 Possess'd the powers of human tongue.  
 There liv'd at the aforesaid time,  
 A Cackling Hen of flight *sublime*,  
 Within whose walk was often picking  
 An ill-shap'd, half-starv'd, *Dunghill Chicken*;  
 This Dunghill Chicken got a feat  
 Among the Fowls which rul'd the State,  
 Where, hearing that a certain Hawk  
 Had done some mischief in his walk,  
 Either by aiding of his foes,  
 Or something else that no one knows;  
 He did resolve (his schemes to further)  
 To charge the Hawk with horrid murder:  
 The Hawk, as I have heard the story,  
 Flew to the Moon in quest of glory;

The feather'd Prince who rules the Moon,  
 In war employ'd this young Dragoon ;  
 Where he successful honours fought,  
 And many a Battle bravely fought.

It happen'd, that some years ago,  
 The Prince proscrib'd a plundering Crow,  
 But what induc'd him to proscribe  
 This Leader of a fable tribe,  
 Was this; the Crow both night and day,  
 Was looking out in quest of prey,  
 And carry'd all he found away.  
 At length, the Hawk by sudden spring,  
 Fix'd on the Crow and broke his wing :  
 The Crow before the Prince was brought,  
 And justly sentenc'd for his fault.  
 The news soon reach'd the black Banditti,  
 Who mov'd with anger and with pity,  
 Arose in arms, resolv'd to save  
 Their pilfering Leader from the grave.  
 The Hawk, who scarce a morning since,  
 Receiv'd an order from his Prince,  
 To execute the rebel Crow,  
 Foresaw, and struck the timely blow.  
 The Dunghill Chicken, who had heard  
 This story by the Hawk averr'd,

Thought

Thought by this means to over-reach him,  
 And mov'd the Assembly to impeach him.  
 He said, the lunar feather'd King  
 Had done a most unlawful thing,  
 In sentencing the Crow to die,  
 And then he told the Assembly why :  
 " It is—It is—It is, because  
 " 'Twas not by Sublunary Laws ;  
 " My sentiments I can't express,  
 " You'll understand me ne'er the less.  
 " This is my own, my fix'd opinion,  
 " The Lunar Prince had no dominion.  
 " How do we know the Crow was try'd  
 " By those who justly might decide ?  
 " And that they follow'd all the rules  
 " Prescrib'd by Sublunary Schools ?  
 " Our want of proof and knowledge show  
 " That this said Hawk, who kill'd the Crow,  
 " Had murder done, and should exhibit  
 " His body on a lofty Gibbet."  
 He cackled much, but every Bird  
 Declar'd his cackling was absurd ;  
 At last, as well might be expected,  
 The Chicken's story was rejected.



The Hawk, who heard himself accus'd,  
 And did not like to be abus'd,  
 Next morning went to give the Chicken  
 A Lecture upon quarrel-picking.  
 The Chicken, who foresaw the Lecture,  
 Call'd to his aid his great Protector,  
 A cackling Hen, a lingual Hector.  
 The Hawk, impatient, did denounce  
 His aim, before he made the Pounce;  
 So that the Chicken would not walk  
 One step alone, nor even talk  
 One word in private with the Hawk.  
 The cackling Hen then spread her wing,  
 And said, " 'Twas an atrocious thing,  
 " When Birds of State are speeches making,  
 " To hinder them from freedom taking:  
 " Hundreds and hundreds I've accus'd,  
 " And tho' some thousands I've abus'd,  
 " I never was so roughly us'd.  
 " Sooner than I'll permit the Hawk  
 " To stop the Chicken in his talk,  
 " Or let them have a spar together,  
 " Indeed I'd part with every feather;  
 " Sooner than suffer such a thing  
 " To happen, I would burn my wing.

" A Dung-

" A Dunghill Chicken's tittle tattle  
 " Should not provoke a Hawk to battle.  
 " Nor does it to myself appear,  
 " The Hawk had any right to hear :  
 " For whether it was good or ill,  
 " 'Twas said upon our own Dunghill ;  
 " And ev'ry Dunghill Cock, you know,  
 " Of right may on his Dunghill crow."

Thus the Old Hen contriv'd to baulk  
 The vengeance of the pouncing Hawk ;  
 Who, without either Judge or Jury,  
 Had slain the Chicken in his fury,  
 And verif'd the Chicken's saying,  
 That he (the Hawk) was fond of slaying ;  
 But now the disappointed Hawk,  
 (Who though a fighter could not talk)  
 Finding he could not make a dart,  
 Nor get the Hen and Chick a-part,  
 Submitted to this hard condition—  
 That Dunghill Fowls should, by permission,  
 On their own Dunghills broach a lye,  
 Provided Hawks may make reply.

April 2d, 1790.

## LETTER LIII.

## SIMKIN to SIMON.

INDEED, *my dear* BROTHER, you'll feel yourself  
wrong,

In declaring that SIM. has been silent too long ;  
When you find that for want of some pleasanter stuff,  
I am forc'd to put up with *Tobacco* and *Snuff*.  
That HERO who gain'd reputation and fame,  
By pleading the cause of a *Dowager Dame*,  
Joe *Surface*, I mean, who was mightily proud  
To be rank'd as the Knight of the BEGUMS of OUDE,  
Is the champion of *Smoakers*, and *Snuffy-nos'd Beauties*,  
To exonerate *Snuff* and *Tobacco* from duties.  
Three Hours and a Half, by his voluble tongue,  
On *Snuff* and *Tobacco* the changes were rung ;  
But first let me say, he commenc'd his Oration  
By stoutly defending *his own reputation*.

“ Mr. SPEAKER, (said JOE) ever since I arose,  
“ In defence of our *Noses*, this Tax to oppose,

" My fame *once so spotless*, with STAPLE *abuse*,  
 " All the MINISTER'S *Prints* have combin'd to  
     " traduce ;  
 " They have said, since in favour I grew with HIS  
     " HIGHNESS,  
 " The DUKE has look'd on with suspicion and shyness ;  
 " That I, Traitor-like, have been false to the *League*,  
 " And have sever'd two HOUSES by artful intrigue.  
 " It would be, Mr. SPEAKER, my glory and pride,  
 " If the COMMONS, the LORDS, and the PEOPLE  
     " beside,  
 " Like his GRACE, would approve of my saying and  
     " doing,  
 " And permit me to save the whole Nation from ruin.  
 " Shou'd ANY my CHARACTER dare to attack,  
 " And to hint that both Private and Public are black ;  
 " That in ANY ONE PART, my Escutcheon is blotted,  
 " Or the skin of my legs even speckled or spotted ;  
 " I say, and I trust, it will ne'er be forgot,  
 " I defy *human Malice* to find out a spot ;  
 " And unless any Gentleman *rise in his place*,  
 " And will point out some action, DISHONEST OR BASE,  
 " Although from reproach I may not be exempt,  
 " All abuse *out of doors*, I shall treat with contempt :  
 " To anonymous scandal I ne'er shall reply,  
 " And for *warfare* so trifling, MY MIND is too high ;

“ For I live in a land where a man cuts a figure,  
 “ In proportion to intellect, spirit, and vigour.”

Whilst this was deliver'd by JOSEPH, in thunder,  
 I observ'd all the Hearers were gaping with wonder ;  
 All smitten, perhaps, by *the force of conviction*,  
 For they could not suppose JOE was *dealing in fiction*,  
 And indeed, my *Dear Simon*, with grief and surprize,  
 I reflect on the many malevolent lies,  
 Which of late thro' the wicked Metropolis ran,  
 Concerning this *worthy, respectable Man*.  
 But in case you've not heard them, the stories *I mean*,  
 Are his urging the P— to dispute with the Q—;  
 That when he had rais'd himself up to the top  
 Of the ladder, he speedily kick'd down the prop ;  
 That being too haughty, too great to be led,  
 Of the *Party*, his vanity made him the head ;  
 Whilst the DUKE growing jealous, declar'd him unfit  
 To impose Loans and Taxes, in lieu of YOUNG PITT :  
 That the *entré* to Drury, to make up a sum,  
 Honest JOSEPH had sold, for ten seasons to come ;  
 And thus he escap'd, at a critical pinch,  
 For you know 'tis unsafe—to DRIVE *just to an inch* :  
 That a worthy old man had his fortune invested,  
 Where JOEY's *best hopes*, for the *present*, are restd,

But



But had lately been forc'd to abandon the realm,  
 Tho' JOSEPH stood firm, with his eye on the HELM,  
 From Duns well secur'd, by a seat in a place,  
 Where non-payment of debts was ne'er reckon'd disgrace.

These, and other *detestable, infamous* tales,  
 Through England are spread, and, *perhaps*, have  
 reach'd Wales.

And 'twas said, that without some *especial protection*,  
 Sir ELIJAH would *oust* him at Stafford Election;  
 But after so *bold*, and so manly a Speech,  
 Who, in *future*, will *venture* his *fame* to impeach.  
 After much contemplation, I'm free to admit,  
 As a *Minister*, I prefer JOSEPH to PITT;  
 Harsh *Laws* ev'ry Session, by PITT are *enacted*,  
 To pay off *the Debts* which by NORTH were contracted;  
 But were JOSEPH a Minister, *he* could contrive  
 To make Debtor and Creditor *equally thrive*;  
 That is, he would raise money some other way,  
 Than by *taxing* the Public, the public to pay;  
 For tho' they are *Debtor* and *Creditor* both,  
 To *receive* they are *prompt*, but to pay they are *loth*.  
 Now JOE, so his *friends* and his *enemies* say,  
 Has been us'd to *receive*, not accustom'd to *pay*;  
 For his genius inventive, has found out resources,  
 To supply, without cash, his extravagant courses;

And

And were JOSEPH the MINISTER, doubtless, he would  
 His *secret* disclose for the National good :  
 Or would strike out a mode, for the Public to get  
 The Interest, at least, on its great load of debt.

But, alas ! notwithstanding his eloquent pleading,  
 I see little prospect of JOSEPH's succeeding ;  
 For PITT, and his friends, seem'd to think he was joking,  
 Tho' he talk'd for three hours on snuff-taking and  
 smoaking ;

Yet I cannot but own, 'tis exceedingly hard,  
 That virtue, like JOSEPH's, should fail of reward ;  
 But the *Chapter of Accidents* still may befriend him,  
 And when next he bursts forth, better luck may attend him.

Farewell, my *Dear Brother*, this Letter I end,  
 But when ANSTRUTHER opens, I another will send.

April 22d, 1790.

L E T T E R

LETTER LIV.

LAST Thursday, DEAR BROTHER, by half after  
one,

WARREN HASTINGS's Trial once more was begun;  
PLUMBOSO set off, with expressing his wonder,  
At discovering some *typographical blunder*;  
Which having corrected, as well as he cou'd,  
He requested their LORDSHIPS would then be so good  
As to hear him go on with his stating, and showing,  
Some things, which he fancy'd were fit for their know-  
ing:

He said—" I believe I can make it appear,

" That the COMPANY's TENANTS were much in

" arrear,

" And that HASTINGS had let them their Leases too

" dear.

" Forty Thousand Pounds Sterling, or near that amount,

" WARREN HASTINGS receiv'd on the public account,

" And I'm going to prove, the receipt of that sum

" Dry'd up the resources for ages to come:

" The Papers and Documents, now in my hands,

" Will prove KELLORAM's having rented some lands,

" Which

“ Which lands, upon terms so injurious, were let,  
 “ As to bring the poor Renter extremely in debt :  
 “ This was HASTINGS’s doing, and, in the event,  
 “ The COMPANY suffer’d, *by losing some Rent.*”

Here LAW, (who is skill’d in defence and attack,  
 And who loves to see ANSTRUTHER *sprawl on his back,*  
 Who always a pleasure malevolent feels,  
 Whenever he trips up a MANAGER’s *heels,*)  
 Objected to ANSTRUTHER’s document reading,  
 And thereby put a stop to his rapid proceeding.  
 He observ’d to their LORDSHIPS, he could not see why  
 They should read any Papers that did not apply—  
 He said, he was sure there was no allegation,  
 To which the said Papers bore any relation ;  
 That the MANAGERS ought not to *wander at large,*  
 To seek criminality, not in the Charge.

Then PLUMMY requested their LORDSHIPS would  
 note,

’Twas a *consequent circumstance*, near or remote.  
 As the HERO appear’d to be heavily prest,  
 And, for want of an argument, deeply distressed :  
 Great EDMUND and CHARLES, when they saw him  
 dismay’d,  
 Like JUNO and PALLAS, came down to his aid.

A bat-

A battle ensued, not with *Pistols* and *Swords*,  
Some *DUELS* were fought, and the weapons were *Words* :  
Three hours they engag'd, without stopping or staying,  
Each other they *cut*, without *killing* or *slaying*.

According to *CHARLES*, *Misdemeanour's* a crime,  
In proportion to *consequence*, *manner*, and *time* :  
According to *THURLOW*, they should not enlarge  
The description of Crimes, but go on with the Charge ;  
And the granting of *Leafes*, for less than they ought, }  
He consider'd, as making a separate fault, }  
Which into some *ARTICLE* should have been brought. }  
But *CHARLEY* contended, that all aggravations,  
Like *PELION* on *OSSA*, should load *Allegations* ;  
And that, to establish the truth of one fact,  
You should evidence bring of a *consequent Act*.  
Then the *CHANCELLOR* said—" 'Twas unusual to  
" plead,  
" Or to *answer a Charge* that has *never been made*.

Here *EDMUND* declar'd—" 'twas improper to draw  
" *Regulations* for *MANAGERS*, out of the Law ;  
" That men, who were blest with a liberal mind,  
" Could not brook the idea of being *confined* ;

" And



- “ And as HASTINGS’s crimes were not murder or  
 “ treason,  
 “ He could not discover a shadow of reason,  
 “ Why their LORDSHIPS, in mere *Misdemeanour*, should  
 “ bind ’em  
 “ From seeking new Charges, where’er they could  
 “ find ’em;  
 “ And, indeed, I shall think it uncommonly strange,  
 “ If a MANAGER is not permitted to range :  
 “ Restriction, My LORDS, would our energy damp,  
 “ And our tongues would be hurt by a fit of the *Cramp* :  
 “ But, my LORDS, I’ve a reason that forces conviction,  
 “ Why a MANAGER should not lie under *restriction*.  
 “ I’ve heard it reported, not many days since,  
 “ That HASTINGS intends to forego his defence ;  
 “ For, it seems, an idea has enter’d the head  
 “ Of himself, and some others, that ALL we have said  
 “ Amounts to just nothing, but wasting of time,  
 “ And disbursement of cash, without reason or rhyme :  
 “ But, My LORDS, I am rather inclin’d to suppose  
 “ That the *Pris’ner*’s afraid of the MANAGERS’ *blows* ;  
 “ That the danger of being repeatedly struck,  
 “ Has taught him to dive like a *dog-hunted duck* :  
 “ For

" For this reason, My LORDS, are the MANAGERS

" striving

" To bring in new matter, by way of depriving

" The *Rogue* of th' advantage of *ducking* and *diving*;

" My LORDS, let him *duck*, if he pleases; why then

" *Five and twenty intrepid, invincible men,*

" When he pops up his head, will have at him agen :

" But, MY LORDS, I beseech you, for fear we should not

" Opportunity find of repeating the *shot*,

" To let us go on with our *firing* and *popping*,

" As fast as we can, till we see the BIRD *dropping*."

In this manner did EDMUND his arguments press

On the Court, with much *humour* and little success.

'Twas half after four when their LORDSHIPS withdrew,

To consult about what was most proper to do,

Which as soon as I know, I shall forward to you.

There was one thing, however, as I understood,

Which shews PLUMMY's heart is surprisingly good;

Tho' he made it appear, that the COMPANY gain'd

*Half a Million* almost, yet he loudly complain'd,

With tears in his eyes, of the *loss* they sustain'd.

Fare

Farewell! and rejoice; for the season is coming,  
 When all will go mad to hear CHARLES FOX's sum-  
 ming;  
 For he is the HERO by EDMUND appointed,  
 For putting together what PLUMMY disjointed.

April 27th, 1790.

L E T -

## LETTER LV.

I SAID in my last that their LORDSHIPS withdrew,  
 To confider of what was expedient to do;  
 When the COURT re-assembled, the CHANCELLOR said,  
 " That ANSTRUTHER's papers ought not to be read;  
 " That the MANAGERS ought to make no variations,  
 " Nor the Articles burthen with new accusations."  
 Then CHARLEY set off with *Calamity's* cry,  
 That *he did not know* WHAT, that *he could not tell* WHY:  
 Then he sadly lamented their keeping the ground  
 Of their Judgement from him such a secret profound:  
 He resolv'd to *submit to it, nevertheless,*  
 As no method occur'd of *obtaining redress.*

PLUMBOSO now felt himself hurt and defeated,  
 As the LORDS had rejected whatever he stated;  
 He therefore determin'd to do by the *tongue,*  
 What he could not by *paper*—so call'd upon YOUNG.  
 He wanted to know, whether he understood,  
 The best means to *let Lands*, for the COMPANY's good, }  
 And his duty official, as well as he shou'd ?

Then he wish'd to inquire, if the OFFICE he got  
His emolument from, should be *broken* or not ?  
He ask'd, if in making a new BUNDOBUST,  
Himself or a *Black* were more fit for the *trust*;  
And, supposing the value of lands were adjusted,  
Whether YOUNG, or the RAJAH, were fit to be trusted ?

As PLUMMY proceeded, thus certain and slow,  
With wishing to ask, and with wanting to know—  
One of HASTINGS's *Counsel* stood up, to oppose  
The putting some question—then EDMUND arose ;  
He said, “ We are plac'd in a strange situation,  
“ Such as never occur'd to *one man in this Nation*.  
“ If a *Question* we ask, if a *Paper* we read,  
“ We must tell why we do it, before we proceed ;  
“ We must say of *what use* is the question we ask,  
“ Which is, to be sure, a *most difficult task*.”

This ended, PLUMBOSO declar'd he was going  
A step further on, with his *stating* and *showing*,  
The sound of which *pleasant, agreeable news*,  
A general happiness seem'd to diffuse ;  
Tho' 'twas ask'd in a whisper, Can PLUMMY forget,  
That he has not got forward a *single step* yet ?  
As PLUMMY this step was attempting to go,  
He said to the Witnesses, “ I want next to know,

“ From



“ From what you know of, and concerning the mind

“ Of the *Natives* at large, if they stood *well inclin'd* ?

“ That is, if the FARMERS were not discontented

“ On account of the Provinces KELLORAM rented ?

“ I mean, can you tell us, *what sort of impression*

“ Was made on their minds by *this horrid transgression* ?”

But DALLAS, who thinks 'twere as safe to confide

In the constant, and uniform flux of the tide ;

As fit to rely on the course of the wind,

As it were to depend on the thoughts of mankind,

Begg'd leave to their LORDSHIPS to make a suggestion,

That the EVIDENCE *ought not* to answer the question.

But PLUMMY his question refus'd to withdraw,

And 'twas therefore referr'd to the JUDGES of *Law*.

Their LORDSHIPS, of course, were oblig'd to adjourn,

And I hope, on next *Thursday*, to see them return :

A question important will then be adjusted,

Whether public opinion is fit to be trusted ?

You, SIMON, remember, that CHARLEY *once* mov'd,

To create SEVEN KINGS, and the COMMONS *approv'd*

Of the MEN and the MEASURE, and 'twould have  
gone down,

Had the TERROR not spread thro' each city and town' }

That NORTH and CHARLES FOX meant to *seize on*  
*the Crown.* }

CHARLES has often declar'd, by the force of DELUSION,  
PITT and THURLOW occasion'd THAT scene of confu-  
sion;

*Common Fame*, he affirm'd, was an impudent Jade,  
Which had ruin'd his friends, and the Nation betray'd;  
But in HASTINGS's case all this doctrine's unsound,  
And CHARLEY now builds upon different ground.

There is one thing, *dear BROTHER*, I wish to obtrude  
On your patience a moment before I conclude :  
You remember, BURKE formerly said to *the COURT*,  
That one Mr. PATERSON made *that Report*,  
From which he extracted the wonderful things  
Perform'd by the cruel, iniquitous SINGS :  
This Gentleman hearing that BURKE had express'd,  
To the high Tribunal, a humble request,  
That his own name and PATERSON's, *ty'd by one tether*,  
To posterity latest *might go down together*,  
Has asserted, but wherefore I cannot conceive,  
That he does not like having BURKE *pinn'd to his sleeve* :  
He, therefore, has publish'd a strong *Declaration*,  
To shew BURKE was guilty of *gross defamation*,  
When DEBY SING's crimes were to HASTINGS im-  
puted,  
And thus the *whole calumny now stands refuted*.

I know

I know there are those who suppose it a *plot*,  
*A forgery*, done by that treacherous SCOTT;  
 And, indeed, I must own, it looks rather suspicious,  
 As SCOTT, without doubt, is extremely officious,  
 And, without the *least scruple*, would offer a fee  
 To PATERSON, JOSEPH, or even to ME;  
 And I hear there are some of the ORATOR's tribe,  
 Who suspect honest JOSEPH of *taking a bribe*;  
 But this *is a story* that never can hold,  
 For the *virtue* of JOSEPH is *proof against gold*—  
 Your men of sound judgement are apt to suppose,  
 That JOSEPH the ruin of EDMUND foreknows;  
 And therefore, in order to make *his escape*,  
 Pick'd a quarrel, and got himself out of the scrape:  
 But whate'er be his motive, to me it is hateful,  
 To see *human nature* so very ungrateful;  
 And tho' *all others* leave him alone to be hurt,  
 I will ever stick to him *as close as his shirt*.

April 29th, 1790.

## L E T T E R LVI.

DEAR SIMON, the LORDS have been pleas'd to decide,

That in *popular clamour* you should not confide :  
 This the MANAGERS think is provokingly odd ;  
 As the *Voice* of a *Mob* is the *Voice* of their *God*.  
 When the CHANCELLOR stated the COURT's Resolution,  
 That the *Question* was foreign to this *Prosecution*,  
 Fox rose, and in passionate language lamented,  
 That *himself* and his *party* were all *discontented*.  
 His *disconsolate* *wailings* I need not go o'er,  
 As you've had them repeated so often before.

When CHARLEY had given full scope to his tongue,  
 PLUMBOSO a second time called upon YOUNG.  
 He had scarce wish'd to ask, (for he wanted to know)  
 What Effects were observ'd or expected to flow  
 From CULLAN SING's and from KELLORAM's renting—  
 When up started LAW, for the sake of dissenting.  
 This LAW, I've observ'd, is a constant *Dissenter*,  
 And should bear the *nickname* of the *Question Preventer*.

He

He declar'd that PLUMBOSO was trying *once more*  
 A proof which the Court had *rejected before*.  
 In aid of ANSTRUTHER, and LAW to oppose,  
 A *Trio of Heroes* invincible rose :  
 CHARLES said, there was nothing unjust or absurd  
 In HASTINGS's changing the *Revenue Board* ;  
 That the *Act in itself* might be proper and right,  
 But the *Motives*, perhaps, were not very upright ;  
 That the MANAGERS would be exceedingly glad,  
 Could they make out a proof that his *motives were bad* ;  
 And therefore their LORDSHIPS must not think it strange  
 If the *Crime-hunting* MANAGERS wander and range.

In this way, the *invincibles* argu'd and reason'd,  
 But their language, it seems, was not *properly season'd*.  
 Then WYNDHAM, that *Metaphysician* profound,  
 Arose and observ'd, they were *trying the ground*,  
 And by *tentative instances* making a trial  
 To discover the grounds of their LORDSHIPS' denial;  
 And having remark'd that the *breaking of rocks*,  
 Is perform'd by the *quick repetition of knocks*,  
 He repeated again all the sayings of Fox, }  
 But in spite of their *new metaphysical dress*,  
*Old arguments* fail'd of obtaining success :  
 For the CHANCELLOR said, that the *present obtrusion*  
 Came into the *range* of their *former conclusion*.



Then BURKE rising up, began ringing the changes of  
 Upon Bombs, Shots and Shells, and their different ranges.  
 His similitudes pleasantly tended to show,  
 That in battering HASTINGS, their damnable foe,  
 The MANAGERS ought not to narrow their plan,  
 But enlarge and extend it as far as they can:  
 That all *Laws of Evidence* should be abolish'd,  
 Or suspended at least, till the Prisoner's demolish'd.

LAW rose, and requested permission to say,  
 That 'twere needless to answer, except for delay.  
 FOX answer'd, and freely admitted 'twere wrong,  
 That HASTINGS's Trial continued so long;  
 The PUBLIC, whose hearts are not iron and steel,  
 For the sufferings of HASTINGS now visibly feel.  
 The LORDS and the COMMONS are ready to say,  
 They sincerely lament, and condemn the delay.  
 'Tis usual with those who are broaching of lies,  
 To summon that Witness, who seldom replies;  
 So CHARLES, who the general sentiment knew  
 With regard to *delay*, and to whom it is due,  
 Repeatedly call'd upon God to attend,  
 And to vouch for the truth of himself and his friend;  
 To bear in perpetual remembrance, that they  
 Were not instrumental in causing delay.

But till this Appeal shall produce some effect,  
 The people, I fear, will be apt to suspect  
 That the reason of making divine invocation,  
 Is, because there exists not a man in the Nation,  
 But looks on *delay* as an artful provision  
 Against the effects of their LORDSHIPS' decision.

After argument tedious, the *Heroes* withdraw  
 Their Question, without the decision of *Law*.  
 As KELLORAM fail'd, the *Invincibles* bring  
 A new accusation about GOVIND SING,  
 Whose powers, they said, were so very extensive,  
 That they trusted their LORDSHIPS would deem it of-  
 fensive.

PLUMMY wanted to know, so he made a request;  
 To ask, if the Natives were ever oppress'd.  
 But LAW, who for ever objects to digression,  
 Would consent to no Question concerning *Oppression*.  
 He said, as *Oppression* was not in the Charge,  
 On that 'twere incompetent now to enlarge;  
 Nor could words of *Inference* plac'd at the end,  
 To substantive acts of *Oppression* extend.

Then EDMUND and CHARLES, who at some little  
 distance

Heard the cry of distress, flew to PLUMMY's assistance,

And

And now was another *Tongue Battle* begun—  
 BURKE said, that the tying of Father and Son  
 Was a *substantive act of Oppression*, and more  
 Than an *Inference* ever admitted before.

BUT CHARLES, who has often been known to contend  
 For all manner of Rights, as they *answer his end*;  
 Who is one day for *throwing a Monarchy down*,  
 And the next standing up for the *Rights of the Crown*;  
 Who, we all well remember, not many months since,  
 Was the Advocate bold for the *Rights of the PRINCE*;  
 Who once call'd the People the *Fountain*, and then  
 Plac'd the *Fountain of Power* in the *Parliament Men* :  
 Now says, that the COMMONS may justly dispense  
 With all Rules of Evidence, Reason, and Sense ;  
 That the COMMONS are *Laymen*, and not *Men of Let-*  
*ters*,

Unus'd to be bound in *Legality's Fetters* ;  
 That proof by them offer'd should ne'er be rejected,  
 But thankfully taken, and highly respected ;  
 That the COMMONS of ENGLAND not being *Law*  
*Readers*,  
 Are not to be treated like *common Law Pleaders*,

To settle this Question their LORDSHIPS withdraw,  
 And perhaps will refer it to JUDGES of LAW.

I have only to tell you, that BURKE is so nettled  
By the manner in which the last Question was settled,  
That he's gone back to those who the Trial appointed,  
To complain that his *Schemes* are all *crack'd* and *dis-*  
*jointed.*

May 4th, 1790.

LET-

## LETTER LVII.

**M**Y silence, Dear BROTHER, you must not ascribe  
 To my want of attention, or *taking a bribe*;  
 For though to the HALL, I've paid constant attention,  
 I have heard nothing lately deserving of mention :  
 E'en EDMUND, great EDMUND, began to despair,  
 As the JUDGES, *he thinks, have decided unfair*;  
 These grave formal Gentlemen can't be persuaded  
 To admit of *formality's being invaded*;  
 They tell us, that *even* in HASTINGS's cause,  
 Respect should be paid to old customs and laws ;  
 And that, whether the PRIS'NER's condemn'd or ac-  
     quitted,  
 No *illegal evidence* should be admitted.  
 Mean time the great ORATOR's daily complaining,  
 Of necessity urgent, for *twisting and straining* ;  
 Nor can he believe that the law is so brittle,  
 As not to allow of its *twisting a little* ;  
 And indeed, my Dear BROTHER, with grief I observe,  
 Those inflexible men never vary or swerve :  
 I've read how the feelings of HECTOR distress,  
 Awaken'd soft pity in JUPITER's breast ;

How



How the Son of old TELAMON mis'd of his mark,  
 When he *hurl'd* at the TROJANS his spear in the dark ;  
 How he pray'd to the God *for renewal of light*,  
 His petition was heard, *and he conquer'd in fight* :  
 But the JUDGES unmov'd, see the ORATOR blunder,  
 They are equally deaf to his *whisper* and *thunder* ;  
 That is, without pity they see him despond,  
 And, remorseless, prohibit his going beyond  
 The *immoveable line* they think proper to draw,  
 According to RULE, JURISPRUDENCE, and LAW.

Thus fetter'd and hamper'd, I can't but admire  
 The ORATOR's strength, perseverance, and fire ;  
 When in his metaphorical manner of speaking,  
 He said, *though his vessel was bulging and leaking*,  
 Nay more, notwithstanding he could not help thinking  
*The whole FLEET of IMPEACHMENT in danger sinking*,  
 He would *not* quit *his ship*, howe'er crazy or crank,  
 But, like Captain Riou, he would fit on *a plank* ;  
 And for this, t'other day, to *the HOUSE* he return'd,  
 Where his want of success he lamented and mourn'd ;  
 Then, to cheer up his men, he arose in his place,  
 And sung them *a Stanza* from old CHEVY CHACE.  
 On their LORDSHIPS, *in verse*, he intreated God's  
     blessing,  
 Whilst he read them, *in prose*, upon *patience* a lesson.

When.

When the HERO had clos'd his *deplorable ditty*,  
 He said that *three parties* were *objects of pity*;  
 And that, though three sessions already had run,  
 Since the glorious *Impeachment* of HASTINGS begun,  
 The *number of hours* he precisely had counted,  
 To One Hundred and Eighty and Nine, they amounted,  
 Which being divided by MANAGERS twenty,  
 Gave none of them reason to boast of a plenty;  
 The public, he said, without reason complain'd,  
 That to answer *no purpose*, their pockets are drain'd;  
 And whilst they repine at *consumption of wealth*,  
 WARREN HASTINGS laments *the decline of his health*;  
 That his *hurt constitution* he wants to repair,  
 By going abroad, or by changing the air;  
 But EDMUND supposes the place where he dwells,  
 Or BAGNIGGE, or TUNBRIDGE, or *some other Wells*,  
 Might serve for the present his health to restore,  
 And enable his *spirits to suffer much more*.  
 Then he said, tho' the *militant* MANAGER's toils  
 Had ne'er been rewarded by honours or spoils;  
 Tho' *disgrace* had attended himself and his host,  
 They were *pity'd the least*, yet *deserv'd it the most*.  
 He clos'd with a Motion, for *further extension*  
 Of POWER, and the HOUSE has *increas'd its dimensions*.

And

And now of *success*, he increases the hope,  
 From this beneficial *enlargement of scope*;  
 From enlargement of scope, comes *enlargement of fun*,  
 And all his *outdoings* will now be *outdone*.

May 18th, 1790.

LET.

## LETTER LVIII.

THIS DAY the great HEROES went on, as before,  
 In adduction of proof, so they call'd upon MOORE.  
 Next, HARWOOD was ask'd, *whether in his opinion*  
 A COUNCIL PROVINCIAL, *was fit for dominion?*  
 Which question means, whether in HARWOOD's be-  
 lief,

He himself was a *competent Revenue Chief?*  
 The answer came out, as might well be expected,  
 That his *merit was great and should not be neglected.*  
 Then ANSTRUTHER said, he a paper would read,  
 To shew HASTINGS's system *was wicked indeed;*  
 That the HOUSE was not *bolted* so very secure,  
 As to hinder *Oppression* from ent'ring the door.  
 The paper was read, and it tended to show,  
 That DEBY, whose story you perfectly know,  
 According to HASTINGS's written confession,  
 Might *possibly sin, and conceal the transgression.*

PLUMBOSO next said, he was going to state  
 The transgressions of DEBY, enormously great;

But

But LAW, whom repeated experience has taught,  
 That *sterility's* never a MANAGER's fault;  
 That when they perceive their own evidence failing,  
 They supply the defect by invention and railing—  
 Objected thereto, unless PLUMMY could show him,  
 That the *Episode* made *any part* of the *Poem*.

Then EDMUND, who's always at hand to assist,  
 When HASTINGS's Counsellors enter the list,  
 Who is always prepar'd to renew the attack,  
 When the *heavy-arm'd* PLUMMY is forc'd to give back;  
 Like DIOMED, clad in an *armour of brass*,  
 Oppos'd his firm breast, and disputed *the pass*.  
 When the contest was ended, their LORDSHIPS with-  
 drew,

To resolve to which party the victory's due.  
 They return'd, and declar'd, 'twere improper to bring  
 Or renew the *old story* about DEBY SING;  
 Then EDMUND, apparently much discontented,  
 Exclaim'd, and the LORDSHIPS' decision lamented!  
 He said, that altho' WARREN HASTINGS, 'tis true,  
 With *the actions* of DEBY has nothing to do;  
 Tho' even by us 'tis no longer disputed,  
 That *another man's crimes* should to him be imputed;  
 Tho' directly at him we can't possibly strike,  
 Yet it is our intention to *wound him oblique*.



You remember, my LORDS, when I first laid before  
ye,

In my *opening oration*, this *horrible story*,  
I made it as *gloomy* and *black* as I cou'd,  
And the audience allow'd that the *painting* was good ;  
Some Ladies of *very high rank* were affected,  
Your LORDSHIPS were hurt, and the country dejected ;  
And now, with permission, as PLUMMY has stated,  
The story by him shall again be related.

Here LAW, who on EDMUND still fixes his eye,  
Arose in his place, with intent to reply,  
When one of the NOBLES, who thinks *altercation*  
Of very small service to *investigation*,  
Call'd EDMUND to order ! and said, 'twere in vain,  
Of the COURT's Resolution for him to complain ;  
That whether the story was groundless or true,  
And whether 'twere DEBY's or HASTINGS's due,  
'Twere incompetent now upon that to enlarge,  
As nothing thereof could be found *in the Charge*.  
This keen observation more pointed than steel,  
Through the *Armour of Brass* made the ORATOR feel ;  
He said, " The first CHARACTER ENGLAND could  
" boast  
" For justice, deservedly valued the most,  
" Had

- “ Had declar’d, that unless I shall make it appear,  
 “ That the story of DEBY is founded and clear;  
 “ That from HASTINGS the mass of iniquity sprung,  
 “ *I ought to be damn’d for my slanderous tongue :*  
 “ And now we are proving the things DEBY did,  
 “ To proceed with our proof by the COURT we’re  
 “ forbid ;  
 “ And HASTINGS, who bully’d us once with denial  
 “ Of guilt, is alarm’d, and now shrinks from the trial.”

LAW heard, and indignantly casting his eye  
 On EDMUND, made this most provoking reply :  
 “ So distant, my LORDS, is my client from *shrinking*  
 “ From trial, so little in danger of *sinking*,  
 “ That what of the COMMONS he once did implore,  
 “ Of the MANAGERS now he solicits once more.  
 “ My CLIENT, indeed, will rejoice and be glad,  
 “ If the MANAGERS now will *an* ARTICLE *add*.—  
 “ If the MANAGERS *now* will an Article frame,  
 “ My CLIENT is ready to answer the same ;  
 “ And if he disproves not the whole they have said,  
 “ Let vengeance perpetual fall on his head :  
 “ But, my LORDS, this great Champion now hectors  
 “ and swaggers,  
 “ In a way that is usual with *Bullies* and *Braggers* :

“ A *Challenge* they give, but so cunningly make it,  
 “ That they know ’tis impossible HASTINGS should  
 “ take it;  
 “ Foreseeing their danger, they *carefully shun*  
 “ The way, it might yet be *successfully done*.”

While LAW was pronouncing this *daring ORATION*,  
 I observ’d EDMUND’s visage in *vast agitation*;  
 He seem’d to be sinking with horrors and woes,  
 And the *bottle* was often applied to *his nose*;  
 The MANAGERS all appear’d sadly perplex’d,  
 Not knowing *what proof they should offer the next*;  
 They had scarcely recover’d their fright and confusion,  
 When the business of yesterday came to conclusion.

May 20th, 1790.

LET-

## , L E T T E R L I X .

DEAR BROTHER, as during the TRIAL's suspension,

No circumstance happen'd deserving of mention,

I was forc'd to be silent ; but now I have got

An Anecdote recent relating to SCOTT :

The MAJOR, it seems, in a late publication,

Has wounded my HERO, and his *reputation* ;

A GENERAL fam'd for *Theatrical writing*,

As he formerly was for AMERICAN *fighting*,

In compassion to EDMUND, advanc'd in the field,

And cover'd his friend with AMERICAN shield ;

That shield which at fam'd SARATOGA he won,

Where so many *heroical actions* were done.

So on Thursday this gallant *Theatrical fighter*,

Made a motion, *that SCOTT was a libellous Writer* ;

And SCOTT, who had boldly acknowledg'd the Work,

Defended himself by accusing of BURKE :

He produc'd to the HOUSE a whole *bundle of LIBELS*,

And Volumes as thick as your large *printed Bibles* ;

And

And these, he declar'd, were not all he could find,  
 Having left at the least *Twenty VOLUMES behind*;  
 All which, by their leave, he was ready to shew,  
 Were produc'd by the pens of Great EDMUND and Co.  
 That if he himself had committed a fault,  
 'Twas owing to BURKE, who the *science* had taught:  
 Then, in order to soften the edge of the sentence,  
 The HOUSE might inflict, he *affected repentance*.  
 Then WIGLEY arose, in support of his friend,  
 And said, that in justice they ought to extend  
 Their inquiry still farther, by way of requiting  
 The merit of BURKE in his *libellous writing*.

Then EDMUND arose, and began an ORATION,  
 In defence of his own and his friend's *reputation*;  
 He said, that the MAJOR, instead of repenting,  
 Had the LIBEL avow'd, and was spitefully venting  
 His malice, by making a bold accusation  
 Of himself and his party, by recrimination.  
 On my friends, I, however, place perfect reliance,  
 And set the *last* SPEAKER and SCOTT at defiance:  
 According to what Mr. WIGLEY has spoken,  
 Our privilege might be diurnally broken;  
 But if for each breach we commence prosecution,  
 It might possibly injure our good constitution;



And if every LIBEL and breach is neglected,  
 The HOUSE of ST. STEPHEN will not be respected ;  
 But I always will tell you whenever 'tis fit  
 To punish offenders, as well as acquit ;  
 Good writers and speakers should never be stinted,  
 And *speeches* like mine should be carefully printed,  
 Some *speeches* are fit for the public, but not  
 Such iniquitous speeches as utter'd by SCOTT.  
 Ten years, Mr. SPEAKER, have I been *accusing* ;  
 Ten years has the MAJOR myself been abusing ;  
 Of the BLACKS by *myself* I'm appointed *protector*,  
 And of GUILT by the HOUSE I'm appointed *deteclor* ;  
 Mr. SPEAKER, by me no resentment was shown,  
 Whilst HASTINGS's *Harpies* bedaub'd me alone ;  
 But their filth is so bad, I no longer can bear it,  
 Especially now, as my MASTERS must share it :  
 And indeed, Mr. SPEAKER, 'tis vastly provoking,  
 To become a *mere butt* of *satirical joking* :  
 Altho' I've been always a *friend to the Press*,  
 I dread its *Venality* nevertheless :  
 And, indeed, Mr. SPEAKER, I've frequently thought  
 All the PRESSES in EUROPE by HASTINGS are  
 bought.

Now at HASTINGS my Hero more bitterly rails,  
 And roundly asserts, all the prisons and jails

That ever existed, could never produce  
 An object like HASTINGS so fit for abuse.  
 Then EDMUND went on, to unravel a plot,  
 And said SCOTT was HASTINGS, and HASTINGS was  
 SCOTT;

That their influence extended from Region to Region,  
 And that HASTINGS's name should hereafter be  
*Legion.*

Then he afterwards said, he was not greatly smitten  
 With any thing HASTINGS's party had written;  
 That their works were deficient in *beauty and wit*,  
 But such as they were, 'twas expedient and fit  
 That the COMMONS in punishing should not be  
*sparing,*  
 Especially this, *so flagitious and daring.*

In the course of his ravings, I could not but see,  
 How often the HERO reflected on me;  
 Since turn'd out of office, I very well know,  
 He has look'd upon me as a dangerous foe;  
 His conscience must whisper, 'tis shockingly hard,  
 For SIMKIN to serve *without fee or reward*;  
 To attend at the HALL when his HONOR impeaches,  
 And turn into Verse all his long-winded Speeches.

But

But now an idea has enter'd my head,  
 On hearing the KING's *Poet Laureat* is dead,  
 That His MAJESTY might, to reward that devotion,  
 Which BURKE has neglected, confer this promotion;  
 And when I have sung of His MAJESTY's *fatis*,  
 I would sing of Great EDMUND and Company *gratis*.

June 1st, 1790.

LET-

## LETTER LX.

THE day, my DEAR BROTHER, is happily come,  
Which has long been expected, for CHARLEY to sum :  
Thus the HERO began—" All your LORDSHIPS must  
" see,

" That a *difficult task* is allotted to me :

" Your LORDSHIPS must think me *presumptuous and*  
" *bold,*

" Should I liken myself to that SPEAKER of old,

" Who said, that whate'er he thought proper to men-  
" tion,

" Never fail'd of exciting the JUDGES' attention :

" If the JUDGES who heard him *were honest and good,*

" He was sure he could make himself well understood,

" Thus CICERO spoke, but your LORDSHIPS well  
" know,

" That with ME and *my Colleagues* the case is not so;

" We are not afraid of your LORDSHIPS' *decision* ;

" Do but hear, and we ask *for no other provision,*

" I know very well that your LORDSHIPS are just,

" But *your patience is gone,* as it certainly must.

" My

- “ My LORDS, ’tis a great disadvantage to follow  
 “ In summing, those *favourite Sons of APOLLO*,  
 “ Who sung of great RAJAHS and NABOBS *oppress’d*,  
 “ Of PRINCESSES *plunder’d*, and NATIVES *distress’d* :  
 “ How mean is the office that falls to my lot,  
 “ To develop *the wealth* which the CRIMINAL got,  
 “ Lord CLIVE, ’tis recorded, once solemnly swore,  
 “ *He had MONEY enough*, and would *never take more* :  
 “ A similar oath, I shall make it appear,  
 “ Was made by VERELST, and by Mr. CARTIER ;  
 “ And, therefore, ’tis probable HASTINGS did take it ;  
 “ And, supposing he did, ’twas improper to break it :  
 “ But, My LORDS, WE, *the MANAGERS*, care not a  
 “ jot,  
 “ Whether HASTINGS did really take it or not.  
 “ If he never did take it, he *certainly ought*  
 “ To have done it, *and therefore committed a fault* :  
 “ But supposing that HASTINGS shou’d say he did  
 “ take it ;  
 “ Why then, we shall prove, he did frequently break  
 “ it.  
 “ So, my LORDS, let him offer whatever he will  
 “ By way of defence, WE *shall prove it was ill*.”

Here CHARLEY adverted again to the story,  
 Which I have presented so often before ye ;

I mean



I mean NUNCOMAR, who, as CHARLEY contends,  
Was *hung on a gibbet* by HASTINGS's friends.

" My LORDS, I aver, as BURKE formerly did,

" Notwithstanding my MASTERS, the COMMONS,

" forbid,

" And tho' I may hereafter be censur'd and chid,

" That this NUNCOMAR on a gallows was hung,

" In order to silence his *garrulous tongue*."

Then CHARLEY digress'd, and a liberty took  
Of stating a CRIME that was *not in the book*.

He said that one CROFTS, in a *certain account*,  
Had made a mistake to enormous amount,

And instead of his being from office ejected,

With *wrath* and *disdain*, as might well be expected,

He a PARDON obtain'd, and the *fault* was corrected.

When BURKE drew the Charge, he forgot at the time  
To make this *forgiveness* a *substantive crime* :

Here a subtle distinction the ORATOR drew—

A *distinction* to me which was perfectly new ;

From which I discover the wit of the times

Have made *adjective Charges*, and *substantive Crimes*.

The latter, it seems, can stand firmly alone,

But the former are weak, and may soon be o'erthrown,

This incident trifling, I thought fit to mention,

In honour of CHARLES's *distinctive invention*.

'Twere

'Twere needless, DEAR SIMON, for me to go through  
Those parts of his SPEECH which contain'd nothing  
new :

For altho' he shew'd strong *oratorical pow'rs*,  
That is, he harangu'd us for more than five hours,  
'Twas agreed, by all parties, he said little more  
Than BURKE and PLUMBOSO had told us before.  
And, indeed, he confess'd, he was merely appointed  
To collect in a *focus*, what they had *disjointed*.  
Howe'er, in the course of his *florid Oration*,  
He spoke of *an excellent Administration*;  
Whose praise his own modesty forc'd him to spare,  
Because he himself had *the principal share*.  
Then he put us in mind of his old INDIA BILL,  
Whose remembrance he fosters and cherishes still;  
Which, though 'twas rejected, he was not asham'd  
To call *the best BILL which had ever been fram'd*.  
Once, all of a sudden, on some strange suggestion,  
He turn'd round, and ask'd for *the sharp goading question*;  
I heard, and my spirit prophetic foreboded,  
That HASTINGS would soon be confoundedly *goaded*.  
At times he endeavour'd to carry conviction,  
By shewing in HASTINGS a flat contradiction;  
And that HASTINGS and LARKINS, in many respects,  
Were guilty of *errors*, as well as *neglects*.

But

But whilst he was speaking, I made this remark,  
 That his tongue often stumbled, like one in the dark ;  
 And had not a PROMPTER been station'd behind,  
 To jog him, and tap him, and put him in mind,  
 We had had little else but *tongue-lapses* and blunders,  
 Convey'd in *shrill squeaks* and in *loud rolling thunders*.  
 The HALL, I observ'd, was exceedingly full,  
 But the LADIES appear'd disappointed and dull ;  
 And as CHARLES gave but little amusement and sport,  
 By *Duos*, and *Trios*, they stole out of COURT.  
 When he saw that but few of the LADIES were left,  
 He fear'd that the LORDS were of *patience bereft* ;  
 And perhaps recollected that whilst he *was toiling*  
 In JUSTICE's service, his *dinner was spoiling* ;  
 He therefore consented to end *for that day*—  
 The LORDS appear'd glad, and went bowing away.

June 9th, 1790.

LET-

## LETTER LXI.

**Y**OU will find, my DEAR BROTHER, on reading  
this Letter,

That the Second Day's Summing was shorter, and  
better:

On the latter we heard WARREN HASTINGS accus'd

Of having a *Present*, when offer'd, *refus'd*.

His Accuser contended, in language sublime,

That *refusing a Gift* was in HASTINGS a *crime*,

Unless he had told the NABOB, what he did

Was because taking Gifts was expressly forbid.

“ But, my LORDS, all those fears which the Pris'ner  
“ exprest,

“ Left the NABOB should be by refusal distress,

“ Serve only to shew his long habit and use

“ To take all which the Natives could ever produce.”

Next he talk'd of one JOHNSON, whom HASTINGS  
had try'd

For detention of Affets, which JOHNSON deny'd;

That

That tho' HASTINGS had harbour'd strong doubts in  
his breast,

That JOHNSON in *private* the money posselt,

Yet having no positive *proof* of the act,

He *acquitted* the person accus'd of the fact.

CHARLES said, " My opinion is therefore decided,

" That HASTINGS and JOHNSON the *money divided*.

" Two points we have prov'd, both of tendency bad,

" The Bribe he refus'd, and the Bribe which he had."

Then CHARLEY went on with a string of *suggestions*,

And making *shrewd answers to self-propos'd questions* ;

And hop'd that the LORDS would to memory bring

The Names of CROFTS, ANDERSON, and GOVIND

SING ;

The latter of whom had been charg'd with a crime,

And therefore from Office dismiss'd for a time ;

But the Charge never being prov'd clear to the Board,

He again was employ'd, and to favour restor'd :

But CHARLEY says, being *dismiss'd from a station*

*On Suspicion*, amounts to Disqualification.

The looks of both Parties which happen'd to hear

This doctrine, discover'd their joy or their fear.

With opposite feelings their minds were impassion'd,

At hearing a doctrine so strange and new-fashion'd ;

Awhile



Awhile it created a general confusion,  
 But at length all concurr'd in the self-same conclusion—  
 That as CHARLES *by the Mob* had been *booted and his'd*,  
 By HIS MAJESTY's order *from Office dismiss*  
 On suspicion of too much attachment to self,  
 When he very near got *all the East to himself*,  
 He never again can an office enjoy,  
 But must dwell in minority out of employ.

To return—CHARLEY said, “ By the Pris'ner's com-  
 “ mands

“ *Aumeens* were appointed to settle the lands,  
 “ Which having been settled by competent men,  
 “ 'Twas a *substantive* crime to examine again.”

Then he told us the manner how HASTINGS o'erthrew  
 Six Revenue Councils, and made them anew.

This part of the story I need not go o'er,  
 As BURKE and ANSTRUTHER have told it before.

Then my *Hero* return'd with a retrograde spring  
 To the story BURKE told us about DEBY SING,  
 And loudly demanded the *vengeance* of GOD,  
 That *himself*, and not BURKE, might be *scourg'd with*  
*the rod*,

If the story BURKE told were not perfectly true,  
 And the whole of the cruelties HASTINGS's due.

At length, when the hearers suppos'd he was come  
 To the Summary's end, he proceeded to sum  
 All the summary points, which affording no fun,  
 The whole COURT was rejoic'd, when he said—*I have*  
*done.*

But now I must tell you, that this Revolution,  
 (The HIGH COURT OF PARLIAMENT'S now *dissolution*,)  
 May probably alter both *Measures* and *Men*,  
 And that HASTINGS may never be *badger'd* agen.

Great EDMUND declares he is sorry to see  
 The *sport* is not relish'd in equal degree;  
 That tho' he shall for ever be willing and able  
 A new *dish* of *Corruption* to place on the table,  
 Yet their LORDSHIPS of late are in *stomach* so cloy'd,  
 That none of his dishes are highly enjoy'd.  
 Besides, BURKE has taken it into his head,  
 That such Letters as SIMKIN's ought not to be read.  
 He has often express'd his surprise, that *John Bull*  
 Should relish Epistles so *stupid* and *dull*.  
 From a taste so deprav'd, it was certain that *John*  
 Was off at a tangent, and *totally gone*.  
 But if this be the case, it is well worth our knowing,  
 Why *John* so departed, and where he is going.\*

\* BURKE said in the House of Commons, that the suffering such  
*sacred* Speeches as his to be ridiculed, was a certain sign that the  
*Nation* was gone.

'Tis

'Tis hinted that EDMUND despairs of recalling  
 The *fugitive* JOHN, by additional bauling;  
 And therefore to save his whole Party from laughter,  
 May suffer the *Pris'ner* to slumber hereafter.  
 But supposing the Trial some dozen weeks hence  
 Once more should according to order, commence,  
 Be assur'd I shall always be ready to send  
 The *proceedings* thereof to my BROTHER and Friend.

June 14th, 1790.

## L E T T E R LXII.

**I**F SIMKIN, of late, has been lazy and idle,  
 'Twas because EDMUND's clapper was under the bridle;  
 For, except when the Houses of Parliament sit,  
 No occasion occurs for displaying his wit.  
 But now, lest he should be forgotten by men,  
 He excites their attention by using his pen:  
 You know, since he left *Academical Teaching*,  
 He has busied himself with *Political Preaching*,  
 And of late spent the most of his time in IMPEACHING. }  
 Howe'er, as that bus'ness is probably ended,  
 Or, at least, till the Parliament meets, is suspended—  
 His fortune and fame he expects to advance  
 By *Impeaching* the NATIONAL COUNCIL of FRANCE.  
 His book, which had oft' been announc'd to the town, }  
 This morning I bought, and it cost me a crown,  
 Which being too dear for the sending you down,  
 The substance thereof I intend to rehearse  
 (As I frequently do of his speeches) in verse.

It seems a French Gentleman ask'd BURKE's opinion  
 Of the late REVOLUTION, and Change of Dominion;

To

To which BURKE reply'd, You, perhaps, may suppose  
 That I also am one of the number of those  
 Who approve of your conduct, because certain *Scrubs*,  
 Which form two *Societies*, alias CLUBS,  
 The one for protecting our good *Constitution*,  
 The other for praising the last *Revolution*,  
 Have express'd, in a letter, their warm approbation,  
 Thus giving your actions their sanctification :  
 But before the *Two Clubs* I proceed to describe,  
 Give me leave to deny being one of the tribe.

The CLUB CONSTITUTIONAL, seven years old,  
 Is for buying up books which would never be sold,  
 And, for charity's sake, to give free circulation  
 To *Political Pamphlets* all over the Nation ;  
 And 'tis likely that some of those Pamphlets, by chance,  
 Not saleable here, may be vended in France ;  
 And as liquors grow better by crossing the ocean,  
 The books may derive much advantage from motion.  
 But here I am certain, that no information  
 Has been drawn from this good-natur'd association.

Thus much having said of the CLUB CONSTITUTION,  
 I now have to speak of the CLUB REVOLUTION :  
 This last all their honour and consequence owe  
 To the praise your ASSEMBLY were pleas'd to bestow,



And now are a mere SUB-COMMITTEE, to spread  
 The doctrines deliver'd by you, as their head :  
 This CLUB, of whose name I had never heard mention,  
 And which never excited the smallest attention,  
 Consisted of certain *fantastical Thinkers*,  
 DISSENTERS by name, in reality DRINKERS,  
 Who an annual Sermon procur'd from a Vicar,  
 By way of excuse for indulging in liquor :  
 No national theme ever enter'd among  
 These men, save *the Bottle, the Glass, and the Song* ;  
 And whilst from this custom they never departed,  
 No sober objection could justly be started ;  
 But now, after farther inquiry, I find  
 Some political men, of a true *Christian Mind*,  
 Have lately crept in, for the *good of the Soul*,  
 Concealing the hand which distributes the dole.  
 By the bye, my dear SIMON, most people suppose  
 These true *Christian* men are the CHARLEYS and JOES,  
 Whose characters now EDMUND gratefully raises,  
 By way of compensating similar praises ;  
 This trio of *Worthies*, like FUR and his brother,  
 Are beholden for character one to the other.

To return—EDMUND says, that he is not a *Paul*,  
 A gen'ral *Apostle*, for preaching to all ;  
 And

And his sentiments being of consequence great,  
Must not be divulg'd without leave of the State :  
Then he tells his FRENCH GENTLEMAN, he should expect

That our HOUSE of COMMONS would proudly reject  
The most *sneaking* PETITION that ever was seen,  
For an object however contemptibly mean,  
If presented before them with such kind of signing,  
As appear'd to their COUNSEL so splendidly shining,  
And which they accepted with equal parade,  
Or greater, perhaps, than could well have been made,  
Had our representative, MAJESTY all,  
Condescended to visit, or give them a call.

But I should not, says EDMUND, have taken offence,  
Had *their paper* contain'd either reason or sense ;  
For had that been the case, I am free to confess,  
There might be conviction in't, nevertheless—  
As it stands—'tis a *vote*, nay a mere *resolution*  
Of unauthoris'd people, who love REVOLUTION :  
Had they all put their names, one might judge of their  
number,  
And distinguish *sound pieces* from that which is *lumber*.

Now EDMUND a small matter alters his strain,  
And says, that himself is a *Gentleman plain* :

(But to make his sense clearer, I wish he had said,  
 Whether plain in his *person* or plain in his *head*)  
 That, from their proceedings, he's prone to suppose,  
 'Tis a juggle or trick very like some of JOE's.  
 Then he flatters himself that mankind will agree,  
 That no man loves Liberty better than HE;  
 Alluding, perhaps, to the *freedom of speech*,  
 When he speaks in the HOUSE, or is sent to *impeach*—  
 If so—WARREN HASTINGS and NORTH will agree,  
 That EDMUND is always *exceedingly free*,

Now, all of a sudden, the HERO takes flight,  
 And soaring aloft, he escapes from my sight;  
 He says, he can give no applause to an action,  
 In the *nakedness* of *metaphysic abstraction*;  
 That GOVERNMENT's good, and so also is FREEDOM,  
 According as persons may happen to need 'em.  
 As to praise the FRENCH Nation, he thinks 'twere as well  
 To give praise to a MADMAN escap'd from his cell;  
 Or give praise to a wretch, who his prison had left,  
 Where he had been committed for murder or theft;  
 "No, no,"—says the ORATOR—"praising such men,  
 "In me, would be *acting* DON QUIXOTE again."

Thus much I have scribbled, dear SIMON, in haste,  
 Of BURKE's *composition* to give you a taste;

You

You must judge of its merit and value when known,  
 That all this is obtain'd from eight pages alone ;  
 That his book is a large *Magazine*, or a *store*,  
 Containing near Fifty such quantities more,  
 All which, at my leisure, I mean to detail,  
 Unless you forbid—or my PEGASUS fail.

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POSTSCRIPT.

Since closing my Letter, chance brought me a tale,  
 That the *Second Edition*'s already on sale ;  
 And the Public, it seems, are enabled to fix  
 Upon Burke playing some of the *Bookselling tricks* ;  
 But the circumstance you may consider as worst,  
 Is the *Second Edition*'s preceding the *First* ;  
 For Saturday morning, with humble submission,  
 Doddsley offer'd the Public the *First-born Edition*,  
 But the *Second* came forth on the *Friday preceding*,  
 And was privately fold for a Gentleman's reading.

Nov. 1st, 1790.

L E T.

## L E T T E R LXIII.

SOME things which at present 'twere needless to mention,

From the PAMPHLET of BURKE turn'd away my attention ;

But now I embrace the first moment of leisure  
To comment thereon—and I do it with pleasure.

It seems, DR. PRICE, a DISSENTING DIVINE,  
A countryman, sure, of AUNT BRIDGET's and mine,  
Preach'd a Sermon replete with POLITICAL SENSE,  
At which, *loyal* EDMUND took mighty offence.  
You know, 'tis the ORATOR's mode to express  
His thoughts in *sublime metaphorical drefs*;  
So he call'd it—a *sort of a porridge or mefs* }  
Of POLITICS strong—and MORALITY weak—  
The last, milk and water—the former, a leek.  
The DOCTOR would make our Nobility preachers,  
But BURKE does not like to have *Mefs-Johns* for teachers;  
So he reasons, with gravity, some hundred lines  
Against DUKES and MARQUISSES turning *Divines*.  
As the *Wilds of Dissent* are rough, rugged, and dry,  
He admits some improvement might happen thereby;

That



That the town might be pleas'd with a MARQUIS's  
 preaching,  
 For *novelty's* sake, as they were with IMPEACHING.

After this EDMUND says—He is loath to acknowledge  
 PRICE's right to erect an Electoral College  
 For the chusing of MONARCHS, and, therefore, shall hope  
 The DOCTOR will not be ARCHPONTIFF, or POPE ;  
 And that KINGS may sit safe on the Thrones they have  
 got,

Whether PRICE's *disciples* elect them or not.

Then EDMUND triumphantly seems to rejoice,

That the MONARCHY *here* is not matter of choice :

Then knocks the poor preacher with arguments down,

Whilst he proves that a KING has a right to a Crown.

The DOCTOR, says BURKE, as the reader may see,

In his SERMON, establishes principles three—

1. Their RULERS, the *mob*, have a right to elect :

2. To cashier for misconduct or any defect :

3. For themselves a new GOVERNMENT they may  
 erect.

Then BURKE analyzes this new BILL of RIGHTS ;

And puts it in many ridiculous lights ;

Concluding, at last, that this grand institution

Is a CLUB or SOCIETY for REVOLUTION.

Skipping

Skiping eighty dull pages, with haste I advance  
 To EDMUND describing the BEGUM of FRANCE.  
 You must know, that though BURKE is near sixty years  
 old,

In the sunshine of *beauty* his heart is not cold ;  
 And were we to judge from his vigorous pen,  
 We should think his young days coming over again.

You have read how DON QUIXOTE selected a *dame* ;  
 How he languish'd, and lov'd, and refounded her fame !  
 For he knew that *Knight Errantry* could not exist,  
 Unless BEAUTY were plac'd at the head of the list :  
 In like manner DON EDMUND once solemnly vow'd  
 He would still be the KNIGHT of the BEGUM of OUDE ;  
 He fought all her *battles*, as bound by his duty,  
 And said all he could in defence of her *beauty* ;  
 But as lovers too frequently wander and range,  
 DON EDMUND has suddenly taken a change.

Now leaving the BEGUM—behold him advance,  
 And brandish his *pen*, in the room of a *lance*,  
 In defence of the present QUEEN CONSORT of FRANCE !

“ Sixteen years ago, or my *memory* fails,  
 “ The QUEEN, then the DAUPHINESS, was at *Versailles* :  
 “ When surely (exclaims the old *languishing* DON,)  
 “ So delightful a VISION, ne'er lighted upon

“ This ORB; for her *motion* and *gesture* was such,  
 “ Tho’ she trod on the ground, she appear’d not to  
 “ touch—

“ Above the *horizon*, I saw her appearing,  
 “ The *sphere* of her *movement* enlight’ning and cheering;  
 “ Full of joy, life, and splendour, the Palace adorning,  
 “ She glitter’d and shone like a *star* in the *morning*!”

But here ’tis a difficult task to rehearse,  
 The effusions of woe from DON EDMUND in verse;  
 For all of a sudden, he changes his ditty,  
 And my eyes are, alas! *running over with PITY*.  
 He tells us the QUEEN was affrighted, and fled,  
 One night from *her own*, to his MAJESTY’S *bed*.  
 “ Oh! how could I dream, that in *sixteen short years*,  
 “ In a nation of HEROES, and *brave CAVALIERS*—  
 “ In a nation of men of high primitive honour,  
 “ A *disaster* like this should have *lighted upon her*;  
 “ Ten thousand bright swords I suppos’d, but mistook,  
 “ Wou’d leap from their scabbards to punish a look:  
 “ But, alas! thus continues the sorrowful DON,  
 “ The *age is quite alter’d*, and CHIVALRY’S gone;  
 “ *Economists, Sophisters, and Calculaters*,  
 “ *Reformers of Kitchens, and Parliament Praters*,  
 “ Have succeeded in spite of my *honest endeavour*,  
 “ And the GLORY of EUROPE’S extinguish’d for ever.  
 “ Should

" Should *Knight Errantry* ever go quite out of season,  
 " And if men should become more *enlighten'd* by reason,  
 " Nay, should they proceed on this system of things,  
 " It must prove in the end inimical to **KINGS**.  
 " According to their new sophistical plan,  
 " A **KING** on his *throne* still continues a *man*;  
 " And to be but a *woman*, continues a **QUEEN**,  
 " And a *woman's* an *animal* apt to be *mean*."

Thus **EDMUND** the *Empire of Reason* denies,  
 In the doing whereof, he's sagacious and wise;  
 The interest of B—, reason never promoted,  
 Then wherefore should he be to reason devoted—  
 All his life waging war against *reason* and *sense*,  
 To exterminate both is an *act of defence*.  
 From a natural principle all men oppose,  
 As well *accidental*, as *natural* foes;  
 With reciprocal vengeance, men justly condemn,  
 Whatever may cast a reproach upon them.

There is one thing in **BURKE**, and I've notic'd it often,  
 A *pitiful tale*, or a *picture*, can soften  
 His hard twisted heart, but his still harder eye,  
 Can survey *real woe*, without even a sigh.  
 I remember when **EDMUND**, the Nation provoking,  
 Made the *Malady-royal* a *subject for joking*;

Lords and Commons (his Colleagues excepted,) pouring,  
 traying,

Like dogs o'er a carcase contending and baying.

He said, that the King God had hurled from his throne—

Had no property left him, no rights of his own—

*Sick Majesty* making the theme of a *pun*—

To revile was a *virtue*, to laugh at was *fun* :

But mark how a *foreign King* alters his tone,

For the King thus insulted, alas ! was *his own*.

“ Now the man who can spurn at a monarch so hur'd,

“ As *Louis* now is, by the Lord of the world,

“ And can tread on a Prince in distress, is a creature

“ *In morals as strange, as a Monster in nature.*

“ Had I laugh'd at the Monarch of France or his Queen,

“ At a tragedy how should I blush to be seen

“ Shedding tears at *Andromache's* sufferings in fiction,

“ When 'twas known I had sported with *real affliction*.”

'Tis curious enough to observe, my dear Brother,

How nearly one Tyrant resembles another ;

For as *Ed—d* reproach'd Doctor *PRICE*, that he shone

By imposing *HUGH PETERS's* words for his own ;

So this sentiment, fine as it is, is no more

Than a \* *TYRANT* of *THESSALY* utter'd before—

\* His name was Alexander. He used to sew his subjects in bear skins, and have them baited by dogs for his amusement and diversion.



Perhaps, you will say, that the *shedder of blood*,  
 And the man who would *willingly shed if he could*,  
 May both without copy or concert express  
 Their similar feelings in similar dress—  
 Of the tyrant just mention'd, I've heard it related,  
 How he sew'd up his subjects in skins to be baited—  
 Not, indeed, to be bark'd at, and torn by himself,  
 But by dogs which were purchas'd and train'd by his  
     pelf,  
 In this instance to try, if the equipoise fails,  
 Shall we weigh them in Plutarch's historical scales?  
 Ask HASTINGS—he'll say, they are both of a piece,  
 The *Lad of Kilkenny* and *Tyrant of Greece*.  
 He wou'd rather endure, as I heard him once swear,  
 To be baited by dogs, and be clad like a bear,  
 Than to sit, though by Peereffes gaz'd at and Peers,  
 And be held for five hours at a stretch by the ears,  
 With EDMUND's *Cerberian Eloquence* wrung,  
 And *abuse that like Aconite flows from his tongue*,  
 Though BURKE still laments, and with truth, it is thought,  
 That his culprit does *not* feel so much as he *ought*,  
 And for this to the LORDS, join'd with arguments  
     —stronger,  
 He prays to torment him for *seven years longer*.

Nov. 11th, 1790:

LET-

## LETTER LXIV.

**T**HIS wonderful Book, my dear SIMON, imparts  
 New means of improving the LIBERAL ARTS;  
 I saw t'other day, as I happen'd to stop  
 In the street, a new PRINT in a bookseller's shop:  
 On the left there appeared a most *beautiful Dame*,  
 DULCINEA's rival, or rather the same;  
 All around the horizon a *Glory* was spread,  
 Emanating in streams from the GODDESS's head;  
 Underneath, an OLD DON was exhibited *kneeling*,  
 Whom TIME had in vain try'd to rob of *his feeling*,  
 For CUPID, young rascal, determin'd to scorch  
 His heart, was come down with his love-lighting torch,  
 His *spectacled eyes* were her *beauty* adoring,  
 And his *wide gaping mouth* was her *favour* imploring;  
 But the LADY scarce heeding the *love-smitten DON*,  
 Appears on *the wing*, and in haste to be gone:  
 She runs to get rid of his *Death* and *Despair*,  
 So fast, that she treads upon *nothing but air*;  
 The next thing in course, which I must not forget,  
 Is the *scale of precedence*, in payment of debt;

According to EDMUND, a *bribe* or a *pension*,  
 Has of all other debts, the first claim or pretension ;  
 And he thinks yon ASSEMBLY was playing the knave,  
 When they struck off the pensions his MAJESTY gave ;  
 And that they were more fundamentally wrong,  
 In discharging *those* DEBTS which were owing too long ;  
 And that he who his cash to a Government lends,  
 Should his PRINCIPAL forfeit, by way of amends.  
 Then he tells us, the *Catholic Clergy* are *flooding*  
 All France with their *tears*, for the loss of their *pudding* ;  
 Whose right to *good living*, our AUTHOR supposes,  
 May be fairly derived from a *Chapter of Moses*.

Then EDMUND directs the keen point of his pen,  
 To the *doctrine of Rights* appertaining to men ;  
 No MARIUS, no SYLLA, no Roman Dictator,  
 No Tribune, no Tyrant, no grand Devastator ;  
 Not HARRY the VIIIth, that *immense Confiscator*,  
 Stretch'd forth in like manner INJUSTICE's rod,  
 As France has of late on the *Servants of God*.

But here, my dear SIMON, I ought to relate,  
 Some things which have past in this neighbouring State.

It seems that French Parsons by stuffing and feeding,  
 Were too fat and short-winded for preaching and reading ;  
 Besides,

Besides, their high living, as EDMUND confesses,  
 Had often occasion'd immoral excesses.  
 Hence, the NATIONAL COUNCIL thought fit to reduce  
 Their income, and render the Clergy of use;  
 THEY thought them mere servants, receiving the pay  
 Of the State, and of consequence *bound to obey*;  
 That whene'er with a *servant* the *master* engages,  
 He alone has the right of prescribing the wages;  
 But EDMUND supposes these shepherds and pastors  
 Have a much better right to the soil than their masters,  
 And that the sole purpose of tending their flocks,  
 Is to make what *addition* they can to *their flocks*;  
 That the CLERGY themselves should, in order to render  
 The LAITY good, live in very great splendor;  
 And to give CHRISTIANITY spirit and vigour,  
 The Priesthood should *cut a most capital figure*.  
 Thus he proves, by diffusing his spiritual light,  
 That JOHN BULL possesses no natural right;  
 And he gives us at length his decided opinion,  
 That *Bishops* and *Lords* should inherit dominion.

But indeed, my dear BROTHER, I question if JOHN  
 Will relish the doctrine deliver'd by DON;  
 The Priesthood will favour his new *Orthodoxy*,  
 And give him their votes both in *person* and *proxy*.

You ask me, by whom was *Don EDMUND* elected  
*Chief Justice*, and who his Tribunal erected?  
 I answer—Pray who was *Don QUIXOTE's* *Elector*,  
 When he glitter'd in arms, distress'd *BEAUTY's* *protector*?  
 You ask me, what infatuation of mind  
 Makes *EDMUND* wage war with the *rights of mankind*?  
 By a similar question I answer you still—  
 Pray why did *Don QUIXOTE* encounter *the mill*?  
 'Tis asserted in terms unequivocal, flat,  
 That *EDMUND* look'd up to a *CARDINAL's* *Hat*,  
 When he wish'd that his young correspondent and friend,  
 Th' *ARCHBISHOP* of *PARIS* to *England* would send—  
 And by way of *Bravado*, and *Misery* *stabbing*,  
 In exchange he would send him a *Protestant* *Rabbin*.  
 Believe me, says *EDMUND*, we shall not neglect  
 To treat the *ARCHBISHOP* with proper respect;  
 Provided a plentiful baggage he brings,  
 Full of *Money* and *Jewels*, and other *good things*;  
 I will guard it so well, if the *Prelate* be willing,  
 That the *Treasury* here sha'n't confiscate a *shilling*.

Before, for the present, I lay down my pen,  
 As it may be some time e'er I write you again,  
 I shall give you a taste of his *Logical Powers*,  
 Instead of a *sniff* of *Rhetorical Flowers*.



He says, that the French Revolutionists should,  
 To render their Government *perfectly good*,  
 Derive all the claims, and their instances quote,  
 From an old race of Ancestors very remote ;  
 And by holding those FATHERS in high veneration,  
 And with the assistance of *imagination*,  
 Ascribe to them Wisdom and Virtue *ideal*,  
 Which may serve, for example, as if it were real :  
 In this manner our great *Metaphysical MAN*,  
 For a new CONSTITUTION has settled a *plan*.

Here then, my *Dear SIMON*, this LETTER I close,  
 And, perhaps, I hereafter may comment in prose.

Nov. 15, 1790.

## LETTER LXV.

IF SIMON, or any *Welsh Cousin*, expects  
 My comment in prose on the *Knight Errant's* text,  
 I wish them to know that the Work I began,  
 But was forc'd with reluctance to give up my plan ;  
 For I found EDMUND's prose with such melody flowing,  
 That it *slid into verse* without thinking or knowing ;  
 This circumstance single, abundantly shows,  
 That DON is a capital POET in prose.

The subject to which I shall draw your attention,  
 Is the very last page, where the AUTHOR makes men-  
 tion

Of Himself, and the cause and effect of his writing,  
 All curious enough to deserve my reciting :  
 There is *little*, says BURKE, that can *much* recommend  
 This Work to my young Correspondent and Friend,  
 Except *observation* attentive and long,  
 And a *judgement* that *seldom* or *never* goes wrong ;  
 It comes from a person that follows *no rule*,  
 Who stoops not to flatter or serve as a tool,

Who

Who wish'd, *if he cou'd have contriv'd it*, to shun  
 The departure so wide, from the course he had run,  
 And belying the whole he had formerly done.  
 It comes from a man long accusom'd to struggle  
 For the *freedom* of others, (which now *proves a juggle* :)  
 From one in whose breast no *resentment* or *rage*  
 Maintain'd its possession for more than an age,  
 Except when the *object of anger* was such,  
 As he thought could not possibly *suffer too much* :  
 From one who, in concert with other *good men*,  
 Has long been employing his *tongue* and his *pen*,  
 Of haughty oppression to lower the pitch,  
 Reducing to *poverty* all who are rich ;  
 Who snatch'd from that laudable, good undertaking,  
 Now and then a few hours, for the purpose of making  
 Some *just OBSERVATIONS* on what you are doing,  
 And to save you from total perdition and ruin :  
 It comes from a man who would like well enough  
*Distinctions* and *honours*, and such *kind of stuff*,  
 Who, if offer'd, most certainly would not reject 'em,  
 But who does not pretend any *right to expect* 'em :  
 It comes from a man who despises not fame,  
 Yet fears no *reproach*, and is *proof against shame* :  
 It comes from man who *contention* abhors,  
 Yet sports an opinion, and carries on wars :

From

From one who is always CONSISTENCY's friend,  
 Yet varies the means to arrive at his end :  
 It comes from a man, who, by way of preserving  
*Consistency*, often is guilty of *swerving* ;  
 But *then*, he departs from *Consistency's* line,  
 For *preserving* the unity of his design.

This language, DEAR BROTHER, is rather obscure,  
 But its meaning, tho' latent, is certain and sure :  
 BURKE formerly thought, 'twas a very good thing,  
 To lower the *pride* and the *purse* of a KING ;  
 He maintain'd that the STATE, the whole *Church*, and  
     its *Steeple*,

Were nothing, compar'd with the RIGHTS of the PEOPLE ;

And that the resisting AUTHORITY ROYAL  
 By AMERICAN REBELS, was *perfectly loyal* ;  
 He said that the then HOUSE of COMMONS was venal,  
 And that NORTH ought to answer in *damages penal* :  
 He compos'd many *Speeches* and *Books* upon *freedom*,  
 In hopes that the PEOPLE of ENGLAND would read  
     'em,

And himself by *the nose* be enabled to lead 'em,  
 After forty years labour, he found that the cause  
 Of FREEDOM, brought nothing but *windy applause* ;

That

That in spite of his long, unremitted endeavour,  
 His pocket remain'd just as *empty as ever* :  
 He therefore determines to enter the port  
 Of PLUTUS, by praising the MEASURES OF COURT :  
 Thus we see what he meant, when he said to his friend,  
 He would vary *the means*, to arrive at *the end*.

Should you ask, how the CRITICS in general look  
 Upon this lately publish'd, this *laudable Book* ?  
 I should answer, the JUDGES in *parties divide*,  
 And that Burke from himself does not differ more wide,  
 Than the *sentence* of those who *presume to decide*.  
 Some say, that the Book is a *Wonder of Wonders* !  
 Some call it a *Copia Verborum* and *Blunders* ;  
 Some say 'tis a garden of *beautiful flowers*,  
 Mix'd with *hemlock* and *weeds of mortiferous powers*.  
 The BISHOPS all say, that its *merit* is such,  
 That it ne'er can be read, or commended too much,  
 And they mean to translate it in *German* and *Dutch* :  
 And should some ORIENTALIST render the work  
 In *Arabic*, 'twould teach both the MOGUL and TURK.

A *satirical* MAJOR, in company swore,  
 That EDMUND resembled a black HELLALKHORE ;  
 Whose touch would a pearl or an emerald stain,  
 So much that no HINDOO would wear it again ;

That



That whenever his purpose *veracity* suited,  
 The *brightness* thereof was by EDMUND *polluted*;  
 I can't, altogether, assent to this last,  
 For truth is no BRAMIN, and loses no *cast*;  
 However, this much, I am free to confess,  
 That EDMUND gives TRUTH such a highflying dress;  
 So colours and daubs her all over with paint,  
 That she looks like a HARTOR instead of a Saint.

An additional blunder I've lately detected,  
 Which, indeed, is no more than might well be expected;  
 DON BURKE'S Correspondent, so gentle and young,  
 Knows little, except his *vernacular tongue*;  
 Now the *style* of this Book is so *subtle* and *fine*,  
 That he cannot discover *the sense of one line*;  
 And BURKE being ask'd to *correct the mistake*,  
 Has *publish'd*, in French, for the GENTLEMAN'S sake.

Nov. 20. 1799.

L E T.

## LETTER LXVI.

**Y**OU remember, dear SIMON, that Curate in Wales,  
 Who, among other Ecclesiastical Tales,  
 Inform'd us how ST. ATHANASIUS disputed,  
 Without either confuting, or being confuted,  
 With ARIUS, his Brother; when, lastly, agreed,  
 Each polemical Bishop to publish his Creed;  
 Just so have disputed our JOSEPHS, and FOXES,  
 And EDMUNDS, concerning the charms of their *Doxies*;  
 Great EDMUND, wound up to insanity's pitch,  
 Calls the *Doxy* of JOSEPH a *Billinggate Bitch*;  
 Who, by spreading *false Tales*, and creating suspicion,  
 Endeavours to stir up *intestine Sedition*;  
 That her aim is to throw all the world in a flame,  
 And that *Hetero* should be the termagant's name;  
 And the *Doxy* of CHARLES, he is apt to suppose,  
 Is a *Vixen*, as ugly, and wicked as JOE's;  
 At the same time the Gentleman says, that his own,  
 Call'd ORTHO, 's a *Doxy* deserving a Throne;

But

But JOSEPH inflam'd, can no longer endure  
 His beloved to see in a *Caricature*,  
 And has, therefore, resolv'd on exposing to view  
 Her picture, in naked *Simplicity* true.

But now, my dear SIMON, by way of forsaking  
 This new metaphorical manner of speaking,  
 Let me tell you that JOE is preparing, with speed,  
 To exhibit in print his *Political Creed*,  
 Which bright emanation of knowledge divine,  
 Must illumine such dark understandings as mine.  
 The work will be fram'd on the *Moralist's* plan,  
 As a kind of *Political Duty of Man*;  
 It will teach us, among other wonderful things,  
*The Rights of the People, and Duties of Kings*;  
 And many more *Rights*, which I need not rehearse  
 Just now, as I mean to recite them in verse;  
 For most people think, that such writings as JOE's  
 And EDMUND's, read better in verse than in prose.

You said, in your last, that my *Taffyland* friends  
 Are anxious to know what my Hero intends;  
 You may tell them, that now he the house is be-  
 seeching,  
 For a seven year's leave to go on with impeaching;  
 And

And to PITT he will probably send a petition,  
 That he and the *Council* will grant him permission,  
 To bring WARREN HASTINGS once more to *the Bar*,  
 With whom he is willing and ready to spar,  
 Like HANNIBAL, swearing perpetual war :  
 And indeed, my DEAR FRIEND, these political men  
 May justly be liken'd to JOHNSON and BEN,  
 MENDOZA and HUMPHREYS, who meet on a stage,  
 And without provocation each other engage.  
 I dreamt, t'other night, as I lay on my bed,  
 With BURKE and *Impeachment* possessing my head,  
 That a Member of Parliament suddenly rose,  
 All future proceedings to check and oppose.  
 He said, that the stories my Hero had told,  
 For the seven last years, had the Nation cajol'd,  
 And made them believe, for a very long time,  
 That HASTINGS committed some *actual crime* ;  
 That thousands and thousands were lavishly spent,  
 Without even a *chance of the promis'd event* ;  
 That three years had pass'd since the TRIAL begun,  
 And only three CHARGES were only half done ;  
 That he strongly suspected 'twas one man's endeavour  
 To make the said TRIAL *continue for ever*,  
 By way of providing for this and the other,  
 (Alluding perhaps to the GENERAL's Brother) ;  
 That,

That, even supposing the CHARGES were true,  
 The Pris'ner had suffer'd much more than was due;  
 But supposing no criminal deed were committed,  
 And that after BURKE's death he were fairly acquitted,  
 What recompence then could his countrymen make,  
 To the man who had suffer'd so much for their sake,

Here the ORATOR waxing exceedingly warm,  
 And rolling about like a Ship in a Storm,  
 Gave his head a high pitch, and declar'd 'twas a shame  
 To defraud the keen hound of his long hunted game.  
 Eight years had the strong-scented, deep-noted PACK,  
 Pursued the wild BEAST through his long-winding track;  
 And now he was just within reach of their paws,  
 Must they give up their chase, in obedience to Laws?  
 What Hunter's so dull, or what well mounted Spark,  
 In pursuit of the game, would not break thro' a Park?  
 No, No—let us on, in Humanity's cause,  
 Regardless of Precedents, Customs, and Laws.  
 Whenever their LORDSHIPS appointed a day,  
 Did I ever once shew the least sign of delay,  
 Or the smallest intention of leaving my prey?  
 If the MINISTER does not begrudge the expence,  
 Why should not the TRIAL *de novo* commence?  
 If their LORDSHIPS complain they are weary of hearing,  
 Let 'em take by rotation the days of appearing;

Re-



Relieving each other, as Centinels do,  
 A method of trial, both useful and new.  
 And if on my Law, they place proper dependance,  
 The COURT may dispense with the JUDGES' attendance;  
 Nor need at the trouble my Colleagues repine;  
 They may sit at their ease, all *the work* shall be mine;  
 And as to the PRIS'NER, his crimes are so great,  
 That he never can suffer too soon or too late;  
 For actions *so foul, so excessively wrong,*  
 He cannot be tortured too much or too long.  
 Remember *that shocking, that horrid abuse,*  
 His receiving TEN LACKS for the COMPANY'S use;  
 His forcing CHEYT SING to contribute a share  
 Of expence, which he seem'd so unwilling to bear;  
 His advising the soft-hearted PRINCE to impose  
 On his MOTHER a fine for assisting his foes.  
 Such wickedness how can the Nation forgive,  
 Or suffer this *wretch* any longer to live?  
 He should slowly pass thro' the gradations and stages  
 Of mis'ry, protracted for ages and ages;  
 His mind should be tortur'd with dread of conviction,  
 And of sentence, the most ignominious infliction.  
 Pursue him I will to the very last breath,  
 Nor shall any thing save the *fell* MONSTER, but death,

Just

Just here, Edmund seem'd in a fit of despair,  
 He threw up his hands and was *thumping the air*;  
 His horrors, his gestures extravagant, broke  
 The chain of *my sleep*, and I therefore *awoke*.

Dec. 17, 1790.



**SPLENDID**

